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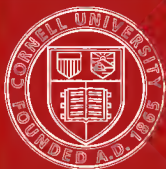


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RANDOM SKETCHES

AND

NOTES OF EUROPEAN TRAVEL IN 1856.

BY

REV. JOHN E. EDWARDS, A.M.

NEW YORK:

**HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS,
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P R E F A C E.

No apology is offered for this book of Travels. It is not published at the solicitation of friends, nor because there is any apparent need for such a publication. But I choose to publish it. The public will decide whether it shall, or shall not find readers. Some will read it; many will not. This is true of a very large number of books of far higher merit than this claims to be.

It is not true that everybody who goes abroad writes a book. Not one in a thousand does this, and yet every one has a right to do so if he chooses. It is true, nevertheless, that many books of travel are written and published, and, as a general thing, most of them find a wide circulation, and are extensively read. This volume pretends to nothing beyond what is indicated on the titlepage. It contains mere random sketches and surface views, all of which were written in the midst of the scenes described, and while the impressions from the objects mentioned were fresh upon the mind. It is descriptive to a very considerable extent, and the design has been to conduct the reader over the whole route of travel, and show him what I have seen, and to make him feel, as far as I might be able to do so, as though he himself had witnessed what I have described.

The book will be found unequal in some of its parts. Portions of it are merely made up of notes, which it was my original purpose to expand on my return home, but this I have declined doing for several reasons; mainly because it would render the work too large; and

I preferred, on reflection, that the reader should have it just as I wrote it out on the spot. Much of it was written late at night when I was weary and fatigued; I scarcely ever allowed a day to pass without writing up my journal so as to prevent the intervention of new scenes and circumstances modifying, or clouding first impressions.

This work is not historical—not scientific—not philosophical, nor does it pretend to anything in a literary way. Professor Silliman, Hillard, Olin, Fisk, Durbin, Jarvis, and others, have met this demand to the fullest extent. This book claims to be accurate in its statements, and to have been written during my travels, and not to have been composed in the quietness of my study at home, from notes taken while away. I carried a book in my pocket and often sat down amid the ruins of old palaces, and ivy-mantled castle-walls, and under the shadow of crumbling arches, or by the side of time-worn columns, or in the midst of beautiful grounds, as well as by the wayside—on the mountains and in the valleys, and on the roofs of vast cathedrals, and in the solemn aisles of magnificent churches—by the shores of beautiful lakes, and upon the vessel's deck, and wrote out my impressions of what was before me. Since my return I have merely revised my sketches and notes, and now submit them to the public with no other solicitude than that which is felt by a man who desires that his work may so far meet with popular favor as to result in a reasonable pecuniary return to the author. I think I may safely say of my book what quacks often say of their nostrums—if it does no good, it will do no harm, and this is more than can be said of a great many popular publications of the day.

PETERSBURG, VIRGINIA, *April 1, 1857.*

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RANDOM SKETCHES.

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FROM NEW YORK TO LIVERPOOL.

Departure from New York. — Night upon the Ocean. — Reasons for my Voyage. — Companions in Travel. — Life upon the Ocean. — Passengers. — Gambling. — Religious Services on board. — A Gale. — Sight of Land. — St. George's Channel. — Take a Pilot. — Arrival at Liverpool.

Feb. 20, 1856. — I took passage to-day, at three o'clock, P. M., on board the new and splendid ocean-steamship *Persia*, bound from New York to Liverpool. We are just now outside Sandy Hook; and as the sun sinks behind the blue rim of the horizon, I commence my *Random Sketches and Notes of Travel*, which I propose keeping up daily, while impressions are strong and vivid upon my mind, during the whole period of my absence from the port which I am now leaving behind.

The last boat which brought passengers out to the *Persia* from the Cunard docks on the Jersey City side, drew off, thronged with hundreds of persons who had

accompanied their friends on board the great steamer, lying midway between Jersey City and New York; presently the machinery was in motion, and the majestic ship moved off slowly from her moorings, and, after describing a great circle upon the bosom of the ice-bound harbor, she stood out toward the sea. The scene was exciting when the signal-guns were fired, and the crowd on the deck of the *tender* raised a shout that rang out on the cold, wintry air, like the rejoicings of a great multitude, and was responded to right merrily by the passengers on board the departing ship; while snowy handkerchiefs were waving over hundreds of heads, as the voiceless but expressive farewells between friends who might never meet again.

The sailing of an ocean-steamer, though now almost a daily occurrence, can not fail to excite the deepest interest and awaken the most intense solicitude in many minds. Each departing ship, in its outward-bound voyage, bears persons away in pursuit of either health, pleasure, fame, or wealth, who leave dear ones behind in whose bosoms a trembling and painful anxiety is felt in behalf of the adventurers. And as friends stand upon the boat that has borne the passengers from the shore to the ship in the stream, and with upturned faces and eager eyes pry among the dense throng that crowds the upper deck, to catch a parting glance or token of recognition from a father, a brother, a son, or a partner in business, the loud huzza may ring out from the lips, but it is hard to check the rising tear, or suppress the emotion that swells the heart:—

“When forced to part with those we love,
Though sure to meet to-morrow,
We yet a kind of anguish prove,
And feel a touch of sorrow.”

But our gallant and beautiful ship is hastening on toward the ocean. The lofty steeples and spires of New York are fading away in the distance: we pass the bar, discharge the pilot, snap the last link that binds us to the receding shore, and find ourselves fairly afloat upon the wide domain of waters.

Night is upon the ocean. As the shades of the evening gathered around us, a faint outline of the gradually-sinking mainland was seen on the horizon; while the beacon-lights along the shore gleamed and twinkled amid the darkness like the lights of hope upon the verge of life. The broad, full moon, occasionally obscured by a passing cloud, rose over the waters of the "dark-blue sea," and spread out before us a path of light upon the restless, brilliant, and crested waves, luminous and bright as the gates of glory. But the winter is not yet over. The last seven weeks have been intensely cold. Our rivers, canals, and harbors, are locked up in ice, the like of which, for so long a time, has never been witnessed by the oldest inhabitant of our country. The *Pacific*, a fine steamer of the Collins line, now out twenty-eight days from Liverpool, has not been heard from since she sailed. Serious apprehensions are entertained that she is lost. The *Persia*, which sailed from Liverpool but three days later than the *Pacific*, encountered large fields of ice, which partially disabled her, and we can not tell what awaits us. But we cast aside gloomy forebodings, and put our trust in God.

Ten o'clock at Night.—The last hour has been spent upon the upper deck. The prospect is perfectly captivating. It is almost as light as day. The eye can range over a wide expanse of waters, agitated and broken by the wind, and sparkling in the moonbeams. Leaning over the prow of the ship, it was pleasant to

listen to the splash and murmur of the waters, as the wreaths of foam parted and rolled off to the right and left, and dissolved again like the snowflake on the wave. Near me, an old sailor upon the forward watch narrated to my fellow-voyagers some *yarns* about shipwrecks and sad disasters at sea, in which he, of course, shared and acted a conspicuous and exciting part. He was once wrecked on the coast of Africa, and supported himself for the space of thirty-six hours in the sea, on a small spar of the vessel, swimming first with one hand and then the other, until he got upon a sand-bank, and ultimately was saved. In the midst of his narrative the third bell of the watch was struck, and the old weather-beaten tar, in a sort of mechanical way, with a hard, iron voice, cried out, "All's well!" and it was caught up by the men on duty and carried from the forward watch, "All's well!" "All's well!" till it died away at the other end of the ship, which was nearly four hundred feet from us. It is pleasant in the night-watches to hear that sound flung upon the passing winds—"All's well!"

I pause a moment before I lay down my pen to-night to inquire, *why* I am here. Why have I left my home, and my pastoral charge, and thrown myself upon the ocean at a cold and stormy season of the year? I think I can say that nothing but the hope of regaining my health, so as to enable me the more effectually to execute my whole mission as a preacher of the gospel, could have induced me, at this time, to leave my family and my church, to encounter the perils of a sea-voyage, and the privations of foreign travel. As much pleasure as I might anticipate in visiting the Old World, and passing a few months among the monumental piles that tell of a past generation, and gazing upon all the magnifi-

cence which the present age spreads before the eye of the European traveller, I feel confident that the ruling motive in finally determining my mind in favor of taking the voyage and tour on which I have now entered, and to which I am am fully committed, is, the desire to render myself more useful as a pastor and preacher of the gospel of Jesus Christ. May God go with me, and may the end proposed be fully accomplished.

Three highly-esteemed young gentlemen are my companions in travel, forming a most agreeable and pleasant little party, namely, Mr. Amandus N. Walker, of Richmond, Virginia; Mr. John P. Branch, of Petersburg, and Mr. Abram D. Warwick, of Lynchburg. We propose passing directly through England and France on our way to Italy, where we design spending the months of March and April, and then return through Switzerland, Germany, Belgium, France, and Great Britain. We have allotted but six or seven months to this tour, hoping to get back to the port of New York, at the latest, by the first of September next.

Feb. 23.—Much has been said of the monotony of a sea-voyage; and it must be admitted that there is but little variety in calm, clear skies of unvarying blue; in a smooth, unruffled sea, unbroken by a billow; in a succession of days upon the waste of waters, unrelieved by a solitary sail; in steady breezes from the same point, requiring no change in the canvass of the ship, and in the same uniform round of duties performed by the officers. Indeed, one can scarcely think of a more profound solitude than that which reigns around a merchant-vessel, far out at sea, during a long continuance of fair and pleasant weather, with but few passengers on board, and barely wind enough to fill out the sails, and keep the ship upon its course—the sailors hanging listlessly

over the bulwarks, with a vacant eye upon the sea, or lying upon a coil of ropes in the sunshine, dozing away the idle hours; the captain with his chart, engaged in some aimless calculation; the subordinate officers carelessly pacing the deck without employment; the imprisoned passengers sighing for the shore, and all—

“As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean.”

But it is far different on a splendid ocean-steamer, crowded with passengers, and propelled by a power that drives it forward, alike in calm and storm, and thus breaks the monotony that otherwise makes the sea-voyage irksome, and dull. The motion of the machinery; the action of the gallant ship bounding beneath the passengers; the boiling foam, crackling and flashing in the wake of the vessel, and the visible evidences that one is hastening onward to the desired port, all serve to give life and animation to the scene and relieve the tedium of life at sea.

Since we left New York we have enjoyed fine weather. We are now nearly a thousand miles from Sandy Hook. The temperature is about fifty degrees Fahrenheit, and we have the promise of a quick and pleasant voyage. The sea has been so smooth that there has been but little perceptible motion in the ship, and but few have been troubled with sea-sickness. The *Persia* is a noble and elegant ship; the fare and accommodations are most excellent, and one can be almost as comfortable on ship-board as in a first-class hotel on shore.

We have a large number of passengers, and among them there are representatives of all nations and creeds; nor is there any grade or type of moral character that may not be found in this diversified crowd of human

beings. The voluble Frenchman, the more thoughtful German, the stiff and formal Englishman, the sober-sided Scotchman, the independent Swiss, the indolent Spaniard, the pantomimic Italian, and all sorts of Americans, from the most polished and elegant gentleman to the rudest boor, are in this heterogeneous mass. And the confusion of Babel scarcely split the earth into more languages than strike the ear in the dining-saloon, when a good dinner has put every one in a fine humor, and the sparkling champagne has given exhilaration to the spirits, and volubility to the tongues of the talkative crowd.

The mania for gambling is developing itself among the passengers. The intervals between the meals are devoted to cards, chess, backgammon, and other games, not merely for recreation and amusement, but for gambling purposes, and large amounts of money are constantly changing hands between the parties engaged. Nor is this gambling confined to games of chance, or games that tax the intellect, but men are found who are ready to bet on anything. Parties are betting on the number of days that the *Persia* will occupy in her present voyage; betting on the hour of the day she will get into port; betting on the *number* of the boat from which the ship will take her pilot; betting that the *Persia* will get to Liverpool before the *Quaker City* which sailed four days before the *Persia*; betting that the *Pacific* is not lost, and on a hundred other things of a similar nature. For some reason the captain of the *Persia* refuses to post the daily run of the ship. This is a source of very great dissatisfaction to many on board. It is regarded as a foolish and unreasonable innovation upon established usage. It is said, however, that Captain Judkins refuses to do this because of the gambling to

which it leads. The prevailing, if not universal custom on the regular ocean-steamers is, to post the run of the ship every day at noon, as soon as the observations are made. As soon as this is done a large number of persons are found who are ready to bet that she will not run as far, or that she will run farther, the next twenty-four hours; and in this way a large amount of money is won and lost during the voyage. Our good captain, however, I am inclined to think, declines to post the run of his ship, more from a careful regard for the safety of the passengers, and to avoid the suspicion that the officers are implicated in this betting, than from any conscientious scruples on the subject. This abuse of the posting of the run of the ship, has, in this case, cut off the whole of the passengers from the gratification of knowing anything about their distance from the port left behind, or the port of destination ahead, only as it may be ascertained from subordinate officers of the ship, who, in this regard, manifest a more polite attention to the wishes of the passengers than the cold, curt, and snappish captain who replies to a reasonable inquiry with a grunt, and turns away without giving any satisfaction. It is a pleasure to the passengers to know how they are progressing on their voyage, and it is absurd and unreasonable, to deny them this gratification because gamblers will bet on the run of the ship when this is daily communicated to them.

Outside of the ship there is but little to vary the tiresome monotony. The same scenes are constantly before the eye. An occasional sail seen in the distance, and gliding like a spectre upon the edge of the horizon, or a sea-gull on tireless wing, or a flock of "Mother Carey's chickens" in the wake of the vessel, is about all that meets the view as it ranges over the sea, except

the sky and water. And yet, with agreeable companions, a passenger may pass his time almost as pleasantly, in the absence of sea-sickness, as upon the land. And no one need be at a loss for society. All the passengers occupy a common platform, and without the formalities of an introduction one may converse with whom he chooses, without any violation of what by common consent is regarded as etiquette among travellers. Some very agreeable and delightful acquaintances may be formed in a voyage across the Atlantic by availing one's self of the advantages which this freedom of intercourse allows; for there is scarcely any assemblage, composed of the same number of persons, in which the same amount of general intelligence may be found as in the company on an ocean-steamer. There is not a subject in the whole range of literature, politics, science, commerce, or agriculture, in relation to which some one may not be met with who possesses the highest degree of information; and every one, with exceedingly rare exceptions, seems willing to converse, and impart information to others.

Feb. 24. — We had religious services on board this morning. By order of the recognised authorities, it is made the duty of the captains of each of the "Royal Mail Steam-Packets" of the Cunard line to read the morning service of the church of England every Sunday morning while the vessel is on her voyage. It is further provided that no minister of the gospel shall preach on shipboard except he be a minister of the Establishment, or a Protestant Episcopal minister. The Rev. Dr. Arnett, a Protestant Episcopal minister of the United States, was found on board, and his services were engaged for the occasion. Captain Judkins took his position at the side of the saloon, back of the dining-

tables, with his bible and prayer-book before him, and the Rev. Dr. Arnett by his side. Prayer-books were distributed among all the persons present, and the captain began in a deep, rich, strong tone of voice—"Dearly beloved brethren, the scripture moveth us in divers places," etc.; and I must say that he read the whole service, scripture lessons, collect, and all, in a style and manner that would have done credit to the archbishop of Canterbury. There was a gravity, dignity, and solemnity, that well befitted the beautiful service of the church of England. He prayed, of course, for Queen Victoria, and Prince Albert, and the prince of Wales, and then threw in a prayer for the president of the United States, to which there were many earnest responses. While it is pleasant to engage in religious services on the holy sabbath, far away from the sanctuaries on land and the dear ones at home, I must confess that there was much that appeared to me ludicrous, and even farcical, in the services of this morning. First of all, no one accuses the good captain, so far as I have heard, of being a pious man. He is a first-rate seaman, no doubt, and understands managing a ship, but would not be taken as a man possessing the suitable qualifications for leading the devotions of a worshipping assembly. Then, the solemnity and gravity with which he reads the service, while it is becoming the occasion, strikes one as assumed or affected. With solemn and impressive voice, lifting his eyes from his book to heaven, he prays "for all sorts and conditions of men." But that which struck me as the most farcical feature in the performance was the part which was taken in the service by sinners of every grade on board. Those who had been most profane and boisterous over their brandy and cards the evening before,

were foremost and loudest in giving out the responses. During the sermon, which was short and good, Lord B—— turned over the leaves of his prayer-book, and paid no attention to the discourse; a grave old Scotchman nodded, and was only prevented from bumping his head against the table by the kind attentions of his daughter; some young men near me found much to amuse them in the first morning lesson, which was the thirty-ninth chapter of Genesis; while a blustering old Frenchman, who seemed to think we were about to have too much of a good thing, fidgeted about, and clambered over the table, and went puffing and blowing out of the saloon, as though he were in a state of suffocation.

At one o'clock to-day an iceberg was descried in the distance, on the port bow. It must have been fifteen miles distant when first discovered. This attracted a large number of passengers on the upper deck, though the wind had veered and was blowing very hard, accompanied with occasional showers of rain. At first we only saw the top of the iceberg above the sea, swaying to and fro with the motion of the waves; but as we ran on our course, and changed our relative position to it, we saw more of the huge mass, rising like a jagged rock out of the sea, covered with snow. Every spy-glass and opera-glass on shipboard was brought into requisition; but it was so cloudy, and the atmosphere was so misty, that we could not see it to advantage. It was difficult to determine its height above the troubled waters that rolled around it, and beat on its rough and cavernous sides. An iceberg had been seen early in the morning, before the passengers were out of their state-rooms, which was supposed to be from one hundred and fifty to two hundred feet high. This was not

more than one hundred feet in elevation. The general appearance was white; but there were portions of it that appeared dark—occasioned, most probably, by the fissures and water-worn parts, which caused an unequal reflection of the light. We watched it till it disappeared, dropping away behind the western wave. Anything of the sort excites great interest at sea; indeed, the merest trifle will furnish a theme for an animated conversation for hours together.

Feb. 26.—Yesterday we had a terrific gale. It commenced blowing on Sunday evening, and continued to increase in violence for twenty-four hours. Seasickness became universal; and oh such sickness! It is horrible beyond the conception of any one who has never experienced it. But few were able to get to the table during the whole day, and it was with the utmost difficulty that anything could be kept in its place; and every one who attempted to walk about the saloon ran the imminent hazard of having his head brought in contact with the floor. Gambling was entirely suspended, and a large majority of the passengers were confined to their state-rooms. But I shall never forget the grandeur and magnificence of the sea, as the scene was presented late yesterday evening, when the gale was at its height, and the wind was most violent. The ocean was lashed into maddened rage and fury; the waves lifted up their voices on high, while the hoarse and dismal roar of the tempest was like some solemn and portentous utterance of Nature on the approach of a world-wide, desolating scourge. A thick mist was hanging over the sea, and a smothering spray dashing over the ship. In the murky gloom it was not difficult to imagine that mountains of ice lay concealed just ahead, and that the next moment our great iron steam-

er might come in contact with the hidden, floating, ocean-rock, with an awful crash, which would prove just as disastrous as if she were driven by the storm upon the granite-bound shore. The vessel rolled, and creaked, and groaned; and when struck by the seas which came in contact with her bows like masses of molten lead, she would tremble from stem to stern, as if suddenly arrested in her course by a wall of brass. No one has ever yet adequately described a storm at sea. It can not be described in words, or delineated on canvass. In any mere description or scenic representation, there is the absence of the wailing of the storm-fiends among the spars and shrouds; the laboring, staggering motion of the ship as she plunges into the sea, or climbs the waves; the hurried tread of the officers and sailors on the deck; the "heave and pull away, boys," of the hardy and fearless tars; the shrill sound of the boatswain's whistle; and, above all, the appalling roar of the howling winds, which sounds like the funeral-dirge of a lost world!

This morning opened with a thunder-storm, and a copious fall of rain. While we were at breakfast there was a sudden flash of lightning, and simultaneous with it, a clear crack, like that of the discharge of a rifle. A debate arose at the table as to what it was. Some said it was a pistol shot on deck; others were equally confident that one of the guns of the ship had been discharged in response to a distressed vessel at sea; while others maintained that it was a clap of thunder. I remarked that I had never heard such a clap of thunder as that before. To which a gentleman not far from me coolly and facetiously replied, "That is the way it has of doing things out here." We soon had all our doubts removed; for, presently, we had several vivid

glares of lightning, accompanied by successive peals of thunder ; after which the clouds rolled away, and vanished into air, and as sweet and calm a sky as ever smiled upon the ocean, bent in gracefulness and beauty over the troubled and agitated billows of the restless sea.

And now it is night. The ocean, as if weary after the buffetings of the gale, seems to rest and sleep, like a worn-out warrior when the battle strife is over. A silence, unbroken by even the sighing of the winds, reigns over the wide, wide sea. The stars, undimmed by a vapor, shine out most brilliantly in the mysterious depths of the azure vault above, and are reflected back again in the profounder depths of the reverse concave vault beneath. The constellations glitter like diamond mosaics set in sapphire, among which are most conspicuous, Orion, with his richly-studded belt ; the Great Bear, prowling around the polar-star ; and Cassiopeia, the queenly lady, in maidenly beauty, all glittering in resplendent gems, seated in her stately chair, and reposing in dignified ease amid the starry hosts of night.

My feelings change with the fickle winds and waves. "When seas are calm and skies are clear," I know of no place on the globe that I would prefer to a station on the deck of a fine steamship, far out from land ; especially in the evening hour when the sun sinks away, and melts, like a glorious mass of burnished gold, into the sea, and when the floating clouds are painted with vermilion, orange, and violet hues, and a thousand delicate and ever-varying tints are flitting from crimsoned skirt to snowy fleece, till the whole sweep of the horizon, still glowing with the light of the hidden sun, is hung with a gorgeous drapery of golden-fringed

clouds, rich and splendid enough to curtain the portals of heaven : when,

“ With steady helm and free-bent sail,”

the white-winged ship flies along her course ; when health and merriment reign on board, and when everything conspires to make one happy and light-hearted, then I love the sea. But let the heavens be shrouded in gloomy clouds, let the winds blow and beat up a rough sea, let the spray dash over the deck, and a drizzling mist hang over the waters, let sea-sickness prevail, and a rueful, wo-begone expression meet you in every countenance, and then I had rather be on any other spot of the globe than on the ocean.

I stood alone amid a crowd this evening, as the twilight was deeping into the darkness of night, for my thoughts had carried me far over the sea, and I had travelled back to my little home-circle, in the parsonage at Richmond, and was communing with the loved ones left behind me. For awhile I heard not the murmur of the waters around the ship, nor the merry laugh of the gay and happy passengers that thronged the deck, nor the song of the sailors as they tightened the sails. The enchantment was broken, and the dream dissipated, by my friend Walker coming up and laying his hand upon my shoulder, and with a lugubrious expression of countenance, and a sympathetic tone of voice, saying : “ I think that Branch is now the sickest one of our party. Look at him,” said he, “ yonder he is, keeled over against the wheelhouse, as sick as a dog.” Poor fellow ! sure enough, there he was, hardly able to raise his eyes, or lift his hand. He had crawled out of his stateroom, and was lying on deck, almost as helpless as a child. But that which amused me most was the

manner of my humorous young friend, Walker, who had been in his berth for more than forty-eight hours, unable to eat anything, and who looked, for all the world, as though he had just gotten up from an attack of cholera. But the night wears away. The cry of "All's well" is heard along the deck. For the present I resign my pen; and committing myself to the care of Him who rules the sea, I seek a night's repose—

Rocked in the cradle of the deep."

March 1.—This morning early we saw the land. The first point that presented itself through the opening mist was Kinsale head, on the southern coasts of Ireland. The fog had prevented the keen-sighted officers from catching even a glimpse of Cape Clear light, which would have been seen at three o'clock in the morning had the atmosphere been free from vapors. All hailed the land with delight. The passengers, by scores, came on deck to look for a few moments upon the rocky bluff which peered out upon us from an opening in the misty shroud that concealed the main land. A gleam of sunshine fell upon the lighthouse, and a faint outline of the shore was descried through the fog; but in a moment the view was cut off, and we were again enveloped in the mist. It was my first glimpse of Ireland. The emotions were strange that filled my breast. Here was the land of a noble, generous, and valorous people; but a people who have struggled long and hard with oppression and adversity. Our own country is full of the "Exiles of Erin." Forced away by famine, hardship, and wrong, they have sought homes in our free and happy land; and there is scarcely a lad among us that has not heard some story of the "Emerald Isle" told with the rich brogue of the Irishman, that has excited his sym-

pathies, for the starving poor of what should be one of the most prosperous and happy parts of the globe, and awakened a desire to see the soil on which were born such men as Moore, Emmet, Curran, O'Connell, and other Irish celebrities.

We have had a delightful day on St. George's channel. At ten o'clock it was clear, and the land was full in view on the coasts of Ireland. The Persia, disburdened of her load of coal, and on the bosom of a beautiful sheet of water, unruffled by a breeze made fine headway, and brought us off Holy-Head light by nine o'clock to-night.

At dinner to-day we had an agreeable and pleasant incident. Being the last day of the voyage, according to custom, the captain gave a fine dinner, and furnished the champagne free of extra charge. At the close of the dinner, an intelligent old gentleman, at the request of the passengers, arose and made a sensible and appropriate speech, in which he alluded to the safe and successful voyage of the new steamer across the Atlantic. He paid a high compliment to the skill of the captain; but remarked, in passing, that he did not enjoy the pleasure of his acquaintance; apologizing at the same time for the captain's want of ease, freedom, and sociability, with the passengers. The old gentleman closed by proposing "the steamer Persia, and the health of Captain Judkins." This was received with great applause, and drunk standing. The captain made a happy response. He alluded to the reference which had been made to his apparent want of sociability, and said that he *cared too much for the lives* and comfort of those committed to his charge, as the chief officer of the ship, to give up his time, pleasant as it might be to him, to the enjoyment of the society of the passengers.

He said that he had the command of a new steamer; all iron; the largest in the world; and that he had responsibilities devolved on him, in the management of the ship, that none of the passengers would willingly assume. He alluded to the rough and stormy weather we had passed through, and acknowledged the hand of a kind and merciful Providence in bringing us safely over the ocean. Captain Judkins is a blunt, unvarnished man; but a skilful seaman.

Liverpool, March 2. — We came up to Liverpool this morning, and after the usual customhouse examinations, which were not very rigid, were put on shore. When our little steamer came to the stage or wharf, bearing a portion of the passengers from the *Persia* which had dropped anchor out in the stream, there were thousands upon the shore waiting the arrival. Many were anxiously looking for long-absent friends; and it was pleasing to witness the tears and smiles of recognition that passed between those on shore, and those on the boat. But as my eyes ranged over the immense throng, and scrutinized the faces of whole battalions of strangers there was not found a familiar face, or a single look of recognition.

We had an amusing scene on board the *Persia* this morning, before our arrival at Liverpool. Near twelve o'clock last night, after a magnificent display of blue lights and sky-rockets, as signals, we took a pilot on board, about forty miles below the city. As soon as the pilot took charge of the ship the captain turned in for a night's repose. He slept rather late this morning, and awoke, evidently expecting to find the ship at her anchorage in the Liverpool harbor. To his profound amazement he found that the pilot had actually lost his bearings in the thick fog which had gathered over the

Mersey, and really did not know where he was. He was lost! He could not see the lights, buoys, or landmarks, and consequently had no means of navigating the ship, except by feeling his way in the dark with the lead. In his confusion and bewilderment he had managed to get the ship turned nearly right about, and was steering, he knew not whither. The captain saw from his compass that something was wrong and immediately assumed the command. He first essayed to find out where he was, and this he hoped to do by discovering some of the buoys that mark the channel. The lead was thrown every few minutes; and, in feeling about, the ship described some of the grandest sorts of curves and segments of circles upon the glassy surface of the river. The captain lost his temper, and called the pilot *stupid*, with a prefix that need not be named, especially as he reads prayers for the crew and passengers on Sunday morning. The pilot was ordered down from the bridge, in no very complimentary terms to his professional skill. The whole scene amused the passengers, and there was no little merriment at the pilot's expense. Meanwhile, the ship appeared like some deranged or crazy sea-monster, with its eyes put out, circling and boggling about in the fog. We did not know whether we were going out to sea, or drawing near to Liverpool. Finally, a buoy was discovered, and the ship put upon her course. The captain was anxious to discover the "bell-buoy"—so called from its having a bell attached to it, that indicates its locality by its ringing in a storm, when agitated by the winds and waves. This, in the language of seaman, is called the "bell-boy." The captain vociferated, "Where is the 'bell-boy'?" At length, some one on the watch discovered it, and cried out, "There is the 'bell-boy,' on

the starboard bow!"—"Ay, ay!" responded the captain. All was right now. The iron face of the chief officer relaxed into a pleasant expression. The pilot regained his position, and a cheerful spirit diffused itself on shipboard. At the usual place, the captain gave command to fire the guns. It was done. "Load and fire again!" The order was obeyed. "Load and fire again!" commanded the captain. "What! again?" inquired the astonished officer. "Yes," said the captain, with decided emphasis; "load and fire till I tell you to stop!" The order was carried out; and the reverberating peals of the cannon wakened up the sleeping echoes, that came back in multiplied responses from the dock-walls, buildings, and fortifications, along the shore.

It was affecting to hear the anxious inquiry from every vessel, as we came into port—"Any news from the Pacific?" and to witness the sadness that exhibited itself in every countenance as the answer, "None!" mournfully rang over the waters like the knell of a lost ship.

We were too late on shore to attend religious services in any of the churches this morning. In the evening we heard the Rev. Dr. M'Neal, who is one of the great lions of the established church of England. He preached on the observance of the Christian sabbath—one of a series of sermons on that subject. He is a fine-looking man—tall, erect, and dignified. His elocution is easy, and his style natural and captivating. He is earnest and animated. His voice is superb, and he manages it with decided effect. His discourse was extemporaneous; he did not even use notes, and it is certain he did not deliver it *memoriter*. His sermon had a political aspect and bearing. I should take him

to be a much better *speaker* than *writer*. He enjoys a fine reputation as a pulpit orator, and attracts immense congregations to hear him in his very large and commodious house of worship.

Liverpool is a large and growing commercial emporium; but, with the exception of two or three public buildings of great magnificence, the docks, shipping, railway-stations, and cemetery, there are but few objects that strike the stranger on his first arrival in the city. St. George's Hall, which occupies a central and commanding site, is a splendid and imposing edifice. It is of very grand dimensions, and is in a fine style of architecture. One of the largest and most powerful organs in the world is in St. George's Hall; this is played frequently for the gratification of the people, and, it is said, never fails to attract great crowds to hear it.

Bootblacks and beggars are a great annoyance to strangers on their first arrival in Liverpool. It is obvious also, on the slightest observation, that there is here, as in all great seaports, a very degraded class of human beings that in large numbers infest the streets, and spread a most debasing moral infection wherever they roam at large, without any restraint imposed by the police of the city.

But I must defer any further notice of Liverpool for the present, hoping to spend several days here on my return from the continent.

CHAPTER II.

LONDON.

Arrival in London. — The Novelty. — Review of the Trip from Liverpool. — Saint Paul's Church. — Service. — Hurried Round of Sights in the Great Metropolis. — Westminster Abbey. — The New Parliament Buildings. — Vernon Picture-Gallery. — The Queen's Stables.

LONDON, *Mar. 3.* — The clock on Saint Paul's church, which stands just opposite the hotel where we have taken lodgings for the night, has just struck eleven; and, though weary with a day's travel, I must write up my notes before I retire to rest. I can scarcely realize that I am in the very heart of London, the largest city in the world, and one that exerts an influence upon all the nations of the globe. In London! about which we have all heard something, even in the songs of the nursery, in the riddles that puzzled our childhood, in the primers that we read at a mother's knee, and in the jingling rhyme that strangely clings to the memory, not without pleasant associations, in more mature years. In London! where Newton, and Milton, and Johnson, and Goldsmith, and Shakespeare, and Locke, have all, at least temporarily, resided. I can scarcely believe that Paternoster Row is only a minute's walk from my hotel; that Cheapside, Haymarket, Piccadilly, Charing Cross, and the "Old Bailey," are within a half-hour's ride; that Temple Bar, London bridge, the Tower, and old Westminster Abbey, may be seen to-morrow. Yes, to-morrow, should I live, I may see them all — see Lon-

don; for as yet I have seen nothing except the glittering shops in the gaslight; the flashing carriages, with the drivers in livery; the police-officers in uniform, and a living tide of human beings on the sidewalks, as we rode through the streets from the railway-station in Euston square; and the soaring dome and solemn old towers of Saint Paul's church, as I alighted from the cab and entered the hotel.

This morning, at eleven o'clock, we took an accommodation train from Liverpool to London. The accommodations, in the first-class coaches, are very good. Our party, consisting now of five persons—the Rev. Dr. Arnett being added to our original party—occupied one coach. There are six seats in each coach, separated by divisions—arranged like the seats in a private carriage, so that the passengers sit facing each other, three on the rear and three on the front seat. We obtained through-tickets for thirty-seven shillings, which is about nine dollars. The second class is cheaper; while the fare on the express trains, which run through in six hours, is higher than the first class on the ordinary or accommodation trains. The distance is more than two hundred miles. We preferred the accommodation train, as it travels slower, stops more frequently, and allows the passengers a better opportunity of seeing more of the face of the country on the route. Each first-class passenger is allowed to carry one hundred pounds of luggage. Our trunks were weighed, and placed on the top of the carriage in which we were seated. No checks were given for them; nor do the regulations of the road allow a porter in the employment of the company to receive any fee or compensation for moving luggage, or for any other attention which it is his duty to pay to the com-

fort and convenience of the traveller. If anything is given, it must be done privately, and not in the presence of a superior officer.

On leaving the station, which is in the heart of Liverpool, we immediately entered a tunnel, which runs under the city, and which must be considerably over a mile in length. The road, through this tunnel, is on an inclined plane, and the trains are drawn up by stationary engines. On emerging from the tunnel, and clearing the suburbs of the city, we found ourselves, at once, in the midst of beautiful little farms, which are kept like gardens, surrounded by hedges, separating one tenancy from another—the whole face of the country presenting a strange and perfectly bewitching picture to the eyes of one, accustomed to the great forests, large farms, zig-zag fences, and wilder scenery of America. I was particularly struck with the country roads and highways, which appeared to be perfectly smooth and firm; and with the hedges which were, everywhere, so neatly trimmed and trained, and with the high state of cultivation which seemed to prevail on every hand. Indeed, there was an endless succession of pleasing and interesting objects constantly meeting the eye and engaging the attention. Elegant country residences; extensive manufacturing towns and villages; numerous canals, covered with boats, the hum of machinery, and the busy movements of the cultivators of the soil. At one view the whole country appeared like a perfect garden; at another, like a vast workshop; while at another, one lost sight of everything else, and only viewed it in its agricultural aspects. Farmers were turning over the sod; cutting drains and ditches; repairing farmhouses; running wicker-work fences, and trimming the hedges. In several places we saw females engaged in field

labor; we frequently saw them guiding boats on the canals, and in Liverpool we saw them engaged as the lowest and filthiest scavengers of the streets. These degrading and laborious services, performed by females, formed the dark coloring of a fine picture spread before me to-day.

On our route we passed in full view of the residence and estate of the Earl of Litchfield. The pile of buildings reminded me of the Smithsonian Institute at Washington. We also passed in sight of Stafford Castle, and of Tamworth Castle, for some time the residence of Sir Robert Peel; and then we had a view of the Litchfield cathedral, with its turrets and towers, standing out above all surrounding objects. We passed also in this section of country, a convent which occupied a lovely sight, and presented a fine appearance. But I can not enumerate all the objects of interest that greeted the eye, and gratified the taste, on our line of travel to-day. The whole was novel and exciting to my mind. The winding streams, with the green sod down to the edge of the clear, quiet waters; the artificial lakes fringed with shrubbery and grass; the smooth and snowy paths that wound around the hills; the thatched cottages that nestled in the valleys; the elegant residences of wealthy landlords and the noble church edifices, crowned with spires—the finger of man's devotion pointing heavenward—all formed a picture that will long hang up in the halls of my memory.

But night set in, and shut out the view. I was falling into a sweet nap, when my friend W. aroused me by the exclamation: "Look out—here is London." And there it was, but seen only in the thousands and tens of thousands of gas-lights, that twinkled in the night gloom, dispelling the darkness, and throwing an air of

cheerfulness around. In a few moments we were at the station, and after a drive of three miles through the city we were put down at our hotel.

Saint Paul's church clock, with its iron tongue, has told the midnight hour, and I must retire.

March 4.—This morning, first of all, our party went to Lee's, No. 440, on the Strand, to get our passports bound, and to procure such guide-books as may be of service to us in our travels. Next to Heywood's, No. 4 Lombard street, to arrange our money matters for the continent. This we did by obtaining a letter of credit, which may be used at any of the principal places in Europe—drawing any amount of money we may choose at any given place. All our necessary arrangements being completed, we then devoted our time to sight-seeing.

At a quarter past three o'clock this afternoon we attended divine service in Saint Paul's—the great cathedral of the see of London. I revere places consecrated to religious worship; and I certainly would not speak or write irreverently of divine things; but I must say that, up to this day, I never witnessed such a ludicrous representation of God's worship as was exhibited in Saint Paul's cathedral this afternoon. In my estimation it was a shameful and shocking caricature of what the Scriptures represent as acceptable religious services in the sight of our Maker. I had hoped never to see, any people, under a *Protestant* form of Christianity, guilty of such a perversion and abuse of divine worship. Saint Paul's would hold a congregation of from ten to twenty thousand persons. Only that part of the church called the choir, is used on ordinary occasions. This is separated from the main body of the spacious edifice by a screen or movable partition. The pulpits are movable

and can be placed in different positions to suit the audience and the occasion. The choir would hold a thousand persons. There were not present, this afternoon, more than one hundred and fifty — men, women, and children. When we entered they were singing one of the psalms for the day. On looking round I ascertained that, with the exception of some five or six clergymen, and about the same number of gentlemen and ladies, no one was engaged in singing besides fifteen little boys, ranging from eight to fifteen years of age — most of them I should say, less than eleven years of age. These I learned, were charity children, specially trained for this service. They were handsome little boys, and each one wore a perfectly white surplice or gown, which gave them a novel, and interesting appearance. These children sustained the singing, and it was delightful. The organ was powerful. The deeper notes rolled like thunder through the resounding arches of the sublime cathedral, and died away in the distant aisles. The lessons were poorly read by some church official. Indeed, everything was mechanical and professional. There was scarcely the semblance of devotion. But that which was the most repugnant to my religious sensibilities was the *intoning* or chanting of the prayers by the officiating minister, and the singing of the responses by the children and congregation. The creed was sung; all the worshippers turning their faces toward the altar which occupied the eastern transept of the church. But it is what is called the *choral* cathedral service! Where did it originate? I think it was not relished more by my friend, the Rev. Dr. Arnett, a Protestant Episcopal minister, than by myself. When the responses were given out, which were sung, as before observed, some of the clergymen joined in, with no more

devotion, apparently, than a sailor manifests when he swings to the rope, and unites in the chorus: "Hang, boys, hang." That the little boys should perform their part as a task, and in a mechanical way, one need not be surprised, but that grave and reverend ministers of the Gospel should go through the whole service in a heartless, and perfunctory way—looking about while reading the prayers, and exhibiting signs of listless indifference during the most solemn parts of the service, excited my profoundest amazement. This, too, in the great cathedral of the see of London—and this the religious worship of the Established Church of England, in the metropolis of the empire!

After the service closed, which to me was but little better than a solemn mockery and a farce, and which, in my estimation, is much better adapted to make men infidels than to convert sinners to Jesus Christ, I and my party took an exploration ticket, for which we paid about one dollar each, and started out upon a survey of the vast cathedral itself. And as the day was drawing to a close, we started first to the topmost part of the dome, from which the very best view of London is obtained. We had a guide who conducted us through two or three apartments as we ascended, and directed our attention to the geometrical staircase, and to the model-room, which contains Wren's first and favorite plan for the rebuilding of the cathedral: to the library, and to another large room which contains some old and tattered banners, which had been borne in certain great civic and military processions. When his part was done, he put us on the path of ascent, and told us that other guides would receive us as we mounted upward, and show us what was worth seeing; and up, up, up, we climbed, until, as we supposed, we were reaching the

dome, when, to our surprise, we found we had only reached the upper part of the southwestern tower of the edifice, in which is situated the church-clock. Here a female received us, and showed us the great bell of the cathedral, on which the hours are struck, and which is never tolled except at the deaths and funerals of any of the royal family, the bishops of London, the deans of St. Paul's, or of the lord-mayor, should he die during his mayoralty. We were impatient to get to the dome; but each guide had his round of duties, and his stereotyped speeches to make, and we were compelled to hear him through. From the clock-tower we retraced our steps for a short distance, and then took a walk of nearly a hundred yards, through an upper apartment, when we were again taken in hand by another guide, who showed us the upward winding way, and gave us directions for the next fifty or sixty feet of the ascent. We reached a point where we were called by another guide, and, passing through a small door, we found ourselves in the whispering gallery, which occupies an elevated position in the dome. We were directed to walk round the gallery, which is constructed on the inner surface of the dome, to a point opposite that occupied by the guide, that he might show us its surprising power. On reaching the point designated, we were requested to take our seats, and place our ears against the wall. We did so: whereupon he commenced giving us the history of the building of the cathedral, which he narrated in a whisper that could not have been heard ten feet from him, and yet, at the whole distance of the diameter of the dome, which is at least one hundred feet, we heard every syllable distinctly. In concluding he spoke of Sir Christopher Wren, the architect of the wonderful building, and proposed the question: "Do

you ask for his monument?" to which he replied, "*circumspice*"—look around. We again commenced the ascent, being advised that we were not yet half way to the ball on the dome. Another guide led the way, which now became narrow and difficult of ascent. We began to climb steps that were nearly perpendicular. At length we had to leave our hats and overcoats, and creep through holes and passages that would barely admit one at a time. The guide stopped, and told us to go on. At last we reached a point beyond which we could proceed no farther; and here we seated ourselves, in *the ball* on the top of the dome, four hundred and four feet above the pavement; a ball which, from the street below, does not look to be larger than a flour-barrel.

On our descent we paused on some of the outer galleries surrounding the base of the dome, from which we got a view, as far as the smoke would allow us to see, of the great city of London. The Thames, covered, with boats, passing and repassing, presenting a picture of animation, was seen winding through the wilderness of houses, spanned by numerous bridges, and stretching away until it was lost in the dusky atmosphere that for ever hangs over its bosom. Some of the streets could be traced for miles, crowded with cabs, omnibuses, carts, drays, and elegant carriages, and the ever-moving tide of living human beings, that rolls with unbroken volume through the business channels of London. Above the even and monotonous rows of houses could be seen the steeples and spire of almost countless churches; the swelling domes, and massive towers of public buildings; the statue-crowned summits of monumental columns and pillars, and the tall, tapering chimneys of the numerous manufacturing

establishments scattered over all that portion of the city within the scope of vision. The *city*, properly, is comparatively small; but what is called London, through which continuously-paved streets extend, is full twelve or fourteen miles in length, and from six to ten miles in width. It has grown and pushed out its limits, until all the smaller towns that formerly surrounded it, have been absorbed and swallowed up, and now have almost entirely lost their names. It is London everywhere; and still it enlarges, and pushes out its boundaries into the regions around, and no one can set limits to its ultimate progress and extent.

We descended into the vaults beneath the massive body of the church, and in these silent and gloomy apartments, shut out from the light of day, and from the noise and bustle of the city, we walked over and around the tombs of such men as Sir Christopher Wren, the architect of the building; of Benjamin West, the artist; of Bishop Newton, the author of the work on the prophecies; of Rennie and Mylne, architects, and of many other distinguished men, not unknown to fame. In another apartment we saw the tomb and monument of Lord Nelson, and the one now constructing, on a splendid scale, over the remains of the Duke of Wellington. In the principal body of this sublime edifice there are monuments and epitaphs to such men as Romney, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Lord Cornwallis, and a host of other great names that time would fail me to enumerate.

St. Paul's Cathedral is a stupendous building. It is in the form of the Latin cross, and is five hundred feet in length, from east to west, and two hundred and fifty feet in its greatest width; there are also lateral projections at the west end of the nave, the design of which is to give width and importance to the west front.

The campanile towers which surmount the lateral projections are two hundred and twenty-two feet, and the height of the whole structure, from the pavement in the street to the top of the cross, is four hundred and four feet. Thirty-five years were occupied in its erection, and yet the whole work was completed under the eye of one architect, Sir Christopher Wren, and under one master-mason, Mr. Thomas Strong, and while one bishop, Dr. Henry Compton, presided over the diocese. The whole cost verged on four millions of dollars, which enormous sum of money was raised by a tax levied on every chaldron of coal brought into the port of London.

In the evening we visited the Polytechnic Institute, in Regent street, and heard two interesting lectures, witnessed an experiment with the diving-bell, and saw some of the most enchanting dissolving scenes that can easily be imagined, together with an exhibition of about three thousand specimens of art. Among other things, we actually saw a man spinning glass into a fine, beautiful thread, and putting it up in plats and skeins, which he offered for sale at two pence a parcel.

One of the lectures was by Mr. F. Lenox Howe, a serio-comical musical lecture, on the use and abuse of art, demonstrating the errors in popular taste concerning Italian and English singing, with vocal and dramatic illustrations. It was a most cutting and scathing *take-off* on modern fashionable singing.

March 5.—The sights of this day are too numerous to write up to-night. On my return to London, in the summer, when I shall have more time to devote to the objects of attraction and interest in and around the great metropolis, I shall be able to furnish more accurate and detailed accounts of what is worthy of notice.

Westminster Abbey claimed a first visit this morning. What a tide of associations rushed upon my mind as I entered the dingy, gloomy old pile! It links the remote past of English history with the present. It is at once a sepulchre and a sanctuary. Here the kings and queens of England have been crowned, from Edward the Confessor to Queen Victoria; and here the inscriptions on monument and tomb tell where most of them moulder in the dust. My introduction to the Abbey was in the "Poet's Corner," which occupies nearly one half of the south transept of the building. Here my eyes were greeted with the tombs and honorary monuments of such men as Spenser, Chaucer, Shakespeare, and Milton; of Dryden, Butler, Gray, and Goldsmith. Here are life-sized statues and sculptured busts: some grave, some gay. Some in good taste, some decidedly bad. We have the shocking and irreverent epitaph over the monument of John Gray, author of the Beggar's Opera, "*Life is a Jest*," &c.; and others, in poetry or rhyme, quite as much out of place as a jest at a funeral, or a ghastly corpse amid the gay scenes of a festive circle.

One lingers here with a strange pleasure, tinged with melancholy, and communes with the magic bards whose verse has been bequeathed as a rich legacy to our classic literature—recalling touching strains that still have an echo in the halls of memory, sad and plaintive as a dirge-like requiem for the dead.

Leaving the "Poet's Corner," we joined a party, under the direction of one of the guides connected with the Abbey, and commenced the regular round of exploration and survey. The various chapels, occupying the recesses of the irregular interior, were visited in their order, and the Guide, in each, repeated his stereotyped

speech, pointing out the tombs, effigies and monuments of the illustrious dead, interspersing his remarks with stale anecdotes, and sickly attempts at witty sayings. The chapel of the "Virgin Mary," called also Henry VII.'s chapel, interested me quite as much as any of these repositories of the ashes of English royalty. It is entered by a flight of steps, through oaken gates, overlaid with gilt, and wrought into various devices; "The portcullis exhibiting the descent of the founder from the Beaufort family, and the crown and twisted roses, the union that took place on Henry's marriage, of the White Rose of York and the Red Rose of Lancaster." In this chapel, formerly, the knights of the garter were installed. It contains the monuments and altar-tombs, with effigies of Henry VII. and his queen; of Margaret, Countess of Richmond, mother of Henry VII.; of the mother of Lord Darnley, husband of Mary, Queen of Scots; of Mary, Queen of Scots, erected by James I., who brought his mother's body from Peterborough cathedral and interred it here; and of Queen Elizabeth and her sister Mary, who, though bitter enemies and rivals in life, sleep in undisturbed repose in the same grave. Having completed the tour of the chapels, we were turned out in the open parts of the building to make such observations as our respective tastes or other circumstances might dictate. And here we found ourselves surrounded by colossal statues, recumbent figures, inscribed gravestones, honorary monuments, and highly-ornamented tombs, commemorating the deeds and perpetuating the memories of eminent statesmen, celebrated poets, distinguished scholars, noted philosophers, and illustrious divines; of courageous warriors, bold adventurers on the sea, talented musicians, and gifted actors and actresses: admirals;

earls, and dukes ; generals, knights, and prelates ; men of peace and men of blood ; tyrants and despots ; philanthropists and public benefactors, all lay commingled around. No angry word came from the lips of the disappointed aspirant of fame ; no sound of the battle-axe or other deadly weapon rang through the silent chambers of the dead ; no heart, filled with malice and revenge, beat beneath the mouldering shroud ; no arm, clothed with wrath, was lifted to strike a fellow-man ; no decaying form stalked in pride and lofty disdain among the pulseless sleepers in the tomb. Almost every name that met the eye touched some link in the chain of association, and the magnetic current, running like lightning through the whole chain of conscious existence, waked up and galvanized into activity a thousand thoughts that seemed to have been long dead and buried in the memory. The names of such men as Addison, Sir Isaac Newton, Bishop Butler, Watt, Sir Humphrey Davy, Pitt, Wilberforce, Grattan, Fox, Barrow, South, Ben Jonson, Macpherson, Thomas Campbell, Major André, Blow, Handel, Garrick, and a host of others, familiar to every one, each had its associations, and awakened recollections that were as pleasant and mournful as the shadowy remembrance of a sweet dream of childhood.

A ramble through the gloomy cloisters and humid cells, adjoining and forming a part of the buildings, and a cursory glance at the time-worn gravestones in St. Margaret's churchyard concluded my first visit to the venerable old abbey, which must ever be a chief object of interest and curiosity to the stranger in London.

The new parliament buildings stand in the immediate vicinity of Westminster Abbey. These have already been sixteen years in progress of erection, and it will

require full sixteen more to complete them, according to the original plan of the immense structure. The hall of the House of Peers was opened in 1847. It is a brilliant and commodious apartment, and contains the throne on which her Majesty sits when, in person, she opens, prorogues, or dissolves Parliament, with the splendid chairs provided for the Prince of Wales and Prince Albert, and the Woolsack, in the centre of the hall, on which the lord-chancellor sits, as president, while the House of Lords is in session. The hall of the House of Commons, is not so large, nor is it finished with the same elegance and splendor as the House of Peers. The towers which rise in majestic grandeur from different angles and parts of the buildings are slowly progressing toward completion, and when finished, in all the detail of the plan on which they are projected, they will form magnificent appendages to the imposing edifice. The external masonry is principally of magnesian limestone. The river terrace is of Aberdeen granite. The principal beams and joists are of iron, and it is said the Houses of Parliament can never be burnt down again. The buildings front on the Thames, the splendid facade extending nine hundred feet, and the whole establishment covers an area of nearly eight acres. So say the guides, and they seem to be well posted in dates, dimensions, and all such little matters, which they narrate, in set phrase, and with a gravity that clearly indicates the importance which they attach to their commission. A stranger can not inspect the hall of the House of Peers even when the house is not sitting, without an order from the lord great chamberlain, nor the House of Commons without a member's order. Americans generally gain admittance to see the buildings, or to be present at the de-

bates, by obtaining a ticket from the resident American ambassador, who has the liberty of granting two seats in the galleries of each house, at the daily sittings.

We made a pleasant visit also to the Vernon Picture Gallery, now open at the Marlborough House, where we saw some fine paintings; and, on the premises, had a view of the splendid funeral car used on the occasion of the obsequies of the Duke of Wellington. This gallery is kept open, in an extensive suite of apartments, at the personal expense of some liberal patron of the fine arts, whose name and title have escaped my memory. Anybody may visit the exhibition without fee or perquisite, and enjoy the paintings, in rooms comfortably warmed and seated, as though the apartments were his own.

Having been favored with tickets of admittance to the queen's stables by the polite and obliging secretary of the American legation, our party paid a visit to this interesting establishment, which closed our round of sight-seeing for the day. On the presentation of our tickets, we were received, by a liveried official, with as much ceremony as if we were on the point of a presentation to her royal Majesty. At each separate department of the stables, we were taken in hand by a new official, and thus conducted through the halls, passages, parlors, bed-rooms, bathing and dressing apartments of the royal stud. The name of each horse was attached to the end of each stall, in large characters; and, as we passed along, the grooms pointed out the favorite saddle-horses of the queen, and expatiated at large upon their qualities. The gray ponies struck me as being about the most perfect specimens of horseflesh I have ever seen. There are one hundred and thirty head, all together kept by thirty grooms; and any one

who is an admirer of fine horses, will be amply repaid for a visit to the queen's stables. We were also shown the queen's carriages, with the harness, which, with the exception of the state-carriage, are not finer than many of the first class of public carriages to be met with in our large and fashionable cities. The state-carriage is a heavy, massive establishment. It was finished in 1761. The design was by William Chambers, and the work was executed under his direction. The paintings on the doors, panels, etc., were done by Cypriani. The body is richly ornamented with beautifully gilt laurel and carved work, the length is twenty-four feet, width eight feet, height twelve feet, and the whole weight four tons.

Any further notice of what I saw in London must be deferred until my return, during the approaching summer. To-morrow we leave for Paris.

CHAPTER III.

A FEW DAYS IN PARIS.

From London to Paris. — Grand Hotel du Louvre. — French Coffee. — Preparations for Travel. — Learning to Speak French. — An Amusing Incident. — French Politeness. — Surface Views. — A Day's Work in Sight-Seeing. — The Morgue. — Notre Dame. — The Louvre. — Its Paintings and Museums. — Bois de Boulogne. — Stroll through the Gardens of the Tuileries. — Sunday in Paris. — The Madeleine. — Wesleyan Chapel. — Champs Elysées. — Champs de Mars. — Hotel des Invalides. — Abattoirs. — Père la Chaise. — Jardin des Plantes. — Baby Clothes.

PARIS, *March 6.* — To-day we came from London to this great metropolis of fashion, gayety, and amusement. It has been a most delightful day's travel. From London to Folkestone, a distance of eighty-three miles, we travelled by rail, in two hours. Starting, as we did, a little before daylight, and finding a well-cushioned, first-class coach a comfortable place for a morning nap, I saw but little of the face of the country until we got near to Folkestone. Refreshed by a good breakfast we took a small steamboat across the channel to Boulogne. The white cliffs of Dover sunk away behind us, while the coasts of France were rising to our view. In two hours we were at Boulogne. Here our trunks were overhauled by customhouse officers, and our passports examined. Customhouse examinations are a great annoyance to travellers; but the better plan is to take it coolly. Show a good free will: assist in opening your trunk; take out the tray, and be ready to show

more than is expected, and your packages will pass with a very partial examination. But hold back; speak a little short and crusty; exhibit reluctance or impatience, and they will put you through on the long plan. Most of the baggage at Boulogne was passed over with a very slight examination. If any contraband article was discovered, which excited the least suspicion that an effort was made to conceal it, instantly everything was subjected to a most careful scrutiny. A lady's trunk, large and well-packed, was next to my own; at the bottom several bundles of new stockings were found. The officer began to pull them out. Pair after pair came to light. He got his arms full, and then commenced counting them, in a loud voice: "Un, deux, trois, quatre, cinq, six, sept, huit, neuf, dix, onze, douze, treize, quatorze, and on to more than twenty pairs. "*Mon dieu! combien?*" he exclaimed. The chief officer looked at them, shrugged up his shoulders, and let them pass. But every article in the lady's trunk was turned out, from every crevice and corner, and the whole exposed to the prying eyes of porters and officials. As soon as the trunks were passed they were pulled aside by females, who put them on hand-carts, and hastened off with them to the railroad terminus, where they were booked for Paris.

A through ticket, first-class, from London to Paris, by way of Folkestone and Boulogne, costs about thirteen dollars. A second-class ticket is much cheaper. The time of departure from London and Paris for each day, is arranged in reference to the *tide* in the channel, so that there needs be no detention on account of low water. This is now the principal line of travel between these two largest cities in the world, though the regular mail line is still by Dover and Calais. There

are, also, other daily lines: one by Southampton and Havre, and another by Brighton and Dieppe.

From Boulogne to Paris the route lies through one of the finest agricultural districts of France. It so far exceeded all my expectations, in every respect, that my mind was agreeably regaled all the time, with the rapid succession of pleasing objects that met the eye. The farms are in the highest state of cultivation; and everywhere, as we passed along, we saw the ploughmen in the fields, and the husbandmen pruning vines, and preparing their lands for the approaching planting season. An air of thrift, happiness, and prosperity, seemed everywhere to prevail. I know that *appearances* are deceptive; and one can form no correct idea of the state of a country or community, by a rapid flight through it on a railroad, at the rate of forty miles per hour. All he can know is, whether it pleases the eye, and whether there is the appearance of productiveness and plenty. Of the social condition of the people, of their possessions, and the extent to which their wants are supplied, he can know nothing. We everywhere saw females engaged in outdoor work. This never comports with our ideas of a high degree of cultivation, or refinement.

We got to Paris just at the close of the day, and after some detention for another slight rumaging of our trunks, we got off, and a drive of some three miles through the city, sparkling with gas-light, and crowded with foot-passengers and carriages, landed us in the court of the *Grand Hotel du Louvre*. A little parley about the apartments we were to occupy ensued, as a sort of matter of course, but in a short time we were comfortably quartered in pleasant rooms on the *troisième étage*.

This is a magnificent hotel. It is new, having been opened but a few months, and everything is clean, comfortable, and inviting. It is upon an immense scale, having more than a thousand rooms. It is the largest hotel in Europe, and one of the largest in the world. It differs from a first-class American hotel in that it has no public parlors. The furniture is elegant, and the adornments of the rooms splendid and attractive; but in none of these regards does it surpass some of our new hotels in New York.

After a little walk upon the *Rue Rivoli*, on which the hotel stands, we enjoyed a good supper in the restaurant of our hotel, which consisted, principally, of beefsteak, eggs, and *café au lait*. And such coffee! It was a perfect cordial. Strong as brandy, mellow as a June apple, and delicious as nectar. For five years I have not indulged in more than two or three cups of coffee till to-day. The French can beat us cooking. They have no equals in the world in the *cuisine*. But it is midnight, and I must stop for to-night.

March 6.—To-day has been principally occupied in preparing to leave for Italy. Our intention was to leave in the morning, but having learned that we can not reach Marseilles until sometime in the day on Sunday, we have declined leaving until next week. We want the Lord of the Sabbath to go with us, and protect us. We can not, therefore, consistently violate his holy law, and still look for his kind protecting care. It will throw us back a little, and prevent our reaching Rome as early as we anticipated; but this is matter of but little consequence, in comparison with the preservation of a good conscience.

We obtained, in London, after the visé of the American minister, the visés of the French. Sardinian,

Austrian, and Prussian ministers on our passports. In this city we found it necessary, before we could leave for Italy, to obtain, in addition to the above-mentioned, the visé of the American minister, that of the prefect of the police of the city of Paris, and also that of the pope's nuncio residing in this city. We completed our preparations by employing a courier to travel with us. He can speak French, Italian, and English, and his business is to take care of our baggage, get our tickets, procure conveyances, make contracts, pay our bills, do our quarrelling, and act as our guide in sight-seeing, as far as he may be able. He has frequently been over the ground, and we hope to find him useful. *Suderie* is his name, and he is a downright clever-looking fellow. Time must prove him. *Nous verrons.*

A knowledge of the French language, and a general acquaintance with its literature, such as is acquired in our schools, and in reading French authors, does not enable one to speak the language, nor even to understand it as spoken by the French. The colloquial use of the language can only be acquired by conversation with those who speak it. A man may read the French easily—he may be extensively acquainted with French authors, and yet he may not be able to make himself understood by a shopkeeper, nor to understand the simplest sentence from the lips of a garçon in a café, or a cocher in the streets. But, with such a knowledge of the language, he will rapidly acquire its colloquial use, if he has the courage to blunder away, on all occasions, in his attempts to speak it. He will make some capital mistakes, and perpetrate some funny collocations of words and sentences; but he will improve every hour. If one knows the names of things, and is pretty well acquainted with the vocabulary of

the language, the best way in the world to learn to speak it is, to go into shops where they do not understand a word of English, and commence asking the names of articles and the prices, and make some small purchases; then take a cabman, and drive about the city for an hour, and then settle with him for his services without an interpreter; then go into restaurants and cafés and hear persons order refreshments, and attempt it yourself; then ramble about the streets, and inquire for certain places and objects of curiosity; then get lost, and ask at every corner the way to your hotel. By adopting a plan not unlike this, one who has a tolerable acquaintance with the vocabulary of the French language, will, in a very short time, be able to use it for his immediate practical purposes.

An amusing incident took place to-day. One of our party knows nothing of the French, except a few words and phrases which he has picked up in the last few days. He has the faculty, however, of catching a form of expression very readily, and has no hesitation in putting it into requisition as occasion may demand. On entering a shop to-day for the purpose of purchasing a small trunk, he fixed his eye on the article that suited him, and then turned to his friend for the question, "What is the price?" In the hurry to give him, "*Quel est le prix?*" he gave him, by a slip of the tongue. — "*Quelle heure est il?*" — "What hour is it?" or, "What is the time of day?" Of course it surprised the shopkeeper; but the French never laugh at the most ludicrous blunders and mistakes of the English, in their attempts to speak their language: on the contrary they patiently and politely listen to you, and help you to words and forms of expression. In this case the one who supplied the question instantly discovered

his mistake, and corrected it, but not without a hearty laugh at his own blunder. This is but a specimen. Others equally ludicrous occurred.

Every one must be struck with French politeness, on his first introduction to Paris. If one jostles you in the street, he smiles, and bows, and says "*Pardon*," so apologetically, and so politely that you could excuse him if he had trod on your corns or knocked off your hat. If you buy the smallest article from a grisette in a shop or at a window, when you pay her, she says "*mercie*," with such a winning smile, and in a tone so bland and dove-like, that you really feel like buying something else. If you ask any one in the streets or at a shop-door the way to the Madeleine, to Notre Dame, to the Boulevards, or to your hotel, he will not only tell you, but will probably walk a square or two with you, to put you in the right direction. First impressions here are favorable and pleasant. Everything has a cheerful aspect, and everybody seems to be gay and happy. There may be, and doubtless is, an immense amount of the most shocking and degrading forms of immorality in Paris, but it does not show itself in the streets. No one will see it, at least in its grosser forms, unless he goes in pursuit of it. There is far less that is immodest, vulgar, coarse, and profane, with, perhaps, one individual exception, in the streets of Paris, than meets the eye in the streets and public places of New York, Liverpool, or London. There are all the outward forms and appearances of the highest degree of decorum, modesty, and chastity.* Nor is there any annoyance from beggars here. I have not seen one in the streets. Indeed, no one is allowed to beg publicly. It is not a matter of surprise that strangers, generally, are pleased with Paris. Surface views are all

prepossessing. The glittering shops on the Boulevards, and the gay and fashionable groups that linger at the show-windows or saunter on the sidewalks; the shining and flashing carriages, with beautiful horses, sparkling harness, and servants in livery, rolling noiselessly over the marble-like pavement, with the gayest of the fair sex, magnificently attired, reclining in a sort of luxurious indolence upon the richly-embroidered cushions; the swarms of happy faces that meet the eye in the public gardens, and on the Champs Elysées; the thousands of curious and attractive articles everywhere exhibited for sale, and the novel and ingenious contrivances to make money, all have a charm, and invest the great city with a fascination that amounts almost to an enchantment. This day has glided away like a pleasant vision of the night. A thousand new and strange things have crowded in upon my mind; and in turning to my memory for a register of what I have seen, it presents the spectacle of a shivered mirror, each separate fragment reflecting an image of its own. But there is lead on my eyelids, and I nod over my journal, deep after midnight.

March 8.—I have seen quite too much to-day to journalize to-night. Much must be deferred until my return to Paris, at a later period in the season.

If the reader will accompany me and my party, I will show him round, and point out, cursorily, some of the interesting objects that we saw to-day, in a partial and hurried survey of a limited number of the sights of Paris.

Let us take a small cab, with four seats, at one franc per hour, taking care to say distinctly to the cabman, before starting, that we employ him by the hour.

Paris stands on the river Seine, as London does on the Thames. The course of the Thames is, from west

to east ; the course of the Seine is, from east to west. Both are winding in their course. Numerous bridges, broad and substantial, connect the two sides of these rivers. In Paris, the two great divisions of the city are known as, "*this side*," and "*the other side*." We are on "*this side*."

Let us drive first to *the Morgue*, a dirty, damp, forbidding-looking old building, that stands on the bank of the river, in which the dead bodies of such as have committed suicide, or otherwise have come suddenly to their death in the streets, or in the river, are exposed, in a state of nudity, for identification by their friends. Crowds are pressing round, and peeping in at a loathsome corpse, on which a stream of water is constantly trickling. One look is enough. No mere stranger will be likely to repeat his visit.

We again take our cab, and a drive of a few minutes up the river, puts us down at the door of *Notre Dame*. An old blind man sits beneath the archway of entrance, and shakes a tin box, in which a few sous make a clattering sound, but he says not a word. You will not pass him without making a response to this appeal of suffering humanity. We enter the gloomy old cathedral, which presents no very brilliant and dazzling spectacle to the eye. It is large, and has a time-worn rock-floor, quite as rough as the pavement in the streets. Scores and hundreds—principally aged females, kneel upon the bare stones, and mutter their prayers, while a few priests, in their robes, minister at the altars or listen to the penitents who whisper the words of confession in their ears. A sprightly little boy, who can speak English very well, offers his services as a guide. The beadle unlocks the doors of the chapels and private apartments, and we are shown the robes in which Louis

Philippe and the Emperor Napoleon the First were crowned, and an endless number of jewels, and other curious trinkets, each one of which, if the guides may be believed, has its own history, which is worth repeating to every visiter. There are tombs, paintings, alto-relievo representations of interesting events in the life of Christ, Gobelein tapestry, and elaborate carved work in oak, and many other things to engage the attention as one makes the circuit of the interior. But that which most occupies the mind is, the historic associations connected with this vast cathedral. A limited reference to those thrilling and startling events would fill a volume. We pause a moment on retiring to take a survey of the exterior. The portals are ornamented with sculptured imagery, representing the scenes of the last judgment, and bas-reliefs, representing events in the lives of the patriarchs, together with statues of the Virgin and child, of prophets, apostles, and martyrs. At the west end there are two lofty towers, of similar construction, which were designed to be surmounted with spires, a work that has never been completed. The whole is one of the best-executed works of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, but it can not be said to be particularly imposing in point of architectural elegance or finish. The western front is its most attractive feature.

Retracing our course, a drive of ten minutes down the river, will place us in front of the entrance to the Louvre, and as we shall spend several hours here in the galleries of painting and statuary, we will dismiss our cab, for we are in a stone's cast of our hotel.

Let us enter first the vast halls and apartments devoted to Egyptian and Assyrian antiquities, on the ground floor. These extend for many hundreds of feet,

and are replete with interest to the student of antiquities. Fragments of pillars, columns, and monumental stones, covered with hieroglyphics, and strange, half-defaced characters, meet the eye at every step; while the mutilated colossal statues, and enormous sphynx heads; and huge, sculptured monsters, of the most gigantic proportions, excite our wonder on every hand. We shall attempt no detailed description of the numberless objects of curiosity and instruction in these departments of the Louvre.

We will now return to the place where we first entered, and ascend a long flight of marble steps, which lands us on the second floor; and here we will commence an exploration of the extensive and numerous apartments of this stupendous structure, devoted to the preservation of objects of interest, and to the promotion of the fine arts. First, we traverse a continuous suite of apartments in which are carefully preserved, in glass cases, a great number and variety of souvenirs of Napoleon the First. These have been collected and deposited in this museum under the direction of the present Emperor, Napoleon the Third. Here we find articles of wearing-apparel, swords, pistols, saddles, camp-beds, and bedding, table-ware, and hundreds of other personal articles, which were used by the uncle of the present Louis Napoleon, during his campaigns, from the time of his first battle until his death in the lonely island of his exile.

From these rooms we pass through resounding halls and elegantly-carved ebony passage-ways, and enter the *Salon Carré*, which is one of the most elaborately decorated apartments of the Louvre, and contains, it is said, the gems of the vast assemblage of paintings congregated in this palace of the fine arts. If you are weary,

and wish to feast your eyes on the beautiful paintings so admirably arranged around you, take a seat on the soft velvet divans that occupy the centre of the room, and enjoy the banquet spread out so temptingly before you. You will be struck here, with the large number of artists, young and old, male and female, who are engaged in copying the most celebrated pictures of this select apartment. Yonder is a young girl, transferring to canvass, a very beautiful copy of a choice painting that hangs coyly in the corner. She has a pale face and a delicate white hand, and looks more as if she were working for bread, than merely to gratify the aspirations of her genius. Not far from her, there sits on a high stool a calm, dignified, grayheaded old lady, with her silvery locks shading a full, well-formed forehead, giving the last touches to a bewitchingly lovely copy of a piece that would bring the color to the cheeks of modest persons, unaccustomed to the exhibitions of extensive picture-galleries. There stands a young man—he wears the expression of a highly-gifted artist; the cast of his face is exquisite—his flashing eye is raised to the painting before him, and then falls upon his canvass, while his pencil disposes, in rapid succession, the light and shade that bring out, in captivating lines of beauty, the half-faded picture from the hand of an old master, that has no beauty in itself to the uncultivated and unpractised eye. I must confess to it, that many of the copies which I saw pleased me far more than the dim and faded originals.

But let us pass on. We enter the Long Gallery, which extends nearly a quarter of a mile before us, in one single apartment, running east and west, and looking out on the Seine. We enter at the east end, and commence a hurried survey of the almost numberless

paintings that line the walls on both sides from the floor to the high ceiling, and extending, continuously, from end to end. Here we have arranged, in regular order, large collections of paintings, representing the older Italian, Flemish, Spanish, German, and French schools. A single visit only leaves a confused recollection of these specimens of art in the mind, and I must defer any further notice of them until I can make a more leisurely survey. "But after all I am no connoisseur, and can only say what pleases me, without being able to assign any very satisfactory reason for it.

Let us glance round, and hasten on through the Hall of Jewels, and peep into the Hall of Bronzes, and range through the Museums of Design, the Marine-gallery, and the gallery of engravings, and more than a dozen others, devoted to the various departments of art, science, and literature; and then, descending into the open court of the immense quadrangular building, let us cross over to the extensive apartments, on the ground floor, devoted to statuary, ancient and modern. I am fond of statuary. I like it far better than painting. To me, there is a strange and mysterious charm that invests an exquisitely-chiseled piece of marble, representing the human form. Even the plaster-casts of fine originals often delight me; but the snowy marble, from the hand of a great creative genius, absolutely intoxicates me with pleasurable emotions. Five halls are devoted to modern sculpture, while several other large divisions are occupied with mutilated and imperfect pieces, recovered from ancient villas, and the long-buried ruins of palace-halls, baths, and public buildings, brought to light by the research and investigation of the last century. In one of these divisions we find the world-renowned *Venus de Milo*, which is regarded

as one of the most beautiful and valuable discoveries, in its way, of modern times.

But time would fail me to notice the contents of one in ten of these halls. We have spent three or four hours in this hasty ramble through the Louvre, and have merely glanced at its-invaluable treasures; but it has prepared us for subsequent visits, when we may be able to make a more minute and satisfactory survey, and furnish a more connected and detailed account of the vast collections, illustrative of art and science, which the French government has here thrown open, without charge or perquisite to the whole world. The only remunerative return for this immense expenditure and outlay, is, in the large sums of money expended by strangers in Paris, who are drawn hither by the attractions which are thus held out to all nations.

Late this afternoon, I and my *compagnons du voyage* took a drive out to the Bois de Boulogne, which lies about two miles from the western gate of Paris. It would be fruitless to attempt a description of this drive. This wood is approached by a road skirted with grounds which are constantly under the eyes and hands of skilful landscape-gardeners. On entering the forest growth, most of which is comparatively young, the most beautifully-graded roads and paths diverge from the main route, and sweep off in graceful curves, losing themselves in the woods. The winding ways are fringed with a lacework of wire, and ornamented with arbors, bowers, and shrubbery. Proceeding down the road, along which hundreds and I may safely say thousands of the finest vehicles were passing, suddenly the quiet and lovely lakes broke upon our eyes—these, with their islands, sinuous shores, and shining waters, sleeping everywhere in placid beauty, except where they

were broken into ripples and dimples by the musical dip of the oars of boatmen who rowed merry little parties across to the islands, or on larger excursions up and down the lakes. On the islands there were cottages and alcoves that looked like the homes of fairies; while the sweet and snowy paths that lay along the shores, and wound around the hills, and down into the hidden grottoes and caves, looked like the haunts of naiads and elves. At one turn of the road two beautiful cascades burst upon the view. The stream that throws them into the lake comes leaping out from the woods, and seems to rejoice in finding greater freedom than was allowed by its overhanging banks and narrow channel. At the lower end of the lakes the road reaches a higher elevation than at any other point, from which there are some most picturesque and enchanting vista-views, stretching away to distant hills, and streams, and dreamy dells, and quiet country-houses. But it is folly to attempt a description, and I forbear.

But the whole of this water scenery is artificial. The lakes are excavated, and are supplied with water from a distant point. The jagged rocks that give variety to the shore have been brought from other localities and piled up in their places, as though they had been tossed there by the hand of nature, in some wild and playful freak. The resemblance to the works of nature is so exact, that one is cheated into the belief that the art of man has added nothing to its native beauties. But, apart from the forest growth that stretches out on every hand, the whole of it is the work of man.

We retraced our course from this enchanting spot, and, along with an unbroken line of carriages, extending for miles, we *rolled* with the glittering tide back to the gates of Paris.

It was a sweet and delightful evening. The air was clear and bracing, and the whole expanse of heaven without a cloud. The sun was sinking away beyond the Bois de Boulogne, and the spires, towers, lofty domes, and sky-pointing obelisks and monumental piles of Paris caught its last parting kiss, as we passed the magnificent Triumphal Arch, and again plunged into the gay, cheerful, and merry throngs that crowded the Champ Elysées, and the Place de la Concorde.

We alighted from our carriage, and strolled through the gardens of the Tuileries, and in front of the royal palace that looks westward upon these highly-ornamental grounds. Thousands of the gay and fashionable promenaded the walks, or rested on the seats, everywhere inviting to repose. From the gardens we entered the Rue de Rivoli; and after a walk of half a mile or more, under the shadow of the palace of the Tuileries, the barracks, and the Louvre, all of which forms one continuous building, we reached our lodgings at the hotel.

March 10.—Yesterday was Sunday. Paris knows no *Sabbath*. The sound of the carpenter's hammer and saw, employed even on government works, is heard as regular, if not to the same extent, on the Lord's day, as on any of the seven. At ten o'clock I visited the *Eglise de la Madeleine*, the Magdalene church, and witnessed the celebration of High Mass, with all the senseless and ridiculous ceremonies attending it. The sermon delivered on the occasion, was earnest, animated, and eloquent. There was an immense crowd in the church—the music was fine, and a collection was taken by the priests, who circulated among the densely-packed multitude, preceded by church officials, in the uniform of field-m Marshals, who opened the way, and pounded the

marble pavement with their halberds, and cried out in a monotonous tone — "*Aumône, s'il vous plait, pour l'église*" — (Alms, if you please, for the church).

The Madeleine is a magnificent church edifice. It occupies a conspicuous position, and never fails to attract the attention of the stranger in Paris. It is one of the finest specimens of Corinthian architecture now in Europe — so it is said. I can not vouch for the truth of this statement, and for two reasons: First, I have not seen all the fine Corinthian buildings in Europe; and secondly, if I had seen all, I do not possess the critical ability, in architecture, to decide which is entitled to the highest consideration. The Madeleine looks more like a theatre, or splendid Lyceum building, or library edifice, to my eye, than a house for the worship of Almighty God. It answers better to my idea of a magnificent heathen temple, in the days when Paul stood amid the splendors that crowned the Acropolis of Athens, and declared the *unknown* God to the polished Grecians. Napoleon, the first, entertained the purpose of dedicating this beautiful temple to the military glories of France. Nor would it have been unsuitable for an object like this.

A few paces from the Madeleine, fronting on the Rue Royale, there stands a small, unpretending Wesleyan chapel. Let us step in here, at twelve o'clock — the more imposing part of the ceremonies at the Madeleine having closed. We find it crowded to excess before the hour of service arrives. It will not hold more than four hundred persons, and most of the seats are previously engaged. There is a small organ in the gallery, and the whole congregation, made up of all denominations of Protestant Christians, join in the singing. The morning service of the Church of England is gone

through with in a deeply spiritual manner, and then the gifted minister, who preaches regularly on Sabbath morning, gives us a most excellent sermon, full of the pith and marrow of the Gospel. It is good to be here. Simple, Christian worship is a pleasing and delightful thing in Paris, to any one who loves vital religion, and desires to see the leaven of truth spreading in the heart of an infidel country.

Returning to the hotel, we find that business is scarcely suspended. Shops are everywhere open, and laborers are pursuing their ordinary daily labors. Handbills, freely circulated, advise us that the theatres and opera-houses will be open in the evening, and the public are promised something unusually attractive in the performances. Paris needs an evangelical religion. Would to God it had a thousand Protestant chapels, and a thousand such ministers as the Rev. Mr. Greaves.

The afternoon of the Sabbath presents rare scenes, to one unaccustomed to such sights, on the Champs Elysées, and in the public gardens. There is no species of amusement, from the most childish up to out-door concerts, balls, and comic performances, with which older persons may be pleased, that is not resorted to by all classes of the community. Pistol-galleries are open and crowded; a hundred varieties of small gambling display themselves; hobby-horse riding, not only by children, but by grown-up men and women, is, for a while, in the ascendant; then the mimic theatre or a Punch and Judy gets the run, and so on, of a thousand other varieties of out-door amusements. The people seem to be wholly given to frivolity, and pleasure. Anything that can gratify the demand for present enjoyment so totally absorbs the mind, as entirely to preclude everything else.

To-day, our party spent six or eight hours in a round of rather hurried sight-seeing. We took a cab, and went over to "the other side," and after a drive across the Champs de Mars—the great field of military parades, and reviews, in front of the *Ecole Militaire*, where we witnessed some military exercises, and the training of some fine horses, we took a peep into some of the churches, and then, at a few minutes before twelve o'clock, drove up to the entrance of the *Hotel des Invalides*. Here we found a dense crowd of visitors before the gate—foreigners and citizens—waiting for admittance. For, although this place is opened three days in the week, from twelve till three o'clock, there are thousands of visitors always anxiously waiting for admittance. It was only necessary to show our passports to be admitted. We entered first, the splendid and imposing apartment, under the dome of which is the tomb of Napoleon, which is the great object of attraction. It is in a circular vault, some ten or twelve feet below the level of the main floor, surrounded by a white marble balustrade—leaning over which the most splendid view of the dome, high altar, the tomb, and all the adjacent apartments, is presented to the beholder.

The mortal remains of Napoleon are not yet deposited in the tomb of red marble prepared for them, but are laid away in an adjoining room; and the visitors, each in his turn, by taking position in the rank and file that march up to the door, which is made of iron, can get a peep, for a single moment into the well-guarded apartment, where he gets a glimpse of an old hat, and very little else. This is all he sees of the great Napoleon; and yet there is the most unappeasable anxiety and eagerness to get a peep into the room, through the grating of that iron door. It will not be long before

these remains will be placed in the polished and elegant tomb which has been prepared for them by a people whose breath is one day the tempest of popular applause ; the next of popular fury. We descended from the tomb into an outer court, through which we passed into the buildings of the vast hospital prepared for the old soldiers, who have done service for their country, and now, either from age or wounds received in battle, are unable to provide for themselves.

An amusing little incident occurred just here. I, in advance of my party, descended first into the outer court. On missing my company I started back to find them, but was stopped by a police officer who inquired my object in going back. I intended to say—“*Mes amis sont derriere*”—(*My friends are behind*) ; but, by a slip of the tongue, which I did not detect at the time, said: “*Vos amis sont derriere.*”—(*Your friends are behind*). He looked at me with amazement, and renewed his inquiry, to which I replied as before—“*Your friends are behind.*” He gave me up ; and as I ran up the steps the nature of the mistake which I had committed occurred to me ; and I felt half inclined to return and share my laugh with the officer, whose surprise I must have excited by insisting that *his* friends were behind, and that I was returning for them.

In passing through the hospital we met with a great many old soldiers hobbling about on wooden legs, and otherwise mutilated and crippled up, who had received their wounds in the battles of Napoleon. Each one had his story to relate. The lapse of time has taken nothing from the romance of these narratives. The most arrant coward that ever lived, if wounded in a hard-fought battle, is supposed to have been a hero, and is allowed, by common consent, to tell his story with *the variations*.

From the Hotel des Invalides, we drove back again to "this side," and made our way toward the eastern part of the city, where we visited one of the abattoirs, or slaughter-houses of Paris. The establishment is immense. Here the beeves, sheep, pigs, calves, etc., are butchered for market. One's curiosity is soon gratified. The melting of tallow, clarifying of lard, drying raw hides, and the slaughtering of animals, does not emit an odor that is particularly grateful to the olfactories.

It is not far to the eastern limits of the city, and we will now drive just beyond the *barriere*, and take a view of *Père la Chaise*, the city of the dead, which is far more densely crowded than the city of the living. The approach to the gate of the cemetery we find lined with women, who have for sale an endless variety of such gifts as the French lavish on the graves of their friends. Among these souvenirs and votive offerings, we may name crucifixes, porcelain vases, wreaths of flowers, statuettes of all the saints in the calendar, and any quantity of yellow and white *immortelles* with inscriptions in black letters, "à ma mère," "à mon père," "à ma sœur," and so on to the end of the whole catalogue of life's valued and endearing relationships.

Père la Chaise embraces an area of one hundred and fifty acres, and occupies the slopes and summit of a high hill, from the more elevated portions of which the visiter may enjoy one of the most commanding views of Paris and the surrounding country, anywhere to be obtained in the vicinity of the city. There are many costly monuments in this cemetery; but it is too much crowded to present a very agreeable and pleasing view to the eye. In point of natural beauty and attractiveness it is not comparable to Greenwood, Mount Auburn, and other cemeteries of our own country. The tomb

of Heloise and Abelard is always an object of attraction to the visiter. Everybody has read the touching and beautiful story which commemorates the lives of these two singularly-gifted persons of the twelfth century. The tomb is a slight Gothic edifice, much worn with time, and crumbling away under the steady ravages of revolving centuries; and yet it is ever green and redolent with the freshly-woven *immortelles* hung upon it by the countrymen of these long-buried lovers.

Some of the epitaphs in this cemetery serve a double purpose. They commemorate the virtues and excellences of the departed, and advertise the localities and business of their successors in trade. I was pleased with the division of the cemetery devoted to the burial of little children and infants. From one of the tombstones marking the resting-place of a child, I copied the following inscription: "Our infant died the day it was born. It is much regretted by its parents, and brothers, and sisters; but it is now an angel in heaven and prays for us." Almost every inch of Père la Chaise has an occupant. There are thousands of family-vaults, many of which are beautiful, and expensive; but they are so crowded together as to destroy all that is pleasing in effect; and yet the reflections which are awakened by the names and inscriptions upon the endless variety of monuments that meet the eye, together with the commanding view of Paris which is presented from the highest point of the grounds, amply repay a visit to this celebrated cemetery. The government has erased from the gateways the words which formerly attracted the eyes of almost every visiter: "*Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité*;" and yet, this was the only spot, as somebody has justly remarked, where they could with truth have remained.

From Père la Chaise we re-entered the gates of Paris, and drove by the seat of the old Bastille, thence to the *Jardin des Plantes*, and after a partial survey of these lovely grounds with their numberless objects of attraction, a notice of which must be deferred till my return at a more advanced season of the year, we departed by the gate on the opposite side of the grounds to that at which we entered, and after a drive upon the Boulevards we turned into the Rue Vivienne, on our way to the hotel. In this street we came upon a dense crowd of people, men, women, and children, all of whom seemed to be eagerly intent on something; what it was we could not tell; and being wearied with a hard day's work, we did not feel at all inclined to stop to ascertain the cause of this assemblage in the streets. We had to turn out of Rue Vivienne, and take another route to our hotel. We learned afterward that the immense crowd was attracted by the hope of seeing the *baby-clothes* prepared for the infant expected soon to make its appearance at the palace of the Tuileries. The empress is in an interesting condition, which is a subject of much talk and speculation with the people. Everybody seems to be interested in the advent of the royal babe, and the apparel for the expected new-comer is all prepared. Before it is sent from the establishment which has had the honor of getting it up, the public have the distinguished privilege of getting a peep at it. The crowd, so eager to get a look at the baby-clothes, was composed principally of females. The ladies of Paris seem to have quite as much curiosity as their sisters in America.

Further notices of sights and scenes in Paris must be deferred till another visit. We shall leave for Marseilles in the course of the next half hour.

CHAPTER IV.

FROM PARIS TO ROME.

From Paris to Marseilles.—Marseilles.—Notre Dame de la Garde.—Environs.—Drive.—Leave for Civita Vecchia.—Genoa.—Streets.—Curiosities.—Churches.—Worship.—Departure for Leghorn.—Leghorn.—Shops.—Beggars.—Civita Vecchia.—Ride to Rome.—Difficulty of obtaining Lodgings.—Reflections late at Night.

MARSEILLES, *March* 13.—We left Paris on Monday night at eight o'clock for this place by way of Lyons, Vienne, Valence, Avignon, &c. About daylight we reached the banks of the Saône, and glided down its valley, through what is called the finest league of France, to Lyons, which we reached about seven o'clock in the morning. The great railroad line from Paris to Marseilles, a distance of four hundred and thirty-five miles is now completed, except the bridges at Lyons across the two rivers, the Saône and the Rhone, at the junction of which the city stands. These bridges, when finished, will be as fine specimens of workmanship as can anywhere be found. The one across the Rhone is already nearly done—built of cast iron—and it presents a most beautiful and picturesque view, as seen from a point about half a mile above it. The piers of the bridge across the Saône are now building in water that is fifty feet deep. Great cylinders of cast-iron are first planted on the bottom of the river, by some means, I know not how—which reach above the surface of the water. From these the water is pumped out, and the

workmen descend in them, as in a well, and carry on the work of rearing the piers from the bottom of the river. This bridge across the Saône is approached by a tunnel five or six miles in length! How far it is below the surface of the earth I can not tell. But it is no uncommon thing in this country to travel for a mile or two at a time through a tunnel, and that, too, at the rate of about forty miles per hour. But the railroads in this country are so delightful! There is scarcely any perceptible motion. The roads are beautifully graded, and then covered with pebbles or small fragments of rock pounded in so as to make them firm. The sides of the embankments are turfed. The tracks are always double, so that there is no danger of collision. The coaches are elegant, and the whole management of the roads is conducted with the strictest reference to the convenience, comfort, and safety of the passengers.

Travelling by rail in England, and especially on the continent, is much more pleasant, and vastly safer than in the United States. The express, and the *direct trains*, as they are called, make but few stoppages on the long routes, and ordinarily not more than one or two minutes at a station. Then everything is so quiet. There is no bustle, or noise at the stations. In obtaining tickets, but one person can approach at the same time, and he must get his change and retire, before another can apply. In a word there is perfect system about everything. The coaches are not like ours. They are divided into apartments that resemble elegantly-furnished private carriages. On the continent there are eight seats in these apartments; in England as a general thing, only six. The first class on the continent is far superior in point of comfort, to the first class in England. In England they have no means of

warming the coaches in cold weather. In France they warm them by means of cylinders of hot water, which are changed two or three times during the night, or day. They keep the coaches very comfortable.

The road from Lyons to Marseilles, now complete, lies along the valley of the Rhone, and for the most part immediately upon the banks of this beautiful river. The Rhone after its junction with the Saône forms a considerable stream, and is skirted most of the way with fine alluvial low grounds, perfectly flat, which extend in breadth from a half mile, to more than a mile, as a general thing. Sometimes the mountains and precipitous hills run up close to the river, and confine it in very narrow limits. The views on this valley, as one hastens through its wide sweeping curves, and around its lofty head-lands, casting their shadows over the vale below, are perfectly enchanting. The absence of trees and forests on the hills more nearly adjacent to the valley, give them an evenness of outline, and gracefulness of figure, that very much contribute to the softness and beauty of the landscape. The pictures are not so much distinguished by their boldness and wild romantic appearance, as some presented on the James river above Lynchburg, but they are softer, more dreamy, and picturesque.

As we approached Valence, which is about sixty-five miles below Lyons, we obtained our first views of some of the ranges of the Alps, standing out in the distance, in wild, rugged grandeur, with their sky-cleaving summits covered with snow. Just as dark set in, we passed Avignon; an old time-honored place, which has many historical associations connected with it. The principal object of interest, at present, is the remains of the old papal palace; this place having been for a long time the residence of the popes. There

was a celebrated old church of the Franciscans in Avignon; it is now destroyed. Petrarch, the Italian poet, resided here for several years, and here he first saw his Laura, whose tomb was in the Franciscan church.

It was ten o'clock at night when we arrived at Marseilles. The church-bells, and, it seemed to me, all other sorts of bells were ringing when we entered the city. When I awoke next morning the bells were still ringing; whether they were rung all night or not, I am not prepared to say; but they were ringing when I awoke, and have been, with only occasional intermissions, ever since. Last night they were rung from seven till nine o'clock. I began to think something extraordinary had occurred somewhere: that important news had been received—either, from the peace congress, now in session at Paris, or from Sebastopol, the seat of war. Our courier, Suderie, came in while I was revolving the subject in my mind, and I inquired of him the cause of the constant ringing of the church-bells. He laughed, and said it was the custom of the country, and that the people of Marseilles had nothing else to do. It was perfectly satisfactory! My mind was at rest, and I slept well.

Yesterday we had a fine opportunity of taking a survey of the city and its environs. It contains a population of about one hundred and eighty-five thousand, and is the principal seaport of France. It has a fine harbor; and in strolling round upon the wharves yesterday, I saw a number of vessels from New York. The people are exceedingly fine-looking, and the city presents a pleasant, cheerful, and prosperous appearance. Some parts of it are not very inviting; and Coleridge, probably, might have found as many distinct unsavory smells in Marseilles as he says he detected in Cologne.

I think it was Cologne, where he smelled, as he said, about fifty-seven s——.

The scenery about Marseilles is attractive. There are several thousands of beautiful country villas on the hills and slopes surrounding this city. As I sat on a stone balustrade, overlooking the new port, in which a large number of vessels were lying I had a fine view spread out before me. The dark blue waters of the Mediterranean were lying in the foreground, stirred into playful ripples by a soft and gentle southern breeze, while far away in the distance the ships and smaller craft, bound for other ports, were spreading all their canvass to the winds, and standing out to sea. On the right there was a long line of coast, along which, as far as the eye could reach, the surf was rolling up in snowy wreaths upon the rocky shore. Northward the villas of rich and retired merchants gleamed in the sunshine, peeping out from the olive orchards and orange groves that cover the hills. I was not alone. Branch sat by me in moody silence, gazing upon the varied scenes of beauty around: Warwick whistled and sung, by turns, an old home tune; while Walker broke the silence that had prevailed for a time, by saying, "I expect I shall be as sick as a *dog* on our passage to Civita Vecchia." This was too unsentimental and practical a view of things not to excite a laugh; so the spell was broken, and we left off our musing for another stroll about the wharfs, and another lunch on the delicious oranges which are everywhere offered for sale at a sou a piece.

To-day has been devoted to the environs of Marseilles. This morning we went up to Notre Dame de la Garde, a church that stands upon an elevation, four hundred feet above the level of the sea, overlooking

the entrance to the harbor, and commanding a magnificent view of Marseilles, and all the surrounding country to an immense extent. Notre Dame de la Garde takes its name (I suppose) from the fact that it occupies an elevated position, from which a careful, watchful oversight may be exercised over the city. The old church has been pulled down, and now a new church edifice, of large capacity, is building. There is a neat, new chapel erected, which is used for religious services, adjoining which is temporarily hung the great bell, which is designed for a tower on the new church edifice, when it shall be completed. This bell was cast at Lyons. It weighs twenty thousand pounds. The clapper weighs eight hundred pounds. It is only rung as an *alarm* bell, either for fire, or disaster at sea, or something of that sort. It can be heard thirty miles at sea. It measures more than twenty-four feet in circumference. There is a platform or bridge erected above the bell, which is four hundred and eighty feet above the level of the sea, from which the best view of Marseilles and its environs is obtained. From this elevated point one can see every house in the city, and take a survey of the whole country, as far as the hills and mountains will permit the eye to range. The villas and country-seats seem to lie almost directly under the eye, while the Mediterranean, with its dark blue waters dancing in the sunlight may be surveyed for many, many leagues, whitened with the sails of outgoing, and in-coming vessels. I sat there this morning, while the warm, genial sunshine came down upon me, and the gentle breezes from the sea fanned me. The chime of church-bells, swelling up from the city, softened by the distance, stole sweetly upon my ear, while the din and bustle of the noisy mart below were only heard

as a far-off buzz, that scarcely reached me. I shall not soon forget the view from Notre Dame de la Garde. I purchased a few medals, on which is impressed the design of the new church, and which are sold for the benefit of the church, and plucked a few flowers from the summit of the hill for my herbarium, and then descended to take a stroll by the seaside, around the fortifications, and about the town.

This afternoon, in company with my young friends, I took a drive down the Prado, a beautiful promenade that runs southward from the city until it reaches the seashore; and then, by a new-made road, excavated in the face of the rock and walled up next to the water, we drove about two miles along the margin of the Mediterranean. At the end of our drive we descended by steps to the water's edge, and watched the surf, as wave succeeded wave, beating upon the cavernous rocks, and roaring in dirge-like music along the rugged shore. It was a sublime and beautiful sight. The air was soft and balmy. The sky was without a cloud, and the sun was sinking away over the western wave. My thoughts wandered beyond the straits of Gibraltar, and away over the wide, wide sea; and as I sat upon the rocks overhanging the waters of the Mediterranean, I found myself, in imagination, mingling with the dear little home circle in the parsonage at Richmond, and exchanging fond greetings with the members of my pastoral care at Centenary. I was called away by the hallooing of "*the boys*," as I familiarly call them, who were waiting for me at the carriage. On our return we drove about the city for an hour, and then made our way to the Hôtel des Empereurs, where I write these lines.

March 15.—I write on board the steamer, Maria

Antoinette, one of the Sardinian royal mail-steamers, running between Marscilles and Palermo in Sicily, and touching at Genoa, Leghorn, Civita Vecchia, and Naples.

We left Marseilles yesterday morning at eight o'clock, with the promise that we should be landed in Genoa, at latest, by nine o'clock this morning. It is now eleven o'clock, and Genoa is more than twenty miles distant. We have a strong wind, nearly ahead, which compels us to keep in close to the shore, but this affords us an opportunity of getting a better view of the fine scenery, which borders the sea.

From Nice to Genoa there is a government road, which has been constructed at very great expense, and which lies immediately along the shores of the Mediterranean. Sometimes it passes through tunnels, and then again appears like a terrace on the face of the beetling rocks, overhanging the sea, without a balustrade or wall between the road and the precipice. This highway passes through a succession of towns and villages, through groves of orange and olive trees, and climbs among the winter evergreens that cling to the rugged rocks on the jagged brow of the mountains. The branches and offshoots of the Maritime Alps run right up to the shore. These are now covered with snow. The sides of these mountains, as seen from the deck of our steamer, present to the eye, at a single glance, all the climates of the globe, from the warm, tropical suns of the south to the frigid severity of the polar regions of the north.

The bases of these mountain-spurs are fringed with palms, and the luxuriant foliage of fruit-bearing trees, while, midway up their rocky sides the vegetation begins to disappear and the stunted shrubs assume a

wintry aspect ; still higher the fleecy frostwork lingers upon the elevated peaks, while the more remote summits are covered to a great depth, with unbroken fields of snow, and stern Winter waves his icy sceptre over the desolations of nature. From our present point of observation the shore seems to be literally lined with villages. I but just now counted nine of these small towns, apparently on the edge of the water, at a single view.

We are now crossing the gulf of Genoa, surrounded on the north by a wide-sweeping segment of a circle, along which the road winds its way among the villages, groves, and rocks, and through the jutting headlands of the sub-Alpine, or Apennine offshoots (for it is not known where one range ends and the other begins) ; while the deep blue waters of the Mediterranean roll and dash, with their white caps of feathery foam, around us.

Another feature of interest on the shore is the churches, hanging upon the wild, precipitous steepes that overlook the sea. They are always in sight. From these churches the worshippers can see the passing vessels for many miles away, and in calm or storm can commend the voyagers to the guardian care of a common, merciful Father, "whom winds and seas obey."

The white houses upon the sides of the lower hills, smothered in green trees, look like snow-drops springing from the earth, and glancing in the sunlight. But—

"'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view ;"

for it is said, with all the outward beauty of these villages, lying like wreaths of snowy flowers along the shore, and all the loveliness of the cottages that nestle among the mountain-rocks, as seen from the sea, that they are, after all, comfortless habitations, with wretched inmates,

miserably clad and poorly fed. But we are drawing near to the harbor of Genoa, and I must prepare to go ashore.

GENOA, *same date*. — We reached this unique city at one o'clock to-day—that is to say we were at anchor in the port of Genoa, but we had to wait an hour or so before we could go ashore. The captain had first to take our passports, and have them registered at the police office, and get permission for us to stop in the city. But we got ashore, and at the *Hotel de la Croix de Malte*, or, the Hotel of the Cross of Malta, we got delightful rooms, commanding a splendid view of the harbor and gulf of Genoa—the shipping, the distant mountains covered with snow, and the intervening valleys smiling in summer-green. Here we got a good diuner, and started out upon a survey of the city.

That which most attracts the eye of a traveller on entering Genoa, is, first, the novel and strange appendage to the attire of the ladies, in the form of a muslin veil or robe worn over the head and shoulders; the other is the beautiful filigree work in silver and gold, which is carried to a perfection and an extent that are nowhere equalled in Europe. The ladies are generally handsome, and the novel appendage to their attire is by no means objectionable. They dress with fine taste, and in most elegant apparel. Fine maroon, silk velvet dresses, and mantillas or cloaks, trimmed with the most costly fringes, laces, etc., meet the eye on all the fashionable promenades, at every turn. I have nowhere seen ladies carry themselves with more grace and elegance than in Genoa. The filigree work in silver is perfectly wonderful. Silver thread is wrought, by hand, without the aid of any machinery whatever, into the most exquisitely beautiful pieces of workmanship, in

the form of bunches of flowers, butterflies, brooches, bracelets, card-cases, hair-pins, and the like, that can be conceived of. There is one street on which there are scores of shops for the sale of this style of work.

The next thing, which in point of novelty, most attracts the attention of strangers in Genoa is, the narrowness of the streets. Everybody has heard of the narrow streets of this city. I had heard of them, but I really was not prepared to find them as narrow as they actually turned out to be. A great many of the streets, in which business is transacted, are not more than eight or ten feet wide, while the houses are six, seven, and even eight stories high. Some of the streets are not more than six feet in width. I felt as I walked along these streets, as though I was entering the private lanes, or alleys, to the most private part of a gentleman's lot. But one soon gets used to it, as he does to a great many other things in Europe, which would strike him as singularly incongruous and in bad taste in America.

There are many streets here, on the pavement of which the sun never shines from the beginning till the end of the year, and yet the city has a dry, light, and airy appearance. It is by no means as gloomy as one would suppose, from the narrowness of the streets, and the height of the houses. The shops or stores are small, and, like Paris, almost everything for sale is in the windows and doors. We find excellent oranges here, just from the trees, and of a most delicious flavor, and very large pears, which must have been kept through the winter, by some process, from the last crop. They are juicy, and of a delightful flavor. These latter are sold by weight. I bought some at a shop, and the old lady that sold them to me, sung a song while she was weighing them. My ignorance of the miserable Italian

spoken and sung at Genoa, did not allow me the pleasure of enjoying the sentiments embodied in the song.

I must advert again to the peculiar attire, worn on the heads of the ladies of Genoa. It is generally made of muslin, and is thrown over their head, and fastened to their rich glossy hair with pins, and then extends downward, over the shoulders and arms as low as the waist, and sometimes to the bottom of their dresses. This is perfectly plain, and gives them a sort of quakerish appearance, and yet it is most graceful and attractive as worn by the Genoese ladies. Some of the plainer classes wear calico, or something of that sort in the same way, but of whatever material made, it is always clean and nice. Those made of fine white muslin, or tulle, and so arranged as to come just to the brow, and cover the top and back part of the head, are gracefully held, by ladies of fashion, "with the fingers beautifully disposed among the folds," and so adjusted as to give a charm to the lustrous black eyes and pretty features that gleam from beneath. I like this peculiarity of attire very much. It looks strange to one not accustomed to it, but it is, nevertheless, very agreeable and attractive.

March 17.—We have just arrived in the port of Leghorn, and while the captain is making arrangements for us to go ashore, which will occupy at least an hour and a half, I will write up my journal.

We left Genoa yesterday evening at seven o'clock—dined on board after our departure from the port, with a considerable addition to the number of our passengers; had a fine run during the night, and arrived here at sunrise this morning.

But let us return to Genoa. Yesterday was Palm Sunday. Early in the morning I took a walk about the

city. There was everywhere the air and appearance of a holyday—not of a Christian Sabbath. The market-places were open and crowded, and priests and people seemed intent on making preparation for the comfort of the *inner* man by laying in a supply of fish, fowl, and vegetables. Most of the stalls for the sale of vegetables, fruit, and poultry, were kept by females. In Genoa, as everywhere else, thus far on the continent, I observed that the venders of articles, did not *ur*ge any one to buy. They spread their goods and wares before you, and seem to act upon the presumption that if any one wants an article in their respective lines of trade, he will call and suit himself. They will show whatever they have for sale, whether it be provisions, jewelry, or velvet, and will lavishly bestow praises upon the superiority of their merchandise; but, as a general thing, they do not insist upon your buying anything.

From the heights on which the more remote part of the city stands, running back from the water, there is a most magnificent panoramic view spread before the eye. The city lies at the beholder's feet, while the wide-sweeping gulf of Genoa, edged with villages, and dotted with white sails, sleeps beneath the shadows of the circumjacent mountains, whose snowy peaks, shooting up into the clear blue sky, are as distinctly seen in the depths below, as in the heights above. Orange-groves and olive-orchards are sprinkled along the valleys, and spot, with living green, the lower slopes of the boundless succession of hills; while, farther back, the glittering shafts of the Alpine ranges, stand out like armor-clad sentinels guarding all the avenues of approach to the quiet, slumberous scene enclosed in the beauteous scope of vision. This lovely picture greeted my eyes

in the early morning of yesterday, while the dew was yet on shrub and flower, and every object was bathed in the genial sunshine of the opening spring.

At a little after ten o'clock in the morning our party started from the hotel, for the English chapel, where we intended to worship at half-past eleven. Our object was to call at some of the Roman Catholic places of worship on our way. First we stopped at the cathedral of Genoa. This is an old church and has some very fine paintings. The priests were chanting the service. It was not particularly impressive. Indeed, I can not but regard the whole choral service, whether in the cathedrals of the Establishment of England, or in the cathedrals of the Roman Catholic church of France and Italy, as a most ridiculous and farcical affair. It is a great tax on one's patience, and a perfect mockery of devotion. How would Peter, and Paul, and John, and James, have appeared chanting a long service before preaching in apostolic times? When preachers of the gospel are intent on converting sinners from the error of their ways, they have a more direct way of coming at it. This mode of worship may answer for a religion that is supported by the government; and by its pageantry, glitter, and show, it may amuse and engage the attention of the populace, but it will not meet the demands of an enlightened and intelligent piety. If one ask bread, it is worse than giving him a stone in return. Nothing but the force of education and a long system of training can reconcile the people to it. The ignorant and uneducated are the most devout among the worshippers. Everywhere, in these Catholic churches—in Paris, Lyons, Marseilles, and Genoa, the *poor* are most observant of the forms of religion. These I have seen kneeling by the hour upon the cold

marble pavements of the old, damp, and gloomy churches, muttering over their prayers, and performing their devotions. Even when the air was frosty, I have seen the old and decrepit—male and female, poorly clad—kneeling bolt upright, before a picture of the holy virgin, or at the shrine of some favorite saint, and that, too, without a chair or stool on which to rest the head or hands, and there remaining, by the hour, apparently absorbed in devotion. My heart has often been deeply touched by these spectacles.

Yesterday being Palm Sunday, the cathedral was crowded. The priests were bearing in their hands and attached to their robes, palm-leaves, beautifully platted, which were rather ornamental than otherwise. The little children, also, carried in their hands long, plume-like branches of palm; the leaves having been split up in small strips, and neatly platted for the occasion. This was done by the women whom we saw at every corner, on Saturday evening, industriously employed in getting up a large supply to meet the demand for the sabbath services.

From the cathedral we next visited a fine church occupied by a congregation of Jesuits. This is said to be the wealthiest congregation in the city. The interior of the church is finely gilt, and is ornamented with a number of elegant paintings. Here also the standing farce of the choral-service was going on: but it had an addition to it which contributed to its interest. There was a full orchestra, as a sort of accompaniment, and the music was elegant. It came in now and then, in sudden, sublime snatches, that made one's blood leap. There were at least, I should think, twenty instruments besides the organ, and a considerable number of splendid voices. They occupied an elevated posi-

tion, and the only drawback to the enjoyment of the music, apart from its utter incongruity in a place of religious worship, was the marking of the time by the leader, which he did, after the concert style, with a piece of paper rolled up, by rapping on the music-stand before him. Rap, *rap*, rap, *rap*, came down with an ugly, flapping sound about as hard as he could lay it on ; and I never saw any one more intent on anything than he was, in thus marking the time. But the music was grand. The sing-sing, drum-drum, of the service tired me. The responses were very much in the "heave-away" tone of sailors swinging to a rope, or like the chorus of a parcel of Virginia negroes at a corn-shucking.

The ladies, for the most part, in these places of worship, wore the muslin robe or veil over the head ; though many had on neat and beautifully-trimmed bonnets, after the small pattern that prevails at present in all fashionable society throughout the world.

We next went to the English chapel, where the service was very long, being Palm Sunday, and the sermon short and very good. There was a good-looking congregation in attendance. In this same chapel a congregation of Waldenses or Vaudois Christians worship on the Sabbath. Their service commences at half-past ten o'clock, and the Church of England service at half-past eleven o'clock. It is an interesting fact that these Waldenses have built up a church in Genoa, of more than three hundred members in the last three or four years, nearly all of whom are converted Roman Catholics. There was a notice on the door of the chapel in these words : "Strangers are advised that this church is supported by voluntary contributions." I do not know whether this refers to the Vaudois

Christians, or to the Episcopal congregations, or, to both alike.

On returning to our hotel—the same at which Wykoff and Miss Gamble stopped, and from which he was taken to prison—we found the principal thoroughfares thronged with many thousands of persons, who, on leaving the different places of worship, were promenading the streets. Here we had a fine opportunity of seeing the best classes of society in their Sunday attire. The men were exceedingly fine-looking, and very genteelly dressed, and many of the ladies were magnificently attired in the most costly velvets and silks and in admirable taste. Rich maroon and black silk velvet dresses, with elegant cloaks and mantillas of the same material, trimmed with expensive laces, were abundant. Then the ladies have fine figures and handsome features, and carry themselves with decided elegance and grace. I was much pleased with what I saw of the Genoese ladies.

In the afternoon of the Sabbath we visited several other churches. The most elegant that we saw was *L'Anunciatta*, or Church of the Annunciation. This was built and decorated at the private expense of the Lomellini family, formerly sovereigns of the island of Tabarca, off the coasts of Africa, until taken from them by the Bey of Tunis in 1741. The whole of the inner surface of the roof has recently been regilt, and the highly-wrought, massive decorations present a most brilliant and dazzling appearance to the eye. There are pillars of the most elegant marble, sometimes two or three kinds of marble are combined in the same column. Besides these principal columns there are smaller ones, of alabaster, porphyry, and variegated marble, from different countries and

localities, which separate and adorn the side chapels, and serve as ornaments to other parts of the church. There are some exquisite paintings in this church, and a number of elegant pieces of statuary. Here a priest did us the honor to take down a small branch of palm from the high altar, and distribute it among our party. On leaving this church we passed the large public square on which is already erected the pedestal on which the superb statue of Christopher Columbus, now finished in Florence, is to rest.

The birthplace of Columbus is not certainly known. A small town on the gulf of Genoa, a few miles from the city, called Cogoletto, claims to be the place of his nativity. The house of his father, on the other hand, can be proved by title-deeds to have been situated on the suburbs of Genoa ; while Quinto, a short distance from the city, comes in as a claimant for this distinguished honor.

While in Genoa I visited several palaces—for it is a city of palaces. The royal family being at Turin, visitors were admitted to the royal palace. I and my young friends were shown through all of its apartments, even the private apartments of the mother of the king. We were in the throne-room, which is gorgeous and brilliant to a degree. The floors were covered with the most costly carpets, and the walls lined with brilliant crimson silk velvet. The chair of state was plated with gold, and the drapery about the throne all trimmed with gold fringe. The conversation-room, adjoining the throne-room, is a fine saloon, with a wood mosaic floor. The ball-room has a floor of the same description. Many of the apartments have floors that very much resemble the Potomac marble of our own country ; such as is used in the columns of the hall of

the House of Representatives at Washington. It is, however, a very different material. It is composed of fragments of various kinds of marble, laid down in cement in a semi-fluid state, which, on becoming hard and firm, is worked down, and polished off, until it presents the appearance of solid marble. The whole floor is one piece; and in walking over these marble and mosaic floors, one has to be very circumspect, or he will find himself performing some of the feats of boys on very smooth ice, in their first attempts at skating. There is a gallery of statuary in the palace, and some fine paintings, though the king of Sardinia has removed the best specimens to his palace in Turin. There is, in this palace, a small apartment or *boudoir*, which hoists up and down, by means of tackle, from the queen's apartments on the third floor, so as to save her majesty the trouble and fatigue of ascending and descending the stairs. By a similar contrivance the royal family can be let down to a private way, leading to the railroad which runs just in the rear of the palace grounds, through which the royal coach can be entered, under cover, and the family conveyed to Turin without exposure to the prying gaze of the populace.

We pause for a moment at the front window of our suite of apartments, for one more look upon the harbor and gulf of Genoa, with the captivating scenery around, before we take our departure from this place. The view from the lower windows of this hotel is obstructed by a high parapet that extends some three or four hundred yards along the shore, with a wide promenade on the top, protected on the sides by a white marble balustrade. But from our window the view is unobstructed. The sun is going down. The American flag floats from three of our naval ships now lying in

this harbor. White-winged boats are flying, like birds, before the winds, in every direction; while the dark shadows of the distant mountains give a variegated aspect to the bosom of the gulf, broken, as it is, into laughing dimples by the evening winds that play over its surface.

But the boat is waiting to take us ashore. The appearance of Leghorn, as seen from the water, is not striking. It stands principally upon a level plain, but is surrounded by hills and mountains.

Same date.—For the privilege of going ashore in Leghorn we had to pay each one dollar. Oh! how I hate these abominable police arrangements. Our passports, of course, had to be viséd, and we must each have a formal permit to put our feet on the shore. Forty cents of the one dollar which we paid for the visé, we were gravely informed, were for the poor of the city. But the payment in advance for their benefit was no protection against their clamorous importunities for more. These poor, little petty governments have no other means of support, it would seem, than from a revenue obtained by extortion on travellers. We took lodgings at the San Marco, a most excellent hotel, where we got a good breakfast, and then started out for a survey of the city. A number of our travelling companions took the cars, and ran up to Pisa, a distance of twelve or fourteen miles, to see the Leaning Tower and other objects of interest, designing to return to Leghorn in time to take the boat again, on its departure for Civita Vecchia in the evening. But as we expect to return to Leghorn, on our way to Florence, when we shall have a better opportunity of seeing Pisa, we preferred spending the day in Leghorn. On going into the streets we were beset by beggars. These were the

first that we have seen on the continent. And whoever saw such miserable, loathsome objects? The maimed, halt, and blind. Poor, degraded objects that sicken one to look at them. And then they beg in such touching, plaintive tones, that the heart must be hard that can refuse them.

We looked into some of the large alabaster shops, and feasted our eyes upon the vast variety of attractive articles, wrought out of this frail and delicate material, for ornamental purposes. The alabaster is procured from a quarry in a mountain, that is in sight of Leghorn. It is never obtained in large blocks like marble; but in pieces varying in size from six inches to two or three feet square. These blocks are wrought into the most beautiful vases, mantle ornaments, and delicate statuary after the most exquisite models. The prices were rather higher than we anticipated, though the guide-books say that almost anything can be bought for about one half the price usually asked.

The day has been extremely disagreeable. The wind has been blowing from the Apennines, which are in full view, and covered with snow. The atmosphere is cold and penetrating. My impressions of Leghorn are by no means agreeable. I hope to see it under more favorable circumstances on my return, at a later period in the spring. For the present, as our boat leaves the harbor, at four o'clock in the afternoon, I bid it farewell, without a longing, lingering look cast behind.

ROME, *March* 18.—A strange feeling stole over me as I entered the gates of old Rome, this evening at half-past seven o'clock. It was hard for me to realize that I was actually within the precincts of the city where Cicero poured forth his strains of unrivalled eloquence; where Aristotle taught; where Horace occasionally so-

journed ; where Cæsar recounted his victories ; where Juvenal, Ovid, Livy, Tacitus, Pliny, and Terence, had all been in the days of other years ; where Nero and Caligula, names associated with bloody deeds, had lived, and reigned, and died : that I was near the ground where mighty men had struggled for fame ; near the Forum where orators of classic memory had harangued ; near the amphitheatre where fierce gladiators had expired in fearful contests ; near the spot where Saint Paul was imprisoned and beheaded ; that I was not far from the old Capitol, near the Coliseum, and under the shadow of Saint Peter's.

But I must briefly review our route and travel from Leghorn to this place. We had a rough passage to Civita Vecchia, which is the principal port of Rome. Most of the passengers were miserably seasick. It was ten o'clock this morning when we got to Civita Vecchia. This is a dirty, mean little place. Everybody, from the customhouse officers down to the lowest of the porters, seems intent on getting something out of travellers. We were again detained on board more than an hour before we could go ashore ; and then more than an hour in getting our baggage through the customhouse, and obtaining the necessary visés preparatory to our departure for Rome. All this is vexatious, to a point almost beyond endurance. It was one o'clock before we got out of that contemptible little hole, called Civita Vecchia.

Our party engaged a post-carriage, with four inside seats. These carriages, though not sightly, are tolerably comfortable. We had three horses and a postillion, which were to be changed, by contract, every ten or twelve miles. We got our baggage through the customhouse, and obtained the last necessary visé for our

passports, and then started for Rome. Our postillion wore a sort of uniform coat. The skirts were short, scarcely reaching the top of the saddle behind him ; for, a postillion, be it remembered, rides one of the horses, like a wagon-driver in Virginia. There were some patches of silver lace on the coat, and strips of red around the arms. His boots came above his knees, worn outside his pantaloons. His whole suit was rusty, and well worn. He had a long whip in his hand, and a cigar in his mouth. Our courier was mounted on the seat in front, and one of our party at his side ; and now, full of life, and in good spirits, we took the old Aurelian way, lying for more than twenty-five miles right along upon the Mediterranean shore. Steamers and other vessels were constantly in sight. The country through which we passed, at the rate of eight Roman miles per hour, was productive, but poorly cultivated. Wheat was growing, and looked well, and thousands of sheep, watched by shepherds, were constantly in sight. On leaving the sea, and bearing off from the shore, while the blue waters of the Mediterranean were still in sight, we had a clear and distinct view of the dome of St. Peter's, at a distance of fifteen miles, which looked like a great airy balloon, ascending from the earth, and hovering in the air. This continued in sight until we reached the city ; and for several miles before we entered the gates, as the twilight faded, and the broad full moon rose before us, that proud dome, as seen towering above the intervening hills at every turn of the road, appeared to be only a few hundred yards from us.

At every change of horses and postillions, our courier had a quarrel about the *pourboire*, or postillion's fee. This we left him to settle, as it was understood in our contract with him that he must do our quarrelling. All

along the way, and especially at the stands where we changed horses, we were beset by beggars, in the form of little boys and girls, who, the moment we stopped, would congregate around our carriage, and set up the most piteous cries for alms. It was not difficult to perceive that they begged in a sort of professional way. They were not actually pinched with hunger. On leaving the stands they would hold out their hats and hands, and run by our carriage, for a mile at a time, and beg us at every step for bread or money. We found that the best way to get rid of them was, to take off our hats, and hold them out to them, and commence begging them. This would amuse them, and they would break out into a laugh and instantly desist. Once or twice I made them scamper away, by taking up a spy-glass which was in the carriage, and presenting it at them, as a gun, drawing it out suddenly, with a sharp click, as I brought it to my eye. This frightened them, and they instantly dropped behind.

As we neared the city the country appeared to be finely cultivated; and a few fine houses were seen in the moonlight. Presently we saw more of the dome of Saint Peter's, which seemed to be within a stone's cast of us. Our carriage rattled over the paved roads under the walls of the city, and in a few moments we entered the gates, where we paused until our courier had our passports registered and lodged with the police, and had complied with the necessary formalities to our temporary sojourn in the city. On we drove through the streets, passing in front of Saint Peter's, across the Tiber on a stone bridge, at the foot of the castle of St. Angelo, and on till we stopped at the Hotel d'Angleterre. This we found full, every room occupied, and no space for another individual. Next we tried the

Hotel de l'Europe. Here, too, every room was taken. The landlady, however, said that if we could not find rooms elsewhere, which she very much doubted, she would put some beds in a public saloon for us, and make it as comfortable as she could for the night. We tried a half dozen other places, but found no apartment unoccupied; whereupon, at a late hour of the night, cold, hungry, fatigued, and sleepy, we returned to the Hotel de l'Europe, where we got our supper, and soon found the promised saloon comfortably fitted up for the accommodation of our party.

My weary fellow-travellers are now snoring away in the room in which I write. It is past twelve o'clock at night. The winds are sighing around my quiet apartment. The bustle and uproar in the streets are hushed into profound silence. A strange sense of loneliness comes over me, as here, far away from home, I sit in this old city, which from early boyhood I have longed to see, and write these pages.

This is Passion Week. The city is full of visitors. To-morrow I shall witness some of the ceremonies at Saint Peter's.

CHAPTER V.

ROME—PASSION WEEK.

No letters. — Bewildered. — Tower. — View. — Topography of Rome. Seven Hills. — Forum. — Coliseum. — Miserere at the Sistine Chapel. — Saint Peter's. — Back to my Hotel. — Thursday in Holy Week. — High Mass, Pope blesses the People. — Ceremony of washing Feet. — Churches without Seats. — Vatican — Library. — Saint Peter's — Dimensions — Ascent of the Dome — Subterranean Apartments. — Capitol Galleries. — Church, Ara Cœli.

ROME, *Wednesday night, March 19.* — A momentary sadness came over me this morning on learning that there were no letters for me from home. Some of our party were more fortunate than myself. More than four weeks have elapsed since I left New York, and, as yet, no tidings from the dear ones left behind.

A stranger in Rome scarcely knows where to begin his survey of the ruins, palaces, churches, and other objects of interest and curiosity which claim a visit from him. He wants to see Saint Peter's, the Coliseum, the Capitol, and fifty other things all at once. We followed the suggestion of Murray's most excellent guide-book, and went, first, to the tower of the Capitol for the purpose of getting the localities and relative positions of the most prominent and leading objects fixed in our minds. The tower is high, and from it we had a commanding view of the whole city and its environs; and here we spent at least two hours studying the topography of Rome. We looked down on the old Forum which lies

on the south side of the Capitol. The accumulated rubbish of ages has been removed, and the pavement of the Forum, over which the old Romans strode, is laid bare, while the same well-constructed arches and beautiful columns that met the eyes of the contemporaries of Cæsar still lift their striking forms around this ancient arena in which the most gifted orators of the most powerful republic that ever existed poured forth their captivating strains of eloquence. The Arch of Septimus Severus, the remains of the Temple of Vespasian, the Arch of Titus, and the Via Sacra, are all near the Forum, and all may be seen at the same view, looking in a southeastern direction from the Capitol tower. Nor is the Coliseum remote from this point of vision. It may also be taken in at the same view. The Arch of Constantine is near the Coliseum, and spans the main street, leading southward, out of the city, by the old Appian Way. Just south of the tower is the Palatine hill, crowned with the ruins of the palace of the Cæsars. The Cælian hill bears to the left; the Aventine to the right; the Esquiline and Quirinal hills range on the east and northeast of the Capitoline hill, and the Viminal occupies the space between the Esquiline and Quirinal. It was not difficult to fix the outline of the seven hills of Rome, and yet none of them, at present, except the Capitoline, and, perhaps, the Palatine and Quirinal, are very prominent and conspicuous. The Tarpeian Rock is but a short distance from the Capitol on the southwest. The present modern city is situated principally north of the Capitoline hill, and occupies a semicircular belt on the left bank of the Tiber, enclosed by the Quirinal, Viminal, and Capitoline hills—what was the Campus Martius of the olden time. The dome of Saint Peter's is nearly west

from the tower of the Capitol. Saint Peter's is on the other side or right bank of the Tiber. The course of the Tiber is from the north, nearly directly south through the city, the greater part of the city being on the left bank, and the principal part of the ruins also ; but Saint Peter's and the Vatican and the castle of Saint Angelo are on the right bank or west side of the river. By far the greater portion of the population is on the left bank or eastern side of the Tiber.

From the tower the walls of the city may be traced by the eye nearly around its entire extent ; and beyond the walls the wide-spreading campagna, stretching from the Sabine hills on the north, southward beyond the Pontine marshes, and from the base of the Volscian mountains on the east to the Mediterranean on the west—a vast, undulating plain, of boundless fertility and strange beauty. For many miles the yellow waters of the Tiber may be traced across the campagna. Monte Mario rises gracefully on its bosom, with its villas and fine plantations. Still farther back, the eye reposes on Monte Cimino ; or, bearing down the Volscian chain of mountains, it distinctly marks Monte Cavi, on the summit of which may be seen the ruins of the temple of Jupiter Latialis ; and, in another direction, the rocky brow of the ancient Soracte is seen rising in isolated grandeur on the horizon ; while Albano, Frascati, Colonna, and Tivoli—beautiful towns and villages seen in the distance—are all in full view, perched on the sides and summits of the mountains, forming interesting features in this unrivalled landscape.

On the tower of the Capitol this morning we met with parties of visitors from various parts of the world. Ladies and gentlemen were here, speaking different lan-

guages ; old men with gray hairs, and young men fresh from the seats of learning, with the dew of their youth upon them ; old ladies with the wrinkles of age, and gay and blooming maidens sparkling with jewels, were all here, intent on the same object. We all came down from the old gray tower of the Capitol feeling that we had taken a bird's-eye view of the city which would be of material service to us in our future explorations and study of its almost numberless objects of interest and attraction to the stranger in Rome.

Descending from the elevated point of observation from which we had surveyed the glorious and wonderful picture spread out to our gaze, we passed through the Forum ; thence to the Coliseum, where we wandered beneath the shadow of this stupendous ruin, ascended its broken walls, rambled around its galleries, clambered among its decaying and crumbling arches, gathered flowers from the crevices of the rocks, cut walking-sticks growing out of the walls more than a hundred feet above-ground, and from the topmost point of our attainable ascent took a general survey of the Coliseum itself, and of the scenery around. But, as I intend visiting these places again, I shall attempt no description of them at present.

This afternoon I went to the Sistine Chapel, adjoining Saint Peter's on the north, to hear the *Miserere* chanted or sung. The *Miserere* attracts an immense crowd at the Sistine Chapel, as it is sung in the presence of the pope. But no gentleman is admitted without a *dress-coat*, and a full suit of black. Three of my party had *frock-coats* ; but we fell upon a device by which we all passed. This was done by *pinning up* the corners of the skirts, so as to make them appear like dress-coats. We ransacked our trunks and got a

supply of pins, with which fair hands had provided us before leaving home, and I undertook the work of transforming the frock-coats into dress-coats, which I did very much to the satisfaction of the young gentlemen. When we arrived at the chapel, we found it already crowded to suffocation. We left our hats and overcoats with our courier outside, and passing the line of soldiers stationed around the door, who of course examined our coats, we commenced pressing, crowding, squeezing, and inching along, to get within the door of the chapel. Sometimes we would get upon the threshold, and maintain our position for a few moments, and then the sudden rush of an officer, or of some persons who were determined to get out from the confinement within, would dislodge us from our position and thrust us out again into the spacious hall, where many hundreds were still pressing forward, hoping to get a place in the chapel. Finally we got inside. My party pressed forward and got foothold. I was not able to advance; and, finding myself pressed into uncomfortably small dimensions, and the experiment still made to reduce me yet smaller, I actually became alarmed for my safety, and determined to make my retreat as expeditiously as possible. I succeeded in getting back into the hall, where I stood for more than two hours, listening to the sublime and touching piece of music called the *Miserere*, of which almost every one has heard something. It is a piece of music set to several psalms, the last of which is the fifty-first psalm, commencing "Have mercy upon me, O God!" A triangle of tall wax-candles is prepared previously to the service, and lighted; one of which is extinguished at the close of each psalm, till only one is left burning. This is removed during the singing of the fifty-first psalm—which is the *Miserere*

properly—and carried behind the altar, and on its conclusion is again brought back; the whole said to be significant of the light on earth during our Savior's presence, his death, descent into the tomb, and his resurrection, with the circumstances attending it.

I really do not know whether I realized my expectations in hearing the *Miserere* sung or not, the music is so unlike anything to which I have been accustomed. The first psalm or lamentation—perhaps two or three pieces—were chanted. This became monotonous and tiresome to me. But the music changed, and began to swell out into a glorious volume of sweet, full, and melodious strains, that astonished and delighted me. I am utterly unable to comprehend, and certainly can not explain, how the human voice can be so modulated, and how a score of voices can be so blended—melting, by insensible confluence, into each other, and expiring in vanishing strains—the whole producing one continuous stream of music, that flows on, like a mighty river, between banks of unequal width, and in a channel of unequal depth—now narrow and deep, now broad and more shallow; always and everywhere smooth; never chafed, never noisy; but calm and unruffled, gliding on through smiling landscapes, and solemn, sombre forests, ever seeking an ocean of rest, which it never seems to find. But I can not describe it. It never was sung elsewhere as in the Sistine Chapel. It can not be transferred to any other place. It requires a lifetime to learn to sing it, and it can be perpetuated nowhere else save in Saint Peter's and the Vatican Chapel. At first, and for a long time, I thought there were some of the finest female voices blended in that volume of sweet sounds that I had ever heard: at a later stage of the protracted piece, I learned that all were male voices.

I have never seen an adequate description of the singing of the *Miserere*; and I really do not think it can be so described in words as to give to a mere reader any true conception of it. It is grand, and in some parts deeply touching; but I rather incline to the opinion that exaggerated praise has been bestowed upon it by a large majority of writers.

I lingered a while in Saint Peter's after the close of the *Miserere*, and tried to imbibe the influences of the twilight hour in this vast and stupendous edifice. The distant lamps, glimmering under the lofty dome, looked like twinkling stars on a hazy sky; the last touching strains of the *Miserere*, which is sung in Saint Peter's also, commencing half an hour later than in the Sistine Chapel, were faintly echoed from the high arches, and came back like the far-wandering notes of angels' music, shaken by ethereal hands from the golden harp-strings of the skies; the priests and singers were gliding by me on noiseless feet; the chimes of far-off bells stole through the incense-perfumed air; the dying hum of the immense multitude retiring from the great cathedral, gradually subsided into silence, and the solitude became oppressive. Quietly and thoughtfully I moved over the pavement toward the door, pushed aside the thick leather curtain that guards the portal, and, passing across the piazza, mingled with the living tide that rolled along the streets leading toward the hotels and the denser parts of the city. The sun had sunk behind the hills that engirdle Rome on the west, as I passed under the shadow of the castle of Saint Angelo, and across the Tiber, and along the narrow lanes, walled in by high and dingy old houses, and hurried onward to my lodgings in the Hotel de l'Europe.

March 20, Thursday night.—This morning I attend-

ed the ceremonies at Saint Peter's. After the celebration of High Mass in the Sistine Chapel at nine o'clock, there was a procession of distinguished ecclesiastics that moved from the Sistine to the Pauline Chapel, where the pope in person, deposited the holy elements. Just before twelve o'clock the bells were rung, and thousands upon thousands of the visitors and citizens assembled in front of Saint Peter's to witness the ceremony of blessing the people by the pope. The bells ceased, and presently the great pontiff, attended by his cardinals, and borne in his chair of spiritual power, with the large fans of ostrich feathers, in which are set the eyes of peacock's feathers, spread before him, made his appearance on the balcony. The military which were drawn up on the piazza received him with applause; cannon were fired at the castle of Saint Angelo, and the immense multitude that thronged the open space in front of the church, uncovered their heads, and stood in silence, and expectancy. The drums and cannon ceased, and a cardinal presented a large open book before the pope, standing in front of his majesty, but bowing his head so that the pope could be seen above him. He read something, I know not what, in an intoned or chanting style, and the cardinals responded, "Amen!" at different pauses or breaks, in the same tone and style. When he closed the book, and it was removed, the pope arose to his feet, and the vast multitude fell, as with one accord on their knees upon the pavement—men, women, and children, of all ranks and conditions of society, and in a loud and ringing voice, with his head elevated, and his chest thrust forward, and his hands crossed on his protuberant bosom, he pronounced his blessing in Latin. When he had closed his benediction, which, on this day, I think is restricted to the

visitors present, and to the citizens of Rome, the cardinal deacon read the bull of plenary indulgence from a small slip of paper, printed in Italian, and then dropped the document from his fingers among the people, who scrambled, as if struggling for their lives, to see who should catch it, and bear it off as a sort of sacred relic. As the pope retired, the cannon of Saint Angelo were again fired, and the people seemed to rejoice as though some great blessing had really been conferred upon them.

There was a rush to get back into the church to witness the ceremony of washing the feet of the thirteen priests by the pope. The crowd was so great that I saw I should run the imminent danger of being crushed to death in the scuffle to get a place, and I therefore had to forego the privilege of seeing Pope Pius IX. wash and kiss the dirty feet of these honored guests. After the ceremony of washing the feet, these same thirteen priests were conducted to a large upper apartment of Saint Peter's, in which a sumptuous meal, called a supper, was prepared for them, where the pope, in person, again served them. The whole is ridiculous and silly enough.

Nothing can be more fatiguing than a day spent in Saint Peter's during Holy Week. There are no seats on which to rest one's self, except such as are prepared and reserved for distinguished visitors and officials. The whole multitude of many thousands are under the necessity of remaining on their feet all day. One of the peculiarities of the great Catholic churches of Europe is, the absence of seats, such as are everywhere found in American houses of religious worship. In some of them chairs are provided for the worshippers; one on which to sit, and another in front of it, on which

to kneel. These are all stacked up in a small compass, except when called into requisition by the congregation assembled for worship. But even this provision forms the exception, rather than the general rule. The provision for seating the congregation in Saint Peter's is very limited.

March 21, Friday night.—This morning was dark and gloomy. The rain had fallen nearly all night, the streets were muddy, and everything forbidding. Our courier spoke discouragingly of the weather. "When it begins to rain in Rome," said he, "it never stops."

Our courier, Suderie is his name, is a rare genius in some respects. He is very accommodating, but always likes to have his own way. He is a Roman Catholic by education, and always crosses himself with holy water on entering churches. "Suderie," inquired I, "how often do you go to church?"—"Once a year," was his prompt reply.—"Why not oftener?"—"That is often enough. I go at the end of the year and that does for the whole year."—"How often do you go to confession?"—"Once in twenty-five years," he answered. "I settle up my account quarterly."

But to return. The day improved as it advanced. We started out on a tour of sight-seeing. As yet we have done but little in this way. First we went to the Vatican. But most of the galleries were closed. Mondays and Thursdays are the public days at the Vatican palace. This being Holy Week we find most of the large and attractive galleries closed. Indeed, many of the shops and other places of business have been shut up a part or the whole of this week since Tuesday. The custode, however, admitted us to the library apartments of the Vatican, not to see the manuscripts and books, but to ramble through the spacious halls,

and see the paintings, basreliefs, frescoes, antiquities from the catacombs ; the costly presents, in the form of alabaster vases, expensive candelabra, mosaic tables, cabinets, etc., magnificent marble fonts and the like, made by kings, emperors, and lordly potentates, to the Vatican library.

The principal room of the library extends at least one thousand feet along the south side of the Vatican buildings, running east and west, overlooking the gardens and grounds of the palace. Passing southward out of the great hall we entered the immense *double gallery*, celebrated for its remarkable perspective effect. This gallery extends to the right and left, being entered at right angles, midway the gallery. The wonderful perspective effect is produced by doorways or passages from one division to another, being comparatively small and narrow at the waist or point of entrance, and growing wider and wider toward the extremities ; so that instead of contracting like a long, straight street, or like a railway track, the reverse takes place, and thus by destroying the usual impression caused by the angle of vision which draws parallel lines to a focal point, the remarkable perspective effect is produced. In looking from the centre to the remote ends of the gallery, or in looking from one end of the gallery to the other, which though scarcely exceeding a thousand feet, it actually appears to be half a mile in length.

The other galleries of the Vatican not being open to-day to the public, we went again to Saint Peter's, and spent several hours in a more minute and detailed examination and survey of this stupendous edifice. The proportions of this wonderful structure are so fine, and one part so admirably adjusted to another, that no

one can judge accurately by the eye, of the distances, and magnitudes of the objects around him. The four main pillars that stand near the centre of the building, supporting the dome, are by no means out of just proportion, nor do they strike the eye as being very large, and yet they are two hundred and thirty-four feet each in circumference. This would give us a parallelogram, sixty feet by fifty-seven, for each of these pillars, quite as large as most of our city churches. And yet these four pillars, each as large as a city church, seem to occupy a very small space in this great building. Besides these, there are ten other pillars dividing the side-aisles, as they are called, from the nave, which occupy, each, as much space at the base as would form the foundation of a church of respectable dimensions. The dome is one hundred and ninety-five feet in diameter, and the inscription running around the base of the interior, is in letters, said to be six feet long, and yet, seen from below they do not appear to be more than a foot in length. And so of every other object that meets the eye.

This being Good Friday all the mosaio pictures — *and all the pictures in Saint Peter's are mosaics* — are covered and concealed from the eye. To-morrow they will be exposed ; but Sunday is the high day.

March 22, Saturday night. — This morning was again devoted to Saint Peter's, that great, inexhaustible, and never-failing source of instruction ; that sublime and attractive object of wonder, admiration, and surprise. One may visit this vast basilica, every day, for an indefinite period of time, and find something new and interesting at each successive visit. Having devoted yesterday to the interior, we gave this morning, from nine till twelve o'clock, principally, to the out-

side. We made the ascent of the dome, and took a view from that lofty point of observation of one of the most wonderful and impressive landscapes in the world.

From the first floor to the roof the ascent is very easy. One might ride up on horseback over the brick-paved and gently-inclined road, which is at least six or eight feet wide, and not as steep as many of the public highways in the mountainous sections of our country. If I am correctly informed, mules are frequently used in carrying heavy articles from the ground floor to the roof, which is more than two hundred and fifty feet above the pavement.

On emerging from the path of ascent into the clear open air, and wide space upon the roof, it is hard to believe that one is actually on the roof of a house. There are various shops and habitations scattered about, and so extensive an area enclosed within the high battlements that surrounds the roof that one feels as though he were in the streets, or walking about the enclosures around private dwellings. It is not until a person reaches the roof that the vast proportions, and overwhelming size of the church and dome begin to be fully comprehended. The cupolas of the transepts, and the cupolas and towers of the chapels, rise up around him like the public buildings of a city, and far away above all the soaring dome swells up toward heaven, seeming now to be fully as remote as when viewed from the ground. The roof presents an air of great activity and animation. Parties are seen passing and repassing; while here and there one may be seen reclining under the shade of a piece of statuary, or reposing by the side of a workshop or office, waiting for the return of some who have ascended the dome, or resting after the fatiguing walk up the steep road from below.

From the roof the path to the summit of the dome lies between the outer and inner frames of this stupendous piece of work. The half of a small eggshell in a larger one; the inner half being equidistant from the outer, at every point, will give the reader an idea of the form of the double dome. The stairway runs between the shells. There are two galleries running entirely around the inner surface of the dome which may be entered, either in the upward or downward route by doorways leading into them from the stairs. The first is not very far above the base of the dome, the other is some forty or fifty feet higher, from which a full view of the central part of the church below is presented. From these elevated galleries, which are scarcely discernible from below, one may look down almost perpendicularly upon the bronze canopy of the high altar in the centre of the church, and on the passing crowd which seem to be as grasshoppers creeping about upon the pavement, so diminutive do they appear at this great elevation above them. From these galleries good views are obtained of the interior of the dome, and it is found that the frescoes of human and angelic forms, which appear from below to be only of the ordinary size, are, in fact, immense figures, of colossal proportions, in the strongest, and boldest style of frescoing, in order to make them distinctly visible at so great a height.

Continuing upward we reach a point where the passage becomes narrow and more difficult of ascent, and finally we come to a ladder which stands perpendicularly. This is the last ascent into the ball on the top of the dome, on which the cross stands, which is the highest attainable point by the interior flight. The waist, or neck more properly, just below the ball,

through which one passes into the metallic globe, is very narrow, and a person very large in the girth could not get through it. We are now four hundred and twenty feet above the surface of the ground. The ball itself will hold, conveniently, at least a dozen persons at one time; but with a hot sun pouring its rays upon it, the visiter will find it about as comfortable as a bake-oven when ready for cooking purposes. There is a ladder on the exterior that winds around the outer surface of the ball, by which one may ascend to the foot of the cross that surmounts the ball. This we were not permitted to ascend. It is said that the reason why persons are not now permitted to go up this ladder is, because an Englishman, a few years ago, in opposition to the orders of the guide or custode, ascended the ladder, and actually climbed to the top of the cross, which was deemed a very irreverent and offensive act. To prevent a repetition of such acts the custode will not allow any one to go outside, at the foot of the ladder which mounts up to the cross. At a point a little lower than this there is an outside gallery or parapet, surrounding the base of the ball on the top of the dome, where persons may rest, and enjoy the finest prospect in the world. I remained here this morning for more than an hour studying the various localities of Rome and the surrounding country. The Volscian mountains, the Apennines, and the Sabine hills, on the one hand, and the widespread campagna and the Mediterranean on the other, were all in full view. The position occupied by the French, in 1849, in suppressing the insurrection in Rome, was almost directly under the eye; while the gardens of the Vatican, with their lovely walks and picturesque groves, hedges, cascades, and fountains, were all taken in at a glance, and the low, musical murmur

of the waters rose softly and sweetly to the ear as I feasted my eyes upon the enchanting pictures spread before me. The walls of the city could be distinctly traced in all directions, stretching over the hills and down the valleys; while the turbid and yellow waters of the Tiber were visible for many a mile, winding through the *campagna*, sweeping with many a graceful curve through the city, and then hastening away to lose itself in the bright waters of the dark blue sea that lay sparkling in the sunlight far away on the outer skirts of that matchless plain that surrounds, on all sides, the city of Rome.

On my way downward, I again stepped into the upper gallery of the interior of the dome, which is scarcely visible from below, or, at most, appears like a light moulding running round the inner cope of the dome, and here I was charmed with the delicious strains of music that came swelling up from the chapels far beneath me, in which religious services were going on. One who has not enjoyed the treat of hearing the tones of the organ, and the sweeter notes of the human voice, woven into the most captivating web of song, as it reached me this morning, in the quiet, solemn, silent dome of Saint Peter's, can form no just estimate of the power of music over the human soul. It stirred all the latent emotions of my heart, and filled my eyes with tears. I could not tell why. It seemed to me as though I had gotten away from earth, and was in a far-off clime, where sorrow and sighing had fled and gone, and was listening to the chantings of the white-robed throng who stand on the "sea of glass, mingled with fire," that rests in placid beauty beneath the shadow of the eternal throne. The atmosphere around me was filled with incense; angel forms were hovering above me,

while still from below there came up the pealing notes of music, softened by the distance that sounded like the minstrelsy and song of a happier clime.

On descending to the lower floor I was conducted, with others, into the sacristy of the church, thence into the subterranean apartments, called "the Grotte Vaticane." Our conductor led the way with a flaming flambeau in his hand, which glared amid the gloom, revealing the tombs of popes, and the old warrior kings; bringing to light the dilapidated sarcophagi of the prefects of Rome, the statues of saints and martyrs, and the rude frescoes and paintings which had a place in a former church of the same name, which occupied the site of the present Saint Peter's. We occasionally met with some respectable bas-reliefs upon the walls; but the great object of interest in these underground apartments of the church is the tomb of Saint Peter himself! On entering the chapel in which this tomb is found, we were, of course, required to uncover our heads and walk softly, lest we should rudely invade the sanctity of the place or disturb the repose of the great apostle to whom were delivered the keys of the kingdom. This tomb occupies a place under, what is called, the altar of confession, and is immediately beneath the high altar of the basilica above; the whole is just under the central point of the great dome. The remains of Saint Peter, as every good Catholic believes, are here, albeit there is no *New Testament* proof that Saint Peter was ever in the city of Rome. The whole of it is an assumption without any other proof than the vague tradition of the Romish church.

While in front of the altar of confession, we accidentally discovered what we had in vain inquired after of our guide; namely, the ring, seal, and cross, deposit-

ed at this tomb by the Right Reverend Siliman Ives, Bishop of North Carolina, at the time of his recantation and abjuration of Protestantism, and his adoption, in outward form, of what he had actually believed for several years, the Roman Catholic faith and religion. These sacred memorials and precious relics are contained in a sort of triangular case, some fifteen or eighteen inches in length, with a glass on the outward face of the triangle, through which the ring, seal, and cross, may be seen, and a gold plate with an inscription recording the date and circumstances of the recantation. And this is hung as a trophy on the tomb of Saint Peter. The whole of it is ridiculous enough. I was anxious to find out how the inscription read. From the position we occupied it could not be made out by any of us. The guide got as near as he well could, and made an ineffectual effort to read it. Next our courier Suderie tried it; but without success. I asked him if it was in Italian or Latin. He said it was neither Italian nor French. I was then assisted in climbing up on the side of the tomb, and held in my position by our guide and courier, and found it in Latin, simply recording the fact and circumstances of the abjuration of Protestantism by Bishop Ives of North Carolina, in the United States of America, and his depositing the enclosed memorials in pledge and token of his voluntary recantation of his heresy.

From Saint Peter's, we went to the galleries of the Capitol. There are numerous paintings, and a large collection of statuary in these galleries. The paintings which interested me most were John the Baptist, by Correggio; the "Rape of the Sabines," and "Judith," by Fra Bartilommeo; the kneeling Magdalen, and some fine portraits. In the sculpture gallery, amid the many

hundreds of pieces that surrounded me, I was most pleased with the famous statue of Antinous, found in Hadrian's villa; the "Dying Gladiator," and the "Venus of the Capitol;" "Pliny's Doves;" the bronze wolves and the bronze ducks found among some ruins on the Tarpeian Rock. The equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius, in front of the Capitol, is said to be one of the 'finest in the world. For myself I like the equestrian statue of Louis XIV., which stands on a public square in the city of Lyons, better than anything of the sort I have yet seen.

From the gallery of statuary we went next into the old church, called Ara Cœli, which has the reputation of occupying the site of the temple of Jupiter Feretrius, and stands on the Capitoline hill, immediately adjoining the gallery of statuary. It is of high antiquity, but extremely ugly. It was probably built with the spoils of the palace of the Cæsars. The floor is, entirely, of a very ancient style of mosaic, containing some rare stones. But the greatest object of interest in this church is what is called the *Sanctissimo Bambino*; which is nothing more than a coarse, wooden figure of the infant Saviour. It has the reputation of having effected some wonderful cures of the sick, which has gained for it a boundless popularity. Our courier told us some strange things about the *Bambino*. He said that when persons were very ill, and were given up by their physicians they would send for the sacred Bambino, and if they were going to die it would turn pale and weep blood; but if the person was going to recover it would look fresh, and red, and cheerful. Votive offerings of immense value have been made, by wealthy families and individuals, to this wooden doll baby, and it is now estimated to be as wealthy in jewels and dia-

monds, as the pope himself. Gibbon, the polished writer and historian, was seated in this old church when he conceived his purpose of writing the "History of the Rise and Fall of the Roman Empire."

There is also an apartment in this church, in which are exhibited, at the Christmas festivals, a representation of the manger in which Christ was born, and many other things connected with his nativity. As we passed the door of this apartment my attention was attracted by its rustic appearance, and I asked our courier, who was interpreting the explanations of the church guide, what was the object of that uncouth and strange establishment in a church. He began to explain; and with great simplicity said: "I suppose you have heard the story about Jesus Christ being born in a stable." I told him I had. He then proceeded to tell all about it, and said that the very stable, feeding trough, and all the appurtenances thereunto belonging, were there, and in the custody of that church. Of course no one disputed it. We passed out of the church and descended to the street by a flight of one hundred and twenty-four steps of Grecian marble, said to have belonged to the Temple of Venus and Rome. These steps landed us in the street that runs up to the north front of the Capitol, through which we soon found our way to the *Corsa*—the great principal thoroughfare of Rome—from which, after ten minutes' brisk walk, we turned into the *Piazza de Spagna*, and soon were at our hotel. The day has been a little damp and disagreeable, with occasional showers of rain, and the state of the weather by no means favorable to my old bronchial disease.

Wearied and worn out with the day's labor, and in penning these recollections of what I have seen, I close for the night.

CHAPTER VI.

EASTER SUNDAY IN ROME.

Day ushered in with Cannon.— St. Peter's.— Procession.— Celebration of High Mass by the Pope.— Music.— Splendid Pageant.— Pope blesses the People from the Balcony of St. Peter's.— Crowd of Persons.— The Pope.— Cardinal's Carriages.— People's Hatred of the High Church Dignitaries.

ROME, *Monday, March 24.*— Yesterday morning, being Easter Sunday, the day was ushered in by the firing of cannon, and the ringing of bells, reminding an American of the dawn of the fourth of July in one of our large cities, where the anniversary of our national independence is celebrated with spirit. Saint Peter's was the point of greatest attraction. Thousands upon thousands were crowding the streets, and pressing on toward this spot, by eight o'clock in the morning. At nine o'clock, the services opened by a grand procession in which the pope was borne into Saint Peter's, mounted on his papal throne, with his triple crown on his head, and sheltered by a superb canopy, attended by a retinue of magnificently attired cardinals, and other high church dignitaries, bearing the fans of ostrich-feathers before him. He was carried to the high altar under the dome, and put down; whereupon he commenced the preparatory services of high mass, which he celebrated in person. The whole service was upon a grand and imposing scale. The music was, in my judgment, far superior even to the *Miserere* in the Sistine Chapel, fine as the

Miserere confessedly was. There was a magnificent brass band, composed of a large number of instruments in the hands of accomplished musicians, which performed, in an elegant style of execution, at two or three different times during the ceremonies; and for the first time in my life, I had the pleasure of hearing a brass band, in full blast, *in a house* large enough to give full scope to the music, and in fact contribute to its sublimity and effect, without any of the harsh, sharp, and stunning sounds, which so much detract from the enjoyment of the music, where a band is played in a house of ordinary dimensions. Indeed, it seems to me, that Saint Peter's, more than any other edifice I ever saw, is exactly adapted to give compass and effect to a full band of music, such as performed on yesterday morning during the celebration of high mass. I say nothing of the suitableness of a brass band of music to the solemn sacramental services of the Lord's Supper. But the whole scene, at the period of the elevation of the host, was magnificent. The grand and sublime notes of music rolling out through the vast basilica, sweeping on to the remotest chapels, filling the high, soaring arches, and swelling up into the resounding and expansive dome, which spread itself like a firmament above; the glitter of arms; the glancing of bayonets; the passing to and fro of the gorgeously-robed cardinals, bearing the insignia of high ecclesiastical authority; the elegantly-caparisoned military officers, and diplomatic corps; the ascending clouds of perfumed incense, rising from golden censers swayed by white-fingered priests; the twinkling of wax-candles, like star-lights in a dusky sky, and the great multitude of spell-bound spectators and worshippers, thronging and crowding the nave, transepts, side aisles, and chapels, presented a spectacle to

my eyes, as I stood upon a marble altar railing near the centre of the church, which time nor distance can ever efface from my mind.

At the close of the consecration of the elements the pope returned to the tribune which occupies the western end of the nave, where the great chair of Saint Peter is erected, and there, amidst the homage of the subordinate ecclesiastics in attendance upon his person, the chalice was borne to him with immense pomp and ceremony; those who bore it, passing slowly and solemnly between kneeling ranks of soldiers, and surrounded by prostrate thousands of Roman Catholics, where his mitred majesty, sitting on his spiritual throne, drew the wine into his mouth through a silver tube, as a puling infant sucks its tea from a bottle. At the end of all this ceremony which occupied two or three long hours, the pope was again mounted on the shoulders of priests, seated in his chair of authority, as the vicerent of Jesus Christ, and borne from the high altar, through ranks of kneeling soldiers, down the whole length of the nave of the church, and was then conducted to the balcony above, as on last Thursday, where, after the firing of cannon at the castle of St. Angelo, the ringing of the bells on St. Peter's, and the salutations of the military drawn up in front of the church, he went through with the farce of blessing the people again, extending his benedictions to the whole world, with which the ceremonies of the morning closed, and the immense concourse of people, numbering more than fifty thousand, dispersed.

I was not a little amused at some of the incidents that occurred during the morning, in and about Saint Peter's. No gentleman was allowed to enter within the line of soldiers drawn around the high altar, during

the celebration of mass unless he had on a full suit of black, and a dress-coat. I saw a number who had on frock-coats refused admittance; but, by withdrawing a few moments, with the use of some pins, they transformed their coats into the style required, by pinning up the corners of the skirts, and on returning were admitted without a word. The crowd was so dense, near the line of soldiers, that one ran considerable risk of sustaining serious injury by attempting to squeeze into the enclosed space. At one time I became jammed up in a most awkward position against a lady who was standing on the base moulding of a pilaster. I looked up into her face, and begged her to excuse me as I could not help myself. She saw my utterly helpless condition, and laughed right heartily, perhaps as much at my ineffectual efforts to extricate myself from the awkward position into which I was thrown, as at the beseeching manner in which I implored her pardon for a seeming rudeness.

The crowd out-of-doors, in front of Saint Peter's, at the time of the pope's benediction, was scarcely less dense than in the church during the ceremony of high mass. I was greatly amused at a frisky little dandy of a fellow, who was dressed in the extreme of the fashion. His beaver was neatly brushed and glossy; his hair was redolent of perfume, and just from under the barber's hand; his gloves were of Paris make and fit; his new dress-coat was buttoned closely round his body, and set handsomely on his well-formed person. In one hand he held a delicate black cane, and in the other a quizzing-glass. He became greatly disconcerted at the rude jostlings which he encountered from the common people. First he received a jolt on this side, and then on that; now a smash-up in front, and then a

thump in the rear. His hat was knocked off his head, and his stick out of his hand. He bristled up, and fended off. Then somebody stepped on his toes, and he became furious. He pushed and kicked and knocked, and kept up a constant muttering and snapping all the time. I really began to fear the man would go into a fit.

I was several times very near the pope during the day, and must confess that I was favorably impressed with his face. His expression is placid and benignant. He is not tall, but has a fine, robust person, and looks as though he enjoyed a good dinner, and a bottle of wine.

On my return to the hotel, between Saint Peter's and the castle of Saint Angelo, which stands just on the brink of the Tiber, I saw at one time not less than thirty cardinals' carriages. These splendid coaches are finished in a most superb style; the horses are beautiful animals, and the harness covered with gold and silver plating. The drivers and footmen, three of the latter generally to each carriage, wear short breeches, white stockings, and knee-buckles, cocked hats trimmed with silver lace, and coats of a peculiar style, with long skirts and strips of silver lace round the collar, down the front, and in divers other places. The old cardinals, dressed in a most gorgeous and magnificent style, sat like lords upon their easy cushioned seats, and scarcely deigned to look upon the foot-passengers that thronged the streets by their side. They are men of immense wealth, and no class of men is more cordially hated and despised, especially by the restless, revolutionary spirits, many of whom are in Rome, than these cardinals. An intelligent mechanic said of them: "They preach self-denial to us, and yet they live upon

the fat of the land. They tell us we must not love the world or crave its riches, while they amass their millions and build up their splendid villas; they tell us, poor devils, to be satisfied and content with our condition, while they luxuriate in plenty and live without restraint." There are elements at work in Rome and throughout Italy that are only kept in restraint by the presence of the French soldiery. Remove this restraint, and an irruption, a thousand times more destructive and appalling than the overflowings of the lava tide from the crater of Vesuvius, will pour its irresistible and devastating deluge over the smiling plains of Italy.

CHAPTER VII.

ROME—NOTES.

Illumination of Saint Peter's. — Sunday in Roma. — Pantheon. — Campana Villa. — Sacred Stairway. — Albani Villa. — Fireworks, Monday Night. — Churches. — Santa Maria della Vittoria. — Baths of Diocletian. — Santa Maria degli Angeli. — Old Basilica, San Lorenzo, outside the City. — Santa Croce in Gerusalemme. — Saint John Lateran. — Santa Maria Maggiore. — Pincian Hill. — Pope's Palace and the Quirinal Gardens. — Rospigliosi Palace. — Guido's Aurora. — Barbarina Palace. — Beatrice Cenci. — Private Studios.

ROME, *Monday, March 24.* — The illumination of Saint Peter's last night — Easter-Sunday — was every way equal to what I had anticipated from the representations of travellers, and the descriptions contained in the guide-books. About dusk, from three to four thousand candles, stuck in small earthen candlesticks, and concealed by a cylindrical paper-lamp, some ten or twelve inches high, were lighted, as the preparatory step to the grand illumination. These candles or lamps were arranged up and down the columns, and across the walls in the front of the whole church; then along the whole line of the exterior cornice, from side to side, in double rows; then upon the roof, and up and down, and around the dome, on the ball surmounting the dome, and even up to the very top of the cross. The whole church was thus covered with these lamps, not in a confused and irregular way, but arranged with the nicest order, and in reference to the best effect. Besides these there were rows of lamps extending around the whole of the

piazza, upon the roof, and on the columns and statuary. These lamps continued to burn until about eight o'clock, when, at the first stroke of the bell, new lights began to flash out, bright and beautiful, in the intervening spaces between the candles or smaller lamps, and before the clock had struck five times, several thousands of these larger and more brilliant lamps had burst out into a glorious blaze, all over the church, climbing up the roof, running up the sides of the dome, and mounting up to the top of the cross, and darting round the circling columns and roof of the piazza, almost entirely eclipsing the smaller lamps, which twinkled like glow-worms, in the midst of the refulgent blaze of the great flambeaux, thus magically lighted, and gushing forth without any obstruction from paper or other concealment. It was a grand and splendid spectacle. It was like the unfolding of a great night-blooming cereus, blossoming in gorgeous glory and magnificence in the darkness, only broken by the fainter light of smaller lamps, which seemed to have been lighted to reveal the expanding and bursting forth of the great night-blooming flower. There was something like magic in this illumination, and the church looked like some enchanted castle, suddenly revealed in the dark. From the front of the church, I hastened away, more than a mile, to the summit of the Pincian hill, in the eastern part of the city, to get a view of the illumination from this elevated and distant point. I stood for a while in the darkness, and gazed upon the sublime spectacle before me, and then descending the steps to the Piazza de Spagna, I soon found my way to my apartments at the hotel.

Sunday in Rome is no Sabbath. Shops are everywhere open. Public amusements are going on. I did not, even in Paris, witness as shameful a desecration of the

Sabbath, as I did yesterday in Rome. If the pope has the power which his triple crown is designed to symbolize, and is the vicegerent of Jesus Christ on earth, he exercises that authority to but little purpose in this city. The fact is, he has but little power, so far as the practical operations are concerned, and if the French soldiers were removed from Rome, the pope could not prevent a recurrence of the revolutionary movements of 1849. To-day I have been busy, and am scarcely able to make notes of all I have seen.

First, to the Pantheon, now a Catholic church. A dozen priests were celebrating mass. We passed about the edifice, examined the busts, the tomb of Raphael, the artist; read our guide-books, and interchanged opinions, without at all disturbing the priests in their worship. They sung very finely. Besides the priests there were not half a dozen persons present. They seemed to do their work in a sort of professional and mechanical way. Next we paused at Trajan's Column and Forum. We ascended to the top of the column, by an interior flight of stairs, and had a fine view. Descending we wandered about the forum; picked up some fragments of marble as mementoes; plucked a few flowers, and left for other objects of interest and attraction.

Passing the Coliseum, we made our way to the villa of Campana, which is situated on the Coelian hill, and not remote from the St. John Lateran Basilica. This villa is a gem in its way. It belongs to Cavaliere Campana, a man of great wealth, and fine taste, whose palace is in the city, in which he has a museum, containing a rare and select variety of curiosities, in the way of Etruscan vases, sarcophagi, jewelry, statuary, paintings, etc. He has removed a large number of pieces of statuary to his villa. This lovely spot must

be seen to be appreciated. No description can give one a correct idea of it. It embraces an area of some ten or fifteen acres, in which there is a great variety of surface, which has been vastly improved by landscape gardening and architecture. There is a large building, of several apartments, filled with statuary. The gardens are beautifully diversified, and are full of shrubbery, flowers, fountains, artificial lakes, grottoes and bowers. One wanders along a graded path, covered with snowy pebbles, which winds down into quiet secluded spots, and then, by the margin of sleeping waters, over rustic bridges, and by gushing fountains, where the clear, crystal stream pours from the mouth of a crouching lion, or spouts from the beak of a marble bird. Here we pass an aviary, vocal with the song of birds, and there a burrow filled with sportive rabbits; in one place a lake or pool, over which majestic swans glide like spectres in a dream; in another, a dark hidden grotto, where the marble statuary peers out in the gloom like ghosts in the deepening twilight. . . . There never was a sweeter day in Italy than this day, and its brightness has greatly enhanced the delights and pleasures arising from the sights I have seen.

Leaving the villa of Campana, grateful to the princely proprietor for his liberality in allowing strangers to visit it, we passed the famous "Scala Santa," or sacred stairway. There were fourteen penitents, at one time, climbing these steps, on their knees, while I stood below and watched them in their upward ascent, saying their prayers, and kissing the steps as they ascended. By one of the parallel staircases I ascended to the Gothic chapel at the summit, called the sanctum sanctorum, and peeped in through an iron grate, before which the penitents kneel, after ascending the sacred stair-

way, and read this inscription over the altar, "*Non est in toto sanctior orbe locus.*"

While I was looking at the penitents the custode handed me the following note: "Sir; will you have the kindness to bestow some little charity in aid of the needy of this church?" I did not hesitate. It was so direct and so politely done.

Over the grate was the following: "Indulgentiæ plenaria perpetua."—"Vulneratus est propter iniquitates nostras attritus est propter scelera nostra."

We again took our seats in a fine, open carriage, and, after a drive of fifteen minutes, passing through a wilderness of stupendous ruins, and going out of the city at the ——— gate, we drove up in front of the villa of Albani, which we entered by a ticket previously obtained, and in a few moments I was again in ecstasies, as I rambled through the paradisaical grounds of this most enchanting and lovely villa.

This villa is more extensive than the Campana villa—not quite so beautifully and delicately set as that gem, and yet it is far more elaborate, and upon a much more grand and magnificent scale. This villa of the Albani family, planned by that profound and accomplished antiquary, Cardinal Albani, contains a gallery of sculpture next in value to the Vatican and the Capitol galleries. The buildings containing these apartments are very extensive, with long, open porticoes in front, constructed with recesses and niches in the wall; and scattered along, at different intervals, there are the most attractive and exquisite pieces of statuary. Entering the main part of the building, and ascending several flights of stairs, all of which are lined with paintings and statuary, we are introduced into a regular succession of apartments, in which, at every turn of the

eye, and at every advance, new and beautiful paintings, bas-reliefs, statuary, mosaics, and frescoes, present themselves. Some pieces of statuary in these galleries have received great praise—especially the beautiful *Antinous, crowned with lotus flowers*. I was delighted and entranced with a painting of the beheading of John the Baptist by (Guahard?)

Besides the main building on the north side of the villa, there are other buildings with extensive apartments, and rich in marble statuary. The billiard-room, as it is called, and the café, are both well supplied with choice pieces of statuary. Besides these there are arcades, with niches, every one of which contains a specimen, from the chisel of artists of no mean ability. Then out-of-doors, in every direction, gleaming out from the dense shrubbery and overhanging trees, and beside the sparkling fountains, and along the margin of footpaths and upon the more elevated and distant points, at the ends of long avenues and embowered walks—everywhere the statuary was seen.

I am now seated, while I write these lines, in a quiet, retired spot, on the eastern border of the grounds of the villa. Hundreds of birds are sweetly singing around me. The perfume of flowers is on the breeze. I am alone; my companions having rambled away to another part of the grounds. Great cactuses, with broad, leather-like leaves, of immense size, are near me; blooming shrubs and graceful trees shelter me; through the opening vistas I catch glimpses of the snowy marble statues in every direction; the murmur of waters, leaping from fountains, and pouring over artificial cascades, or laughing along the little streams, is in my ear, while as lovely a sky of deep blue, as ever smiled upon the world, bends above me. The atmosphere

has a bright, pearly appearance, and every object, even at remote distances, stands out in distinct outline. But I must away. I hear distant voices. My friends are calling me.

To-night the exhibition of fireworks on the Pincian hill surpassed everything I had ever conceived of. Tens of thousands of rockets bespangled the night, bursting into thousands and thousands of lights of different colors, while the firing of cannon and the explosion of whole batteries of fireworks gave intense excitement to the scene. Among the figures in firework, was a magnificent representation of the great temple of Jerusalem, upon a large scale, which stood out in the night like a magical creation of some fairyland.

March 25.—Most of this day has been devoted to churches. Calling first at the *Santa Maria della Vittoria*—a fine, small church—nothing particularly remarkable about it. Nearly adjoining this church are the remains of the baths of Diocletian. These baths were of immense extent. The outworks, so far as they can now be traced, cover an area of more than a mile in circuit. The great hall of these baths has been converted into a magnificent church, in the form of the Greek cross, adorned with some fine paintings and sculptures, and called the *Santa Maria degli Angeli*. It is really an imposing edifice, and well worth visiting. Other portions of the baths have been turned into public granaries, and others still have been converted into gardens and convents. A Carthusian monk acts as custode to the portion of the baths now occupied by the monks of that order as a monastery. He showed us a painting on wood, of a monk, with his peculiar attire, standing in a door, partly open, with his cat at his feet,

a basket of wood, some books, and an hour-glass, around him, which was admirably done in its way.

From Diocletian's baths, which, altogether, form a wonderful pile of ruins, we passed on, and out of the city, at the gate of San Lorenzo, and after a sweet little drive of ten minutes, we came to the old basilica of San Lorenzo, which is one of the oldest churches in or about Rome. Here we entered the catacombs of Santa Cyriaca, in which the body of Saint Lorenzo is supposed at first to have been interred. There are many thousands of old tombs about this church, and a public cemetery, with a pit for daily interments, for each day in the year. The catacombs are under ground, and the bones of the dead are in cells or vaults seen from a winding passage, which we did not pursue very far, as the exploration of the catacombs is thought to be dangerous, and a better chance for this is presented at San Sebastian on the Appian Way. Returning from San Lorenzo, we visited the recently-excavated tomb of the baker, Eurysaces, outside the Porto Maggiore. Thence to the basilica of *Santa Croce in Gerusalemme*, founded by the Empress Helena. There is nothing remarkable about it but its antiquity. It is reputed to have a piece of the true cross in it.

From this basilica to the great basilica of *St. John Lateran*. This is old, and splendid in its more recent improvements. The main features of the basilica—the side aisles—have been obliterated by modern additions. The chapel of the Corsini family in this church is superb, and contains in an underground apartment one of the finest pieces of statuary I have seen in any of the churches. This church is rich in relics. We were shown here, in a little room, carefully protected from the vulgar gaze, the table at which was eaten *the*

last supper. In the court of the cloisters without the church, we were also shown the marble mouth of the well at which Christ conversed with the woman of Samaria, and divers other precious relics, which the guide pointed out to us with great solemnity.

From the St. John Lateran, to the basilica of *Santa Maria Maggiore*, the third basilica in rank, and one of the four which have a *Porta Santa*. This is also rich in gold, paintings, sculpture, and relics. The pope officiates here in some of the ceremonies of Holy Week and at Christmas. The cradle in which Christ was rocked is here, and is shown and carried in procession at some of the Christmas festivals.

From this splendid church we returned to our hotel. In the afternoon, as the sun was sinking away in the west we took a stroll on the Pincian hill, which is a very fashionable promenade, and is indeed a charming and delightful place. It is beautifully laid out in gardens, set with flowers and shrubbery intersected by winding walks, and ornamented with statuary, fountains, and alcoves. From a high stone balustrade on the northern side, we had a commanding view of the whole country surrounding Rome, the fields, and roads, and villas, and distant mountains white with snow. From this hill the whole city is seen to great advantage, and from no point is there a better view of Saint Peter's. I sauntered about through the grounds, while glittering carriages and prancing steeds, and elegantly attired ladies and gentlemen were passing, and a fine band of music was playing. The Pincian hill of Rome is a sort of Champs Elysées where the flower of the city may be seen on such an evening as the present.

March 26.—(*Notes of one day's sight-seeing.*)—This day has been devoted principally to private pal-

aces, of which there are said to be about seventy-five in Rome.

First we visited the Palazzo Pontificio (pope's palace). The gardens are about a mile in circumference, and are very beautiful and interesting. The hedges, with the trees, cork, pine, laurel, and ilex, form alcoves and bowers impervious to the sun's rays. The shrubbery is full twenty feet high, and is shorn into walls as perpendicular and straight as the walls of the palace; far more so, indeed, for there is the absence of pilasters, columns, and cornice. The angles are as sharp and square as a carpenter's lines and tools could make them. There are deep valleys, and dark, hidden grottoes, fountains, and jets, in great abundance and variety. The greatest novelty of the gardens is an organ, in a wild, romantic grotto under the hill, which is played by water. As we stood under the shadow of the projecting rocks, overgrown with moss, and surrounded with evergreens, dripping with the spray from ever-playing fountains, the notes of that organ, pealing out from the hidden recesses of the grotto, were truly enchanting, and made me feel as though old Pan with his reeds, or Orpheus with his harp, had started up from the classic haunts of old Rome. On the jagged points of two projecting rocks at the mouth of the grotto in which the organ is placed there are two mimic boys in statuary, that were made to blow their trumpets by the same water power; and while the notes of the trumpets were still echoing in the rocks, the guide touched a secret spring, and more than fifty jets of water, inclined at all possible angles, suddenly burst up from the pavement at our feet, and sent the bright clear water in rainbow-circles, all around us, causing no little amusement and scampering in our party. These secret jets were in

various places in the gardens, and the guide made them play for us as we passed over them in our rambles along the walks.

Eleven o'clock.—It is a bright and lovely day. The temperature is mild and balmy. I am now seated on a rustic, circular bench in the centre of the pope's gardens, adjoining the palace on Monte Cavallo. An alcove formed of ilex, box, and laurel, so completely surrounds and overarches me, that I seem to be shut out from the world. Various parties are rambling about the grounds, and I occasionally hear the sound of their voices, but, for the most part, a silence, like that which reigns in the primeval forests of our own country, pervades the gardens. Scarcely a leaf is stirred by the breeze; the flowers are breathing their perfume upon the quiet air; the birds sing merrily in the trees, while the drowsy murmur of the fountains whose waters are falling into marble basins, or gliding over shelving rocks into the moss-lined pools, is in my ear. This is a place for meditation. Here one, in the heart of a great city, can be alone. The high walls and dense groves and hedges deaden, and cut off the sounds from the streets, and amid the sombre shades of these cool and sequestered walks and bowers, one may be as perfectly alone, as if he were in a lodge in some vast wilderness.

The palace itself contains some fine paintings and statuary. Here the popes are elected; the cardinals being shut up in a room by themselves, and cut off from all correspondence or communication with any persons but themselves, and confined to a poor diet until they make an election, and the new pope is proclaimed from the balcony of this palace.

From the pope's palace we next visited the Rospigli-

osi palace. Here we found some fine paintings ; but the great attraction is a fresco, by Guido, called *Aurora*. It is beautiful. The figures are fine, and some of the faces lovely. *Aurora* is represented as flying in advance of the chariot of the sun, scattering flowers, while seven female figures representing the hours attend the chariot, hand in hand, and form a magnificent group. There are other paintings here of considerable pretensions, among them an Adam and Eve by Domenichino.

During the French invasion in 1849 this palace suffered from cannon-balls and bombs which penetrated the walls, and broke through the roof, and greatly injured the galleries. One cannon-ball is still preserved in the gallery of paintings which did much damage to the wall and roof.

From the Rospigliosi, we next went to the Barberini palace. This has a fine collection of paintings and an extensive library. Among the portraits, that of *Beatrice Cenci*, whose history is full of melancholy interest, is the most attractive. This painting by competent judges, is pronounced one of the best, if not *the* best, in the world. I was delighted with it, though no connoisseur in the art.

It is delightful to visit these private palaces, so rich in choice paintings and statuary ; and I can not speak in terms too high, of the liberality of these noble families, who allow free access to these valuable collections. The stranger in Rome may enjoy the paintings, statuary, etc., etc., which these princes have collected at great expense, as freely and fully as the owners of the palaces themselves.

Returning from this morning's round among the palaces, we stopped at the studios of several eminent artists in sculpture and painting. In these, I was quite

as much interested as in the galleries of the palaces. I saw some elegant pieces of statuary at a studio near the Barberini palace. The name of the artist I did not learn. And at the studio of Mr. Rogers, an American, from the state of New York, who has now been in Rome seven years, and who has gained very considerable reputation, I also saw some fine specimens; I will mention "Ruth gleaning," "The Truant School-Boy, skating," "Nydia," the blind flower-girl of Bulwer's Last Days of Pompeii, and an Indian group, representing an Indian pulling a splinter out of the foot of a handsome squaw. During the afternoon I visited a number of mosaic manufactories, where I saw the operation of making mosaics.

A great many persons in Rome are engaged in the manufacture of mosaics and cameos. Stone-cameos are very expensive. Shell-cameos not so high. Mosaics are vastly different in their workmanship, in different establishments. But a stranger must be cautious not to buy too soon, or he is likely to be deceived. The Italians will get all they can for their work.

CHAPTER VIII.

ROME.

Borghese Palace. — Galleries of Paintings. — Studios of Artists. — Mechanical Part of Sculpture. — Mosaic and Cameo Manufactures. — Visit to the Catacombs. — Priests at their Devotions. — Return to the City. — Churches. — Protestant Burying-Ground. — St. Paul's beyond the Tiber. — Music. — Baths of Caracalla. — Tomb of the Scipios. — Domine quo vadis. — Columbaria. — Sciarri Palace. — Colonna Palace. — Gardens. — Pontifical Palace. — Borghese Villa. — Ladies.

ROME, *March 27.* — This morning I spent three or four hours in the Borghese palace, examining the galleries of paintings which are far superior to any private galleries in Rome, that I have yet seen. The Vatican galleries are, of course, more extensive; but there are more than seven hundred paintings in the Borghese galleries, and many of them are of great merit. There is a considerable number of paintings here by Raphael, and some by Titian. Raphael's *Entombment of Christ*, is perhaps, the picture which excites most admiration — painted by this great master when he was but twenty-four years old. There is also a number of Venuses and other rather lascivious paintings, which renders it a little embarrassing — till one gets used to it — to examine in the presence of ladies; and yet ladies and gentlemen visit these galleries and all others in the city of Rome, in company, and seem to think no more of gazing on these pictures, some of which ought

to put modesty to the blush, than if they were so much canvass, untouched by the magic creations of the artist's pencil. There are some paintings in the Borghese galleries that are enough to quicken the pulse of a stoic—I shall long remember the hours spent in this palace, and never cease to be grateful for the liberality of the princely proprietors which allowed me to enjoy the treat of feasting my eyes upon the splendid productions which are collected in such profusion and variety in these halls.

Leaving the palace I spent several hours in the studios of the best artists in Rome, both in painting and sculpture. These artists are a most polite and obliging set of men. They will lay down the brush, and the chisel at any time to show visitors through their extensive apartments, crowded with the productions of their hands. They seem to take pleasure in showing their specimens. Every fine piece of statuary is turned round on a pedestal, that the beholder may see it to the best advantage, and the paintings placed in the best light for effect.

In these large sculpture establishments the artists proper, who model, plan, and create, do but little of the work with their own hands—except in finishing off, they rarely do anything with the chisel. This is done by mechanics, who serve their time at the business, and who perform their work by pattern and measurement, just as a cabinet workman, or a carpenter, executes his work. On approaching one of these large and extensive studios to-day about two o'clock, I found all the workmen out of doors, in an alley, resting and smoking, like the operatives in any other manufacturing establishment. On entering the shops, under the guidance of two of the men, who very obligingly offered

their services — one to explain the pieces, and the other to turn them round, I found the mallets and chisels lying on the pediments of the pieces under the hands of the operatives, and before I had completed the tour of the various apartments, I found that most of the men had gone to work, and the marble chips were flying from the jagged masses of Carrara marble, as the rude blocks took form under the skilful hands of the workmen and developed themselves in the most beautiful and captivating pieces of statuary. I saw pieces in every stage of progress, from the rudest state up to the point of receiving the last finishing touch of the chisel. These studios interested me quite as much as the galleries. There are said to be some five or six hundred studios in Rome, and a great many of them are very large and extensive establishments. In most that I visited, I found pieces preparing for America, in the form of monuments, busts, garden statuary, etc. I also visited other mosaic and cameo manufactories. The mosaics are made, first, by preparing a composition of the same substance as glass, of the color desired, as the groundwork, and then inserting another composition that resembles slate stone, of different colors, in this groundwork, making the figures desired, and then polishing it off. Females do a great deal of this work.

At about five o'clock, this evening, we took a drive down the Appian Way, as far as the tomb of Cecilia Metella, which occupies a conspicuous position, on a high hill, about three miles south of the city-walls. We had an open carriage, with fleet horses. Our courier was mounted on the seat with the driver. We passed from our hotel through the crooked and narrow streets, running along by the column and forum of Trajan — under

the shadow of the Capitol — by the old Roman Forum — under the arch of Titus — by the ruins of the Temple of Peace — near the Coliseum — under the Arch of Constantine — near the awe-inspiring ruins of the Baths of Caracalla — down the Appian Way, through the Porta San Sebastiano, and on — surrounded by ruins and old monumental piles, carrying the mind back through many long centuries — and yet on, till we stopped before the church of Saint Sebastian. On entering the church we found two monks upon their knees in their evening devotions, one of whom our courier approached without ceremony or apology for the interruption, and told him we wished to go into the catacombs, the entrance to which was under the church. He immediately arose, and started for the keys. One of our party said, “Suderie, you ought not to have disturbed that monk in his prayers.” “Pshaw!” he replied, “he loves *money* better than he does his *prayers*.” — By the way these Roman Catholics, while they seem to be tenacious about observing all the outward forms of religion, are utterly devoid, for the most part, of the least real devotion. They look about while they are praying, and seem to think the whole of worship consists in that which is outward. But our monk returned with wax-candles, in a coil, for each of us, and soon the massive iron door was opened, and we commenced our subterraneous journey, amid the tombs of a forgotten generation. The conductor asked whether we would take the *long* or the *short* route. We told him to take us the long route. — Our course was a zigzag one. The passage was narrow, and sometimes too low for us to stand erect. The sides of the passage were excavated for the tombs of the long-forgotten inmates of this silent city of the dead. Every now and then we would turn aside from the main

way into what are called the chapels. What the object of the chapels was, has long been a matter of curious and learned inquiry. It was a sight to see us, in single file, each with a candle in his hand, thrusting it first on the right, then on the left, into this vault, and then into that, prying into every hole, crevice, and corner, and yet hastening on to prevent our guide's getting too far ahead. The feeble light of our taper wax-candles, seemed to struggle with the gloom of these underground apartments; and our footsteps, as we descended marble stairways, deeper and deeper still, seemed to waken up the sleeping dead, who sent back, in the reverberating echoes of the sepulchral halls, a remonstrance against our intrusion upon their slumbers. We scrambled in the dark to find some fragments of marble to preserve as mementoes of this journey along the quiet, silent gloomy streets of this ancient Necropolis. We performed the long tour, and ascended into the church on the side opposite to that from which we descended to the catacombs. The twilight was gathering; and the church was quiet and solemn. A few candles were dimly burning upon the altar, while an old monk or priest was gliding about the aisles of the church in his black gown and hood, like a ghost, or a phantom. We were soon at our carriage, and in a few moments were clambering about the ruins of the tomb of Cecilia Metella, which stands in close proximity to the ruins of the Circus of Romulus, which is in a fine state of preservation. The sun had gone down over the campagna, and the shadows were settling like a misty veil upon the plains, and upon the distant mountains, as we commenced retracing our course to the city.

*March 28.—(Notes of another day in Rome.)—*I have attempted too much to-day. Six hours were given

to sight-seeing.—First to the remains of the Temple of Fortuna Virilis, which stands near the Temple of Vesta in a pretty good state of preservation. Got a boy, amid the filth that surrounds these ruins to break me off a piece of a column of the Temple of Fortune.—Next to the church Santa Maria in Cosmedina. The pavement is of *opus Alexandrinum*—a marble mask is here which has a curious history. The Theatre of Marcellus next; then the Portico of Octavius—the island in the river Tiber—and by the miserable Jews' quarter. Then to the Protestant burying-ground. It is a quiet, beautiful place. It contains the graves, principally, of English and Americans.—I visited the grave of Percy Bysshe Shelley, the poet, and gathered some flowers from his grave.—Also the grave of John Keats, the young poet, whose brief history is so full of painful interest. Next we drove to the splendid new Basilica now building on the ruins of the great Saint Paul's, outside of Rome, which was destroyed by fire in 1824. The new building is one of the most magnificent churches in the world. It is said to be built on the grave of Saint Paul. The location is most unfavorable, and the wonder is that it ever should have occurred to any one of building a house of such immense proportions, outside of the city, and in so unhealthy a place. The cost, when completed, can scarcely be less than from thirty to forty millions of dollars, perhaps much more. The house is four hundred feet long, and two hundred and seventy-nine feet wide. It has a nave with two side-aisles on each side of the nave; the first separated from the nave by two rows of granite pillars, each pillar made of one solid piece, and twenty in each row; the second, or out aisle is separated from the first by the same number of columns, made of the same material; forty altogether, presenting a sub-

lime spectacle. The four alabaster columns supporting the baldacchina, or canopy over the high altar, are all of one piece each, and were presented by the pacha of Egypt. There are mosaic likenesses of all the popes, two hundred and fifty-eight in number, running round the entire building. The gilding of the ceiling is superb. The floors are marble of different colors. Elegant paintings are in the rear of the altars of the different chapels, and everything is upon the most splendid scale, and executed in the finest style.

Wandering about this gorgeous and expensive temple, which appeared like a sublime, magical creation in a wilderness, where hundreds of persons were busily employed in polishing the marble floors, fashioning capitals, entablatures, and friezes, after exquisite models, filling the whole house with the din of an extensive manufacturing establishment—suddenly we were arrested by strains of music that came stealing out from a little chapel adjoining the tribune in the rear of the high altar. We drew near to the door, and after a short parley with a priest or monk, were admitted within the portal of this sweet little apartment, where there was an altar, wax-candles, a fine painting, an organ, and about twenty persons, men and boys, who were practising a sublime piece of music. Oh! it was delightful! Away off here from the city, on the banks of the Tiber, in the midst of a malarious district, and with but few habitations near us—in a glorious temple, scarcely inferior to the temple at Jerusalem, in the days of Christ on earth—away from the noisy thoroughfares of the city—to hear strains of music that seemed like stray notes wandering down from the upper temple, and detained for a while in this beautiful little chapel. It

was hard to leave the spot. There was a charm and an enchantment about it.

From Saint Paul's (*San Paolo fuori le mura*) we next visited the ruins of the Baths of Caracalla. These are the most extensive ruins in Rome with the exception of the Coliseum. It is impossible to give any one a correct idea of them from a mere description in words. They are more than a mile in circuit. Recent excavations have laid bare the floors of the cellars, and lower apartments, which are found to be mosaics in a fine state of preservation, showing the colors and figures as distinctly as they now appear in any of the palaces of modern construction. There are lofty arches, spanning vast spaces, and mighty walls, separating what were the baths, dressing-rooms, and other apartments, from each other. We ascended by steps to the second floor, supported by arches, and wandered about among the rank weeds, shrubs, grass, and flowers, which grow in rank profusion and abundance upon these ruins, at a height of fifty or sixty feet above the main floor. Some of our party cut large walking-sticks growing out of the crevices of the walls and arches. There was something wild and romantic, in climbing amid these ancient piles, calling to each other from distant mounds and crumbling walls, following beaten paths across the arches, and whistling and singing the while, as if we were in an unfrequented mountain fastness, in our country, in pursuit of flowers and minerals for a cabinet of curiosities.

We next visited the tomb of the Scipios. Here we descended, with lighted wax-candles, as at the catacombs of Saint Sebastian, from which the tomb of the Scipios is not far distant. Indeed, this tomb is a sort of catacomb of itself, with a number of vaults, or cells,

and chapels. The marble slabs, marking the tombs of several members of this family, were all pointed out. The sarcophagi and busts have been removed to the Vatican. Our courier quarrelled a while with the custode about the price of some little marble mementoes, and about his fees, and then we passed over the hill, through vineyards, patches of artichokes, etc., till we came to the Columbaria of Cneius Pomponius Hylas and Pomponia Vitalina, situated in the same vineyard which contains the tomb of the Scipios. The interments here were in the time of Augustus and Tiberius.

Next, to the Columbarium of the slaves of Augustus; next, to another recently excavated. We then drove to the little church on the Appian Way, called, "*Domine quo vadis*," where a church tradition says Saint Peter met Christ, and inquired "*Domine quo vadis*?" (Lord where goest thou?) to which Christ replied, "*Verrio Romam interum crucifigi*" (I go to Rome to be crucified). We were shown the footprints of Christ in a slab of marble carefully preserved in this church, under an iron railing or grate. Broad, flat footprints, evidently the work of an unskilful hand. Miracles in the way of cures have been wrought here: crutches hanging on the walls, with the dirks and other deadly weapons of converted assassins, attest the curative and converting power of these footprints.

March 29.—This morning we visited first the Sciarri palace, where we found a good collection of paintings, some of which are reputed to be very fine. A portrait by Raphael, called *Il Suanatore*, is spoken of in exalted terms by critics. To my uncultivated taste, in the fine arts, I frequently see *copies* of these fine pieces from the old masters, that are quite as agreeable to me as the originals. Here too we saw one of the many

repetitions of Caravaggio's Cheating Gamesters. This I have met with in several galleries. A lady was just finishing a copy of this painting which was a clever thing.

We often meet with artists in these private galleries as well as in the public ones, copying fine paintings selected according to their respective tastes. At the Borghese palace, the other day, I observed that some of the apartments were nearly filled with the easels and stools and paints of the artists who were engaged in copying paintings which have gained celebrity in the world of art. The Sciarri palace has not as large a collection of paintings as the Barberini, the Borghese, or the Colonna palace, to which we next went. The Colonna palace is at the foot of the Quirinal hill on the west, and is a very large building. The galleries of both painting and sculpture are very extensive, and embrace a very considerable variety of pieces in both apartments of art, many of which are very fine. But I was quite as much interested in the gardens of this palace, as in the galleries. They occupy a large space on the western slope and summit of the Quirinal hill, rising by terraces and parapets from the foot of the hill to the summit. They embrace also a part of the Baths of Constantine, which are in a good state of preservation, and the gardens are so arranged in reference to them, as to make them add to their interest and augment their variety. In these grounds we found the box, ilex, laurel, and other trees and shrubs, lining and overhanging the walks; so that here, as in the pope's gardens, which are but a few rods distant from the upper part, we were as perfectly secluded, in the very heart of the city, as if we had been in the wild woods of our own country. I was exceedingly interested in a long row

of houses, made of straw, extending for one or two hundred yards, on the north side of the gardens, on the top of the hill, which were filled with luxuriant and heavily-laden lemon-trees. The trees were trained against trellis-work, and the branches entwined, extending over an arch of ten feet span, beneath which we walked, the golden lemons, as large as a man's fist, hanging around in the most abundant profusion. Many of them were perfectly ripe, and the odor filled the place. There were hundreds of bushels of them on the trees, and large quantities were entirely matured. We slipped a paul into the hands of our conductor, who allowed us to fill our pockets, and at dinner we enjoyed the most delicious lemonade from these newly-plucked lemons. From the gardens of the Colonna we passed over again to the Pontifical palace, where we remained for a while, and then drove out of the city at the gate, Porta Salaria, and made our way to the Borghese Villa, which is one of the most attractive places in the immediate vicinity of Rome. It lies northeast of the city, and runs up close to the city walls.

The Pincian hill commands a fine view of this villa. Before the French invasion in 1849, it was one of the most perfect and lovely villas in the whole world. The French cut down a great many of the groves, and otherwise greatly impaired the beauty of the extensive grounds which are more than three miles in circuit. This villa is laid out on a magnificent and splendid scale. In rambling over the grounds, one is delighted constantly by something new and attractive. Here there is a fountain, throwing its bright waters, broken into diamond spray, and pattering on the marble basin and statuary around it; there a lovely lake that spreads out its bosom to the keel of pleasure-boats, and invites

to excursions across to the other shore; yonder a quiet pathway that winds around the hill, and away down into a sombre, dreamy valley, scarcely ever visited by the sunbeams, while in another direction the white walls of the *casino* or a group of marble statuary gleams out amid the dark foliage of the evergreen trees that crown the hill-tops. There is no spot in these large and spacious grounds where one is out of the sound of a fountain or a cascade.

But the galleries of the casino are the great objects of attraction at this villa. The building is upon a large and imposing scale, and admirably arranged in reference to its galleries. The ground floor has some eight or ten large apartments filled with the finest paintings and sculpture. There are here some of the very finest landscapes I ever saw. The upper story has also about the same number of apartments, which are also filled with choice productions of the brush and the chisel.

This villa is a place of great resort for the visitors at Rome. In walking over the grounds I met with some of the most splendidly-dressed ladies I have seen since I have been in the city. Formerly the carriages of visitors were admitted into the grounds, but of late years, for some cause, this is prohibited; and now, all classes of visitors are put on the same *footing*; all have to walk. This puts the ladies on foot, and everybody has an opportunity here of seeing the most fashionable portion of the visitors at Rome in the open air, and without any concealment from carriage enclosures. My visit to the Borghese villa will long be remembered with pleasure. The principal palace of the Borghese family is in the city, the galleries of which I visited on a previous day.

CHAPTER IX.

ROME.

Protestant Religious Service. — Mr. Cass. — Vespers at Saint Peter's. — Peace Treaty at Paris. — How received in Rome. — A Day's Work in Rome. — San Pietro in Vincoli. — Baths of Titus. — Coliseum. Palace of the Cæsars. — Views and Incidents. — Marmetine Prisons. — Traditions in Relation to Peter and Paul. — Tarpeian Rock. — The Vatican. — Stroll upon the Pincian Hill at Sunset.

ROME, *March* 30.—I have just returned from a pleasant and refreshing religious service, which I attended this morning in the chapel fitted up by our minister, Mr. Cass, for Protestant worship. This chapel is designed especially for the use of Americans. Mr. Cass is, himself, a Presbyterian, at least in his predilections; and at his own private expense he has furnished and fitted up an apartment, adjoining those occupied by himself and family, in a large palace, which stands in the very heart of the city, for a mode of worship suited to his religious preferences, and for the benefit of his countrymen sojourning in Rome. A short time after this chapel was opened for divine service, a correspondence was opened with Mr. Cass, on the part of the government, in relation to the Protestant services conducted in his chapel, in which there was an intimation that measures would be taken to suppress it; but Mr. Cass cut the correspondence short by writing, in reply, that if all such purpose was not

abandoned, and he left entirely at liberty to exercise his own pleasure in relation to the subject in question, he would demand his passports in six hours. Since this time Protestant services have been conducted here without molestation or interference on the part of the government.

There is no church organization in this chapel, and the expense of keeping up the services here is defrayed by the voluntary contributions of American visitors at Rome—principally Presbyterians, Congregationalists, and Dutch Reformed. The Rev. Dr. M'Clure, of the Dutch Reformed Church, has been officiating here during the winter. At present he is absent on a short visit to Naples. This morning the Rev. Mr. Marks, of the state of Illinois, officiated. He is temporarily in the city, and will preach here for two or three sabbaths. He is a Presbyterian minister. He kindly invited, and even urged me to preach this afternoon, but I declined. Since returning to my room I regret that I did not accept the invitation. I feel as though it would be a pleasure to me to preach in Rome, where Saint Paul preached, and toiled, and was beheaded. There was a congregation of about one hundred persons, all of whom joined in the services. Most of them, I presume, were Americans. There is, just outside the gate (Porto del Popolo), an English chapel, at which the Episcopal service is regularly conducted.

Seven o'clock, same day.—The last few hours have been spent in Saint Peter's, where I have been to hear vespers sung. I can scarcely think of anything more perfectly charming than vespers in this greatest of all religious temples on earth, sung by a choir so full, with such an admirable variety of voices, and so well trained, on just such an evening as this has been. The day

has been cloudless, and the deep unfathomable vault of matchless blue has never bent over Italy more beautifully than to-day. The atmosphere was perfectly clear, the light, pearly, and a strange silvery transparency seemed spread out like a veil of filagree-work upon the distant hills and mountains. As I entered the church my ears were saluted with strains of music as sweet as the stray notes from angelic choirs. They came stealing out from the chapel usually occupied for the daily services on the south aisle; and yet they rose up like a breathing, vocal incense, filling the whole house, lingering in the arches and crannies of the upper ceiling like imprisoned, expiring swan notes in some hidden grotto—Oh! there was a soul-subduing sweetness in those sounds, that entranced and spell-bound the heart. Then there was something in the hour—the close of a lovely day, when the horizontal bars of golden sunlight came through the upper windows of the lofty dome, lighting up the gilding, and diffusing a mellow, heavenly hue over the great frescoes that ornament the interior of the dome, and bringing them out as they are not seen at any other hour; while the lower portions of the immense church were shrouded in a sort of twilight, and the lamps glimmered in the chapels and around the altars, all giving interest and effect to the vesper hymns. I forgot all the paraphernalia and nonsense of the service connected with Catholic worship, and gave myself up to the controlling influences of the hour; and I must confess that there was a pleasant and delightful impression made upon my heart. I was sorry when the vespers closed, and the white-robed priests and the long line of singers came out of the chapel in procession, and marched off to another part of the church, losing themselves among the pillars and

columns and altars that form so conspicuous a part in the main body of Saint Peter's. The congregation rapidly dispersed, and in a few moments, only here and there a solitary person could be seen gliding noiselessly along upon the marble pavement, who, like myself, seemed reluctant to quit the place of the vesper hymns, which heard once, linger like a sweet dream in the halls of memory.

A telegraphic dispatch was received in the city this afternoon, conveying the intelligence that a final treaty of peace had been signed at Paris, by the belligerent parties in the protracted European war. The terms of the compact or treaty have not been made known, the simple fact announced. This intelligence was received here with demonstrations of joy, and one hundred and one cannons were fired from the castle of Saint Angelo on the occasion. It seems that Rome is ready to rejoice over everything of interest that occurs in Paris in any way related to the government. The princess had a baby the other day, and this intelligence too was received with one hundred and one cannons from Saint Angelo.

ROME, *March 31.* — Another hard day's work and now I am too much fatigued to write up in detail. Our party started out at nine o'clock this morning, passed the temple of Pallas Minerva, an interesting ruin. Thence to the church, San Martino di Monti, from which there is a passage into the catacombs of Saint Sebastian, and in which there are some good paintings; thence to the celebrated church, *San Pietro in Vincoli* (Saint Peter in chains), in which it is said the chain with which Saint Peter was bound is preserved. This chain is now kept as a precious relic, and is only exhibited once a year. Michael Angelo's Moses is in this church, thought by

some to be the masterpiece of this great artist. From Saint Peter in chains we went to the Baths of Titus. Here we found a stupendous ruin, but not so extensive as the Baths of Caracalla. The work of excavation has been carried on until a great many apartments have been cleared. The frescos, arabesques, and other paintings on the walls and ceilings, are as bright as if the painter had just left his work. These Baths were built on the ruins of the Golden House of Nero.

Next to the Coliseum once more. Some of our party again ascended the walls to the height of fifty or sixty feet, and cut walking sticks, growing out of the ruins. Here we find the most stupendous ruins in the world. I have visited this place often, and each successive visit has increased my wonder and admiration.

I took a stroll round the ruins of the temple of Venus and Rome, and along the Via Sacra, then down to the Arch of Constantine, where I joined my party, and hastened to the ruins of the palace of the Cæsars. These are wonderful, being more than a mile and a half in circuit. They can not fail to excite the wonder and surprise of every visiter. From the highest point of the Palatine hill, amid the remains of the palace of the Cæsars, there is one of the finest views presented that can be obtained from any part of the city. The whole campagna, with the circumjacent mountains, is spread out, in full view, across which, the Appian Way, the road to Naples by Albano, and other roads, can be distinctly traced for many miles. This point also affords a most commanding view of the Coliseum, and other ruins that lie around the Palatine hill. There is a perfect wilderness of shrubs and stunted trees overgrowing this hill, and concealing the surface of the ground, among which paths wind in various directions,

and above which the old walls, arches, and towers, rise in gloomy grandeur, mournfully telling the sad story that the glory of the world passes away. Our party got separated and lost from each other, and we set up a hallooing that waked up the echoes in the old palace halls, enough to startle the slumbering ghosts of the long-departed inmates. Our courier, Suderie, who by the way we call, indiscriminately, "Studio," "Scudio," and "Suderie," remained behind, near the entrance to the palace-grounds, and as we wanted him to show us the entrance to the Farnese gardens, adjoining the palace ruins, we set up a hallooing for Suderie. "*O Studio!*" rang out from one, "*O Scuderie!*" from another, and "*O Suderie!*" from another, nearly loud enough to have been heard to the Sabine hills, and Pontine Marshes. We cut walking-sticks and gathered some flowers, and left for other objects of curiosity.

We then passed down to the old Roman Forum, and stopped just below the Capitol, to visit the old Mamertine prisons of high antiquity. Gloomy enough. Here, church tradition says, Saint Peter and Saint Paul were imprisoned. The story is told by the custode as though he believed it, that forty-seven prisoners were converted in a cell of this prison by the apostles, and that a miracle was wrought, in opening a fountain, which supplied water for the baptism of these converts. Whether by miracle or otherwise, it is certain that there is a fountain or spring here in the prison, for I drank some of the water myself. There is also shown here the imprint of Saint Peter's face on a rock, where it is said an officer slapped his head against the wall, and miraculously left the print of his face. This is protected by an iron grating, and is pointed out with great reverence by the guide to visitors. There is also shown a

subterranean passage by which the apostles escaped from the prison. But I am tired of this nonsense. There is better proof that old Jugurtha was imprisoned here, and starved to death in this very cell. Here the accomplices of Catiline were strangled by order of Cicero, and here Sejanus, the minister of Tiberius, was executed.

From the Mamertine prisons to the Tarpeian Rock, which now is nearly concealed by the accumulated rubbish of many centuries. Little did I think, when a boy, in reading the history of Rome, and the story of the cackling of geese waking the sentinels on the Tarpeian Rock just in time to save the citadel, that I should ever stand on this spot. Gardens, filled with fruit-trees, and flowers, artichokes, and cauliflowers, now cover the hill above the only part of the Tarpeian Rock that is still visible. I hung over it, from a rock wall, and gazed upon it with a sort of awe and reverence, as the memories of other years came over me. Rome, as it was pictured to my youthful mind, rose, as by enchantment, to my gaze: Romulus and Remus in their early struggles started up to my vision. The old Romans trooped before me. Then came the glory and splendor of the great metropolis of the world in the days of her greatest strength and extent of empire. How changed the picture now! How little of what Rome was remains! Her foundations are covered, and her proud triumphal arches, columns, and palaces, overgrown and buried.

From the Tarpeian Rock, again to the Vatican, where we spent three hours in the galleries of painting and statuary. Thousands and thousands of pieces of sculpture are assembled and distributed here in these vast halls. This is the most splendid and extensive collection of statuary in the world.

The Vatican covers enough of space for a considerable city. After walking for hours, in many hundreds of halls and apartments, glancing at the numerous pieces of statuary, one leaves, with scarcely any distinct recollection of what he has seen. The Laocoon and Apollo Belvidere will not be forgotten, and a few other pieces will be remembered with distinctness, but the great mass will be only remembered as a wild dream, in which a thousand scenes have mingled; becoming so blended that no one separate and detached thing can be recalled. The paintings by Raphael, and the frescoes of some of the halls by this master, will also make a distinct impression upon the mind. . . Hillard, Prime, and J. R. Thompson, Esq., late tourists, have described the contents of the Vatican galleries somewhat in detail, and with criticisms that are deserving of high consideration. .

At sunset I strolled again on the Pincian hill, and in the gardens back of the French Academy. Nothing can be more picturesque than the view at sunset from the Pincian hill. The grounds are laid off like a garden, richly set with box, and studded with laurel, and other evergreens, interspersed with statuary, and fountains, the play of whose waters lulls the mind to sober, pleasant, dreamy thoughts. This evening the sun went down without a cloud. A rich golden light lingered in his track, and spread vermillion and sapphire over the western sky. The blue summits of the distant mountains on the north peeped above the intervening hills, and stood out against the heavens, cutting a well-defined profile of every peak and jagged rock; while in the east and southward, beyond the ornamental trees of the nearer villas, the long ranges of mountains swept around the campagna and sunk away upon the plains. Below

the point of vision, lay the city of Rome, with its domes, and steeples, and ancient temples, and beyond the Tiber, on the western border, rose in sublime majesty the dome of Saint Peter's. The church-bells were ringing, the din of the city rose to the ear like the murmur of the sea, while an unbroken stillness reigned in the grounds on the Pincian, and in the gardens of the Academy. I lingered long in the walks of the garden, overarched with the branches of luxuriant trees, catching now and then a glimpse of the burnished sky, where the sun had gone down, and pausing, as I rambled, to listen to the music of the fountains, singing their vesper hymns, and throwing their crystal jets into the quiet air. Not a human being was in sight except a couple of my young friends, who stole along through the grounds, in a thoughtful mood—thinking, it may be, of home and loved ones far away. The twilight was fast fading from the heavens, and darkness gathering over the hill, and settling down upon the city, as we returned again to the street, and descended the steps to the Piazzo di Spagna, and found our way to the hotel.

CHAPTER X.

EXCURSION TO TIVOLI.

Delightful Drive.— Things by the Way.— Hadrian's Villa.— Tivoli.— Cascades.— Sights about Town.— Return to Rome.— A Pretty Girl on the Mountains.— Hail Columbia.— Preparations to leave Rome.— Brief Review.— The Music of the Fountain.

April 1, 1856.—To-day we made an excursion to Tivoli, eighteen miles directly east of Rome. The road is fine; the day was lovely; the atmosphere clear and bracing, and everything conspired to make the excursion delightful. We had a comfortable open carriage and a pair of fleet horses, and we went at the rate of eight miles an hour. We left the city by the Porta San Lorenzo, and took the old via Tiburtina, passing the ancient basilica, San Lorenzo, on the right—crossed the Anio on the Ponte Mammote, and swept on toward Tivoli at a rapid rate.

On the way we passed near the lake of Tartarus, so called from its sulphurous properties. The peculiar chemical qualities of the waters of this lake produce, in almost inexhaustible quantities, the stone called travertine, “by depositing a calcareous coating on vegetables and other substances.” Not more than a mile from the road there is another lake of the same nature, called *La Solfatara*, which is drained by a canal, nine feet broad, four feet deep, and two miles long, which carries the stagnant waters of the lake across the road, and empties them into the Anio. These waters are highly

impregnated with sulphuretted hydrogen gas, the smell of which attracts the attention of the traveller some time before he reaches the canal. The water is of a milky color, and in the days of Strabo was much used for medical purposes. These lakes furnish strong evidence that this volcanic region is in a state of *unrest*; and there are reasonable apprehensions indulged that some day a lava tide may burst up from the subterraneous fires that are pent up below, and deluge the plain for many miles around. From the borders of these lakes the villa of Hadrian may be seen on the right, marked by the tall Lombardy-poplar-like cedars and lofty pines that still stand out like old monarchs to guard the extensive ruins of this once magnificent villa—perhaps the most splendid in the world. From this region the immense masses of travertine, out of which the Coliseum and many others of the great structures of Rome and the surrounding country were originally built, was obtained, and still the ever-accumulating supplies continue to meet the largest demand, for this building material. It is wonderful to think, that the time was, when these stupendous monumental piles were slender vegetables, in the form of reeds, straw, and driftwood, floating about, the sport of winds and waves, upon the bosoms of these sulphurous lakes! What long geological periods were necessary for these formations!

A short distance beyond the canal draining the lake, we again crossed the Anio on a bridge, at the farther end of which, on the left of the road, we passed the circular tomb of Plautus Lucanus, strikingly like that of Cecilia Metella, on the Appian Way, not far from the gates of Rome. A mile beyond the bridge we turned nearly at right angles into the road leading to Hadrian's Villa. We were admitted by a ticket previously ob-

tained in Rome, and soon were under the guidance of a *cicerone*, who proceeded to point out the different localities and objects of interest, and to describe the various purposes of the hundreds of apartments, the remains of which were scattered over the grounds.

By the way, our *cicerone* was a fine specimen of this class of distinguished personages who occupy so important and prominent a place in pointing out, to intelligent travellers, the antiquities and curiosities in and about Rome. I will try to describe him. He was a sunburnt Italian — could speak no other language than his own vernacular, and even that but poorly. He wore coarse, checked shorts without knee-buckles, supplying the place with small cords, which were tied in no very graceful style. His stockings, covering his well-developed lower limbs, had been white, I presume; but in the discharge of his functions as *cicerone*, or, at work in the vineyards and gardens which occupy a large portion of the villa, they had assumed the color of hog drivers' over the muddy roads of Virginia. He had on a pair of shoes that came up to his ankles, with an instep that flapped over like a hound's ears, while the soles were filled with nails not unlike those with which the tire is fastened on the rim of a cart-wheel. His jacket, made of what had been a piece of blue cloth of some description, was well worn, and seemed to shrink from a close and neighborly contact with his breeches, which were worn without suspenders, and thus exposing a nether garment which looked as though it had not taken its turn on the last washing day. He wore, withal, a small jaunty hat, which he stuck on the side of his head, with a peculiar grace, from beneath which his uncombed black, coarse hair strayed over his neck, half concealing two small ear-rings which he wore as ornaments.

This distinguished official felt the importance of his calling; and with a stick in his hand, something after the style of exhibitors of panoramic paintings, who have a memoritor explanation to deliver, he proceeded to describe and comment on the different ruins, while our courier, Suderie, translated into very bad English—sometimes quite as unintelligible as the bad Italian of our guide. We had it all in the guide-books; but out of compliment to the cicerone, we had to submit, and patiently listen, nodding assent, and admiration, and saying, “Yes, yes,” all the while feeling that it was quite a bore to be compelled to hear his story out. It was a rich and amusing scene.

We passed among the remains of imperial palaces, extensive baths, ruined barracks, wide encircling amphitheatres, broken arches, academic halls, crumbling temples and columns, and trod upon the fragments of what had once been almost breathing marble. We wandered through Elysian fields, military parade-grounds, and last of all, through the vale of Tempe; and time would fail me to tell what else. In a word, we saw the ruins of the villa of a proud, rich old Roman, that covered a space of ten miles in circuit, occupying a lovely sight, embracing a great variety of surface, lying at the base of the hills and mountains that form the framework of the matchless *campagna* on the east, commanding a view of the distant city, and a magnificent landscape of boundless extent. But everybody has heard something of Hadrian’s Villa.

We again mounted our fine, open carriage, and getting ahead of a dozen or more vehicles bound for Tivoli, our coachman cracked his whip, and put his horses off at a full gallop, and soon we were ascending the mountain, by a finely-graded road to the place of our

destination. At twelve o'clock we were standing under the shadow of, what passes for an old temple of Vesta, overlooking the vast chasm into which the foaming waters of the cascade of Tivoli are poured over a rocky bed, dashed into feathery spray that rose up like the smoke from an iron forge in some of the mining districts of our mountains in Virginia. The sun was shining in full, unclouded, noonday splendor, and the bold, glorious arches of two great rainbows were spanning the deep, dark ravine, and mingling their beautiful tints with the diamond spray, that rose, mist-like, from the hidden depths below.

From our point of observation a terraced, zigzag path wound down the steep declivity, I should say, at least, three hundred feet furnishing commanding and picturesque views from various angular points of the descent, adown which scores of visitors were passing, and here and there in groups, leaning over the rocky barriers, and gazing in entranced delight upon the wild, romantic, and exciting scenes around. Ascending on the other side of the deep ravine, by a path less precipitous, but very steep, large numbers of ladies, mounted on donkeys, goaded on by noisy attendants, were seen through the openings in the trees, and the gaps in the rocky battlements.

It was not long before our party was again in the hands of a sprightly little boy as our guide, who, with an intelligent face, and a winning smile, took the lead and pointed out the objects of interest on the way. We were conducted into dark, rocky caverns, far below the overhanging precipice above, where the wild tumultuous waters, breaking through the crevices in the rocks, foamed and dashed around and beneath us, producing a reverberating sound like the waves of the

ocean in a storm, dashing upon a cavernous shore. In another part of the descent we passed through a long, under-ground corridor, excavated by Gregory XIV., in the face of the calcareous rock, with arches and columns, and open spaces looking out upon the cascades, and furnishing glimpses of the surrounding hills, and the yawning chasms that opened beneath us.

The present cascade is artificial. The stream, since the breaking up of the former cascade, has been conducted under the hill by two great tunnels for the distance of a few hundred yards, and suddenly bursts out from its confinement—leaping and flashing in the sunlight, and plunges over the rocks in a sort of frantic delight, and goes rushing down the deep abyss, shouting and rejoicing, flinging the notes of its thunder song upon the winds. An immense amount of money and labor has been bestowed upon these falls, and their history is curious and interesting, but it does not fall in with my purpose to go into any minuteness of detail. An ancient villa was hung upon the face of the precipice, on the farther side from the town, with the various apartments of an extensive palace excavated in the rock. These are still open, and are pointed out to visitors by the guide. Returning by another route, we reached the town, and took a turn amid its crooked, narrow and dirty streets, where we were beset by beggars at almost every step, who in the most touching, and plaintive tones of apparent distress, begged us to give them something, “Signore, Signore,” the little children addressed us, extending their hands, and looking us wistfully in the face.

The women, many of whom had pretty faces, black eyes and hair, were seated in the streets, at their doors variously employed. Some were knitting; some cleaning

wheat by a slow and tedious process ; some spinning in a style that must be seen to be understood. The flax was attached to a distaff and drawn off to form the thread, which was twisted by twirling the broach on which it was wound with the fingers. They seemed to do it with a great deal of ease and facility, but there must be some art in winding it on the broach so as to prevent it running off as the broach is twirled in twisting the thread. Other women, and not a few, were engaged in less interesting employment, to me at least, as a spectator, perhaps equally agreeable to them. They were seated upon the ground, leaning against the walls of the houses, in the sunshine, with little urchins stretched across their laps, busily employed in ridding the heads of the little brats, of what, in most civilized countries, would be regarded as a very great annoyance, and of which a person would be rid by a fine tooth comb.

We were conducted to an old church, thence to the battlements in the rear, from which we had a fine view of a lovely villa at our feet, and of the wide, sweeping campagna. Rome was in full view, and the proud dome of Saint Peter's soared, in a sort of airy, balloon-like lightness, above every intervening and surrounding object. From this point we returned to the hotel, and out of doors, under the shadow of the temple of Vesta (so called), a circular temple of great antiquity, with fluted Corinthian columns, we ate our dinner, while the roar of the cascade was in our ears, and with a bright blue sky bending above us. But our carriage was waiting, and our courier was hurrying us off. At the door we were again beset by a crowd of beggars, principally old, gray-headed women. We dispensed a few pauls among them, and taking our seats, we were soon descending the mountain toward the campagna.

In this descent we had the most splendid views of the surrounding country, and especially of the campagna, that we had ever enjoyed. The whole undulating plain, from the base of the hill below us to the distant Mediterranean, and from the mountains on the north to the Pontine Marshes on the south, embracing hundreds of thousands of square acres, all lay before us. While convents upon the hillsides, in the midst of old olive-orchards, were gleaming in the sunlight above us; the deep, green foliage of the olive was around us, and beneath, and far away, the sparkling waters of the Anio might be traced for many miles, winding over the campagna, toward the point of its entrance into the Tiber a few miles above Rome. On two or three mountain summits to the north of us, little towns and villages were perched upon the rocks, and one small village reposed in a sweet valley, midway between two mountains, shining in the evening sunlight, like a resplendent jewel on a heaving bosom of beauty.

In our descent of the mountains, a very handsome girl, about fourteen years of age, with dark hair, black, lustrous eyes, and a symmetrical form, sprang suddenly from a rock by the wayside, with the agility of a deer, and ran along by our carriage with the fleetness of a gazelle, extending her hand, and in tones soft and sweet as the notes of a lute, she asked for a *buonamino*. One of our party took out a paul, and presented it to her, and in her attempt to take it, he clasped her hand, which she suddenly disengaged; but nothing abashed, she kept up the chase until she succeeded in obtaining it from his hand.

A pleasant drive of two hours and a half set us down in the court of our hotel in Rome.

About nine o'clock to-night as we were sitting and

conversing with some company in our parlor, suddenly we were most agreeable interrupted by the notes of our national air, "Hail Columbia," breaking upon us in the sweetest strains of music from an adjoining room. Two Italian musicians had entered our front room, and learning, no doubt, that we were Americans, they struck up Hail Columbia. Their instruments were a violin and guitar, and the music was exceedingly sweet. Suddenly a home feeling came over us, and instantly we set up a sort of fourth-of-July huzzaing. The effect upon us was almost electrical. When they ceased we called out, "*Encore, encore!*" and they gave it to us again. We then had Yankee Doodle and the Marseilles Hymn, with some other familiar pieces, all of which were admirably played, and were very pleasant to us. We put a few pauls in the hands of the musicians, and with polite acknowledgments of the favor they retired, probably to return again to-morrow evening as these Italians rarely forget favors.

To-day I have been reviewing and closing up in Rome. To-morrow we leave for Naples. This morning was spent in shopping, dropping into studios, churches, and galleries. This afternoon we took a drive out of the Porta del Popolo as far as the hill beyond Ponte Molle, from which we had another fine view of Rome, and the surrounding campagna to a great distance. On the Ponte Molle we met a large number of French soldiers returning from a drill and review on a sort of Champ de Mars, just beyond the bridge. This celebrated bridge occupies a position near the place of the battle between Constantine and Maxentius, at the time the sign of the cross appeared to Constantine with the word "*In hoc signo vince.*" Returning, I hastened to Trintà de Monti to hear vespers, but was too late.

To-morrow, a grand *Te Deum* is to be sung in the Sistine Chapel over the peace news from Paris. Rome responds heartily to everything of interest from Paris. Well she may, for the pope retains his seat in the Vatican by the clemency of Napoleon III. The elements of revolution are rife in the city. The Liberalists hate the pope and curse the cardinals, and are only waiting their day to break out in open rebellion against the government.

I have been much pleased with my sojourn in Rome. The ruins and other objects of interest have so occupied my time that more than two weeks have glided away like the ever-changing scenes of a panorama, or the dissolving views of a magic lantern. The longer I remain, the longer I wish to stay. I feel as though I should not soon grow weary of this city, in which so much is combined to engage the attention.

But it is late at night, and I am weary. The murmur of the fountain that plays under my window, in the court of the hotel, lulls me to sleep. The pattering sound of the waters on the marble basin is not unlike the falling of raindrops upon the roof, and the effect upon my jaded mind is like that produced by an April rain at home, when night has closed in, and the regular patter, patter, patter, upon the shingles hangs lead upon my eyelids, and closes up the senses, and sings me to sleep, like a weary child in its mother's arms.

CHAPTER XI.

FROM ROME TO NAPLES.

Departure from Rome. — Albano. — A Donkey Ride. — Night at Cisterna. — Pontine Marshes. — Terracina. — Fondi. — Customhouse. — Orange Groves and Scenery. — Cicero's Tomb. — Mola di Gaeta. — Beggars. — Condition of Females. — Fine Agricultural District. — Mount Vesuvius. — Arrival in Naples. — First Impressions.

CISTERNA, *April 3.* — This morning at a little after eight o'clock our party left the Hotel de l'Europe in Rome, where for more than two weeks we had been comfortably quartered, and highly pleased with the entertainment; and in a few moments we were passing out of the court into the streets, while half a score of servants, and other attachés of the hotel stood around, wishing us a pleasant and happy journey. We were mounted in a snug and comfortable vetturini, with an extension top which was thrown back, so as to make it an open carriage, affording us an opportunity of seeing everything around us without obstruction. Our baggage was well lashed on behind, and our courier mounted on a high seat with the driver. We had three good horses attached to our vehicle, under a contract to be landed at Capua, on our way to Naples, in something less than three days. By this arrangement we can take an evening train at Capua, and reach Naples in three days from Rome; resting two whole nights on the way.

We passed down the Via Condotti into the Corsa, which we traversed for some distance, then via something else near the Pantheon; then by Trajan's Column and Forum, and directly we were passing round the Coliseum, that sublime ruin which seems to grow and expand at each succeeding visit, then by Saint John Lateran, and the Church of the Sacred Stairway, and in a few minutes we were at the Porta San Giovanni, the point of departure from the city for Naples. Here we were detained.

Our driver had failed to procure his passport and had to send some one for it. After half an hour or more it was brought by an old woman, who had a face that bore the marks of violent passions—hard, sunburnt, wrinkled. Her hair was coarse and sandy, and her frame square and firmly built. The driver refused to pay her as much for her trouble as she demanded, and a most stormy and menacing quarrel ensued. Their voices were elevated, and their words very emphatic. The old woman held her ground and outtalked the man. He attempted to push her aside and start; but she was not to be foiled, and she multiplied her words, became more infuriated and stormy, until her passions burst forth in a perfect lava tide of bitter words, and I should think burning oaths, if the Italians know how to swear. The driver mounted his seat, but she pursued him with the most clamorous demands for her pay, until he tossed her an additional amount, whereupon she cooled off as rapidly as a piece of red-hot iron dropped into a tub of cold water. Happily for our party our courier, *Suderie*, does all our quarrelling. But there is scarcely a bargain made with these Italians, or money paid in fulfilment of a contract, that is not attended with quarrelling. They always ask exorbitant

prices, chaffer and fall from twenty-five to fifty per cent., and then demand more in final settlement than was agreed upon in the contract.

I left Rome with reluctance. A sojourn of more than two weeks in that old city, I regard as the most delightful episode in my life. Parting from the Porta San Giovanni on the south of the city, we traversed a section of the *campagna* that filled the mind with mingled emotions of sadness, wonder, and sublimity. As far as the eye could reach over the desolate waste, it was met with the ruins of ancient villas, and the crumbling, decaying remains of once splendid mansions, the homes of wealth, luxury, and pride, among which, the most conspicuous objects were, the long lines of the Claudian, Tempulan, and Marcian aqueducts, "spanning the dreary waste with their gigantic arches." The road runs directly south, and nearly parallel with the Via Appia, and not more than half a mile from it, for the distance of eleven miles, where the new road falls into the old way, and continues over it, with occasional detours of a few miles at a time, all the way to Capua, from which place there is now a railroad to Naples, of twenty miles.

But I felt sad on leaving Rome. I had become singularly attached to it; its ruins, gray with time and rich in historical associations, had become endeared to me, and it was not without some regrets and many lingering looks that I parted from its portals. I feel as though I could tarry for months in this old city and never grow weary. I love to clamber about the remains of its ancient temples and palaces, to ramble through the long-deserted halls of its departed emperors, and gather the roses and flowers that bloom over the tombs of its mighty men of renown. I love to enter the por-

tals of its splendid churches; to stroll through its public and private galleries, in which are collected the finest productions of painting and sculpture in the world; to visit the suburban villas of its rich and princely families; to drop into the studios of its artists; to pause on the bridges that span the Tiber; to linger in its manufactures of mosaics and cameos, to saunter about the public gardens on the Pincian hill at sunset; to visit Saint Peter's; to stand on its lofty dome; to ride over the campagna.

I love Rome. Its ruins are monumental, and an instructive epitaph is inscribed on every column that stands in isolated and solitary grandeur amid the rubbish that conceals the buried temples and palaces of which it was a part. Every fragment of marble, broken from old capitals, entablatures, and friezes; every piece of old mosaic floors turned over by the foot in passing; and every patch of plastering on decaying walls and ceilings, with its frescoes, arabesques, and bas-reliefs, has its history, and becomes a connecting link between the present and the remote and shadowy past. But I must away from Rome, much as I love it.

About eleven miles south of Rome the road which we were travelling fell into the old Appian Way. This old road until recently was the main thoroughfare to the city. It leaves Rome by the Porta San Sebastiano, and passes by the old Saint Sebastian church from which the catacombs are entered, by the tomb of Cecilia Metella, and runs directly south, in a perfectly straight line for the distance of sixteen miles to Albano, a small town which occupies an elevated site on the declivity of the Alban mount, from which the whole campagna, extending northward, beyond and around Rome, and westward to the Mediterranean, the blue waters of

which may be seen as far as the eye can reach, lies within the range of vision.

We reached Albano about twelve o'clock, and in a few minutes our whole party, four in number, were mounted on donkeys, something larger than big, very big dogs; and with a stout lad for our *guide* in the rear, with a long stick, beating the donkeys, and whooping and hallooing at a boisterous rate, away we went up the hills, and through the streets, until we passed the outer limits of the town, and ascending a steep point, covered with rocks, we found ourselves upon the borders of the Alban lake, a beautiful and lovely sheet of water, embosomed, like a gem, in the top of the mountain. Oh! it was a lovely prospect. The lake fills the crater of an extinct volcano, and is set in a frame worthy of the jewel that glitters on the brow of the mountain. The sheet of water is two and a half miles long by one and a half wide. We rode around it. The road was smooth, smothered in the dark foliage of old, evergreen trees, with jagged branches, and sturdy trunks. Our *guides*, who followed us with sticks, commenced whooping and hallooing again, and pouring on the blows in rapid succession upon the hinder parts of our donkeys, and away we went in a sweeping gallop down the hill, not a little delighted with the novelty of the excursion, and the mode of travelling. In the height of our speed one of Mr. Warwick's stirrups, which was attached with a slender string, broke, and he pitched forward, clasping the donkey round the neck, and stretching his limbs backward, which extended quite behind the little animal, that had well-nigh doubled itself up in the effort to stop suddenly. The rider presented a ludicrous figure that would have formed an

original for Harpers' Magazine, or the Yankee Notions. At another point, on the borders of the lake, while we paused under a tree for another view, Mr. Branch attempted to stand on his saddle, and reach some twigs above him, when by some means he lost his balance, and came down at full length upon the ground, with a force that might have done him serious damage, had he fallen from a taller animal than the one which bore him.

We then rode to Castle Gondolfa — the-seat of the pope's summer country palace, after which we made our way back to the hotel, where we got our dinner, and again set out on our journey.

The road from Albano to Cisterna lies along the brow of the hills that run up to the campagna, and presents as fine a specimen of engineering as is met with once in a thousand miles on public highways. The scenery is perfectly enchanting. The Mediterranean was in full view on the one hand, and the mountains, with lovely valleys intervening, on the other, while olive-orchards and vineyards were around us. We passed through Genzano, and Vallettri. From the latter place we began to descend toward Cisterna, with the Pontine Marshes lying before us, presenting a wide-spread, monotonous plain, relieved only by the high points of headland running up to its border, and a solitary mountain rising upon its surface, thrown up, most probably by some volcanic force.

Cisterna is a small town. There is nothing here to interest the traveller. The hotel at which we are staying is very poor, but there are several parties in the house on their way to Naples, whose presence does much to compensate for the absence of those comforts which we find in better hotels.

MOLA DI GAETA, *April 4.* — This morning we left Cis-

terna at five o'clock, and were entering on the Pontine Marshes at sunrise. The view was pleasant. An apparently interminable flat plain stretched before us, across which the Appian Way, straight as a gun-barrel, ran on and on as far as the eye could reach, skirted by double rows of old elms on each side, while the sun came up gloriously from beyond the Volscian mountains, whose giant shadows were projected far over the marshes. The mountains being of unequal height at different points, and at unequal distances from our position of observation, their sides presented a beautiful variety of colors — light and shade — deeper and softer blue, from the dark purple to the more delicate cerulean tints that melt into pink, rose, and sapphire.

The Pontine Marshes are not a swampy, marshy region, at present, as most persons suppose ; but, by the system of drainage kept up for so many years and the cultivation under which they have been brought, they now present rather the appearance of rich, alluvial low grounds, such as border large streams in a low, flat country. The air is insalubrious, and scarcely any person lives permanently on the marshes. But we everywhere saw large flocks of cattle and horses, and occasionally herds of sheep and goats. The fields of wheat were green, and appeared very promising. But that road — there is nothing like it in the world ! For more than thirty miles it is perfectly straight — not a crook or a curve in it, or the slightest deviation from a right line. Withal it is perfectly level, and as smooth and firm as a marble pavement, and embowered all the way with lofty, spreading elms. The grade is so perfect that the irons of a railroad might be laid down without any change of the surface. This road across the marshes has been in existence for more than two

thousand years. It was built by Appius some time before the Christian era. Along it the old Roman emperors, and the rich men of the imperial city, and the orators and poets, travelled in their excursions southward to Naples, Baiæ, and other places on the Mediterranean, in pursuit of health, recreation, and pleasure. Over this road Cicero often passed from his Formian villa to Rome, and it was on this same old Appian Way that Horace made his celebrated journey to Brundisium, recorded in his Satires, with which every school-boy is familiar.

But above all, especially to the Christian, it was over this road that Saint Paul travelled, when he was carried by Julius the centurion to Rome as a prisoner. The same natural scenery surrounded him eighteen hundred years ago, that was around us this morning.

We passed Appii Forum, which is now a post-house—nothing more—and so of the Three Taverns mentioned by the Apostle. We arrived at Terracina about ten o'clock, having travelled near forty miles. Here we rested and got our dinner.

Terracina occupies a narrow slip of land, lying between the base of the Volscian mountains, and the Mediterranean—the mountains running right up to the sea at the point occupied by the hotel at which we stopped, and hanging over the waters in lofty, precipitous, and rocky heights, that make the head grow giddy in looking up, from the hotel window, to their summits. There is barely room for the road to pass between the foot of the loftiest battlement of rocks, and the margin of the waters that break along the beach.

From Terracina we passed along upon the shores of the Mediterranean for several miles—the road in some places, cut out of the solid rock, and everywhere lying

under the frowning brow of the mountains, that towered high and haughtily above us. At the arched gateway Potella, the entrance from the papal to the Neapolitan states, our passports were viséd, and a few miles farther on at Fondi, our baggage according to the laws of the realm, should have been examined; but our courier, following the universal custom, by placing a couple of dollars or so in the hands of the customhouse officers, all of whom, in Italy, have elastic consciences, managed to get it through without unstrapping a trunk, or turning a key. In matters of this sort we leave all to our courier, Suderie, and never stop to debate the question of morals involved in such matters. At Fondi we found ourselves in the very midst of the most fruitful orange and lemon groves that I have ever seen. And then the oranges are far superior to any that I ever tasted—large, juicy, and delicious; the pulp as tender as the pulp of a ripe watermelon, and the peel as easily torn off with the fingers as a wrapping of half-baked dough. These were offered for sale in great abundance, by as miserable a looking set of human beings as I have ever seen, at a *Baiocco* a piece.

Fondi is a dirty, filthy, mean-looking place, with as wretched a population as can be found anywhere except in Civita Vecchia. The country around has long been a den of robbers, and mounted gens d'armes, even now have to accompany the public diligences for miles through some of these mountain passes to protect them against violence and robbery. And yet, in all the entire extent of the kingdom of Naples, there is not a more fertile and productive region than the country around Fondi, and southward toward Gaeta, near which place I am now writing.

The scenery about Itri, and between Itri and Mola di

Gaeta, is unsurpassed by anything on this whole route. Descending a long mountain slope toward the seashore, just at the point where a wide expanse of plain and valley and ocean breaks upon the view, we came in sight of the tomb of Cicero. It is a large circular tower, very much like the tomb of Cecilia Metella, near Rome, and the tomb of Plautius Lucanus, near Hadrian's Villa. We paused long enough to gather some flowers, and pick up some pieces of marble about the last resting-place of the great orator, and then hastened to the hotel at Mola di Gaeta, which stands just upon the borders of Cicero's Formian Villa. About sunset, we strolled through the orange and lemon groves that cover the ruins of this villa, and enjoyed the delightful, ripe fruit, just from the bending boughs of the heavily-laden trees, and communed, in thought, with the genius of the man whose eloquent tongue and polished style have given him a reputation that shall live when the last stone of his lofty monument shall have been removed, and the last vestige of his once beautiful villa shall be blotted out for ever. This villa, which occupied a sunny slope on the seashore, and which was laid out with its shady walks, and grottoes, and bowers, was the favorite haunt of Cicero. Here he rambled and enjoyed, in summer-time, the Etesian breezes; here he held his political conferences with Pompey, and here he enjoyed the society of Scipio and Lælius. From this villa he could look out upon the beautiful bay of Gaeta, which is scarcely less lovely than the bay of Naples; a bay that engaged the pens of Homer, Horace, and Virgil, and is immortalized in their classical pages. It was here that Ulysses met the daughter of Antiphates, king of the Læstrygones; while, in open view, a few miles up the shore, to the west, are the port and prom-

ontory to which Virgil has given an ever-living interest, as the burial-place of the nurse of *Æneas*; and not far distant, that portion of the snowy beach where Scipio Africanus and Lælius were in the habit of retiring, and amusing their leisure, in picking up shells, and enjoying the breezes from the sea. The town of old Gaeta, which occupies a bold promontory, running out into the sea, and which is, perhaps, the strongest military post in the Neapolitan states, is but three or four miles from Mola di Gaeta, and is celebrated as the place where the pope took refuge in 1849, during the revolutionary movements in Rome, which so much endangered his life as to make it necessary for him to escape from the city.

Mola di Gaeta has a population of eight hundred, and is one of the most delightful resting-places on the shores of the Mediterranean. The hotel at which we are stopping—*Hotel villa di Cicerone*—is a pleasant house. The view from the window of my room is enchanting. The promontory and town of Gaeta, a mile or so distant, are in full view. The wide sea is open before me. The roar of the surf rises to my window. The rich foliage of the orange and lemon is under my eye, shading the ruins of the Formian Villa of Cicero.

NAPLES, *April 5*.—We left Mola di Gaeta at seven o'clock this morning, and after a drive of three hours, through a romantic, vine-growing, orange, olive, and lemon country, we stopped an hour at Sant' Agata, where we got a nice breakfast, and then put out for Capua, the railroad terminus, at which point our vetturini travelling was to be substituted by the cars and steam. The country about Sant' Agata seemed to swarm with beggars. Little children from five to ten years of age would run by our carriage, and turn somersets, and sing, and beg, until it was impossible to resist their importunities.

They would even pick up the pieces of cigars thrown to them, and put them in their hats, or into their mouths, and then make motions indicating that they were hungry, and still beg on in rhyme and prose, sometimes plaintively, sometimes clamorously. Such a state of society I have never before witnessed; decidedly more forbidding here than in the papal states. The women seem to perform the most of the outdoor labor. In every direction we saw them at work in the vineyards and wheat-fields. Sometimes digging, sometimes carrying immense burdens on their heads, but everywhere looking degraded and downtrodden. One could scarcely believe that the fair sex could be so far transformed into mere drudges and beasts of burden; that the female form could become so angular, rough, and masculine, and that woman could occupy a position so foreign from that for which the great Creator seems to have designed her. These hard-working females wore coarse and scanty attire, and seemed, in most instances, to be unconscious that they were not filling the spheres in domestic life, for which they are physically and naturally adapted. Again and again we passed groups of them, in the towns and on the outskirts of villages, standing in the water up to their knees washing clothes, so arranging their skirts in the meantime as to prevent them from dangling in the stream.

A few miles from Sant' Agata we fell into a more flat and level country which continued to Capua. From Capua to Naples, the railroad lies through one of the finest vine and agricultural districts on the globe. The whole country is like a garden. Every foot of the soil, which is exceedingly productive, is under cultivation. In this regard it far exceeded all my expectations. The country around Boston is not in a more highly im-

proved condition, while the soil is a hundred fold more productive. As far as the eye can reach, it ranged over growing wheat, flourishing gardens of vegetables, and vineyards, with here and there, orange and lemon groves, richly laden with fruit. During the whole day Mount Vesuvius was in sight, but it was not until we passed Capua that it became sufficiently distinct to see the cloud of smoke rising from its crater. At first this volume of smoke looked for all the world like a fleecy mass of white clouds capping the mountain, and floating off upon the wings of the wind, nor did this appearance materially change, until the sunlight was cut off from it as the evening came on, when it assumed a darker, slate-colored hue, and boiled up like smoke from a great furnace. It looked very much as I had pictured it a thousand times to my mind. We got to the depot about six o'clock.

Naples is a flashing, dashing sort of place, very unlike Rome. It is a noisy, bustling, animated place. From the station we drove, I should think, full three miles through the city—part of the way on the shores of the beautiful bay—before we reached the *Hotel Vittoria et des Empereurs*, at which we took lodgings. The streets were crowded. We passed fine carriages, fine shops, fine houses, and fine-looking people, reminding us of Paris, or Broadway in New York—altogether unlike anything we have seen since we left Paris. But I may be premature in the expression of any opinion in relation to Naples, as I have only been in the city three hours, and have not been outside the hotel since I arrived. At the table d'hôte, at which I have just dined, I observed that almost every one spoke English. The fact is, the city is full of visiters, of whom the great majority are Americans and English. To-morrow is Sunday.

NAPLES, *April 6.*—To-day for the most part has been rainy. I have kept pretty closely in-doors. This evening I took a little walk upon the street bordering the bay, which seems to be the principal promenade of the city. Fine carriages and fine houses were abundant. There was scarcely anything anywhere to remind me that it was the Christian Sabbath. The shops were open ; market-places crowded, and men hawking various articles along the streets. How much the Gospel, in its purity, is needed in all Europe. Without it, men can have no correct standard of morals. I am more and more convinced, every day, that nothing but an unqualified submission to the Bible, as the only rule of moral conduct, will make men what they ought to be. All other standards are false and defective ; and the substitution of the teachings of the Romish church, in her traditions, and so forth, is but little better, if any, than the philosophical teachings of downright infidelity.

CHAPTER XII.

NAPLES AND ITS ENVIRONS.

The Royal Museum. — A Day at Herculaneum and Pompeii. — Excavations. — Amphitheatre. — Beggars. — Mount Vesuvius.

NAPLES, *April 7.* — This whole day has been devoted to the Royal Museum. In the city of Naples, apart from its fine streets, beautiful gardens, gay and fashionable promenades, and the motley mixture of its inhabitants, there is comparatively little to interest the traveller. The Royal Museum, of course, forms an exception. This is perfectly inexhaustible. The collection of curiosities, from the excavated cities of Herculaneum and Pompeii, congregated in this museum, alone, would require many weeks to examine with any degree of care. One may read here, the whole of the domestic and private history of the social life and habits of the inhabitants of these long-buried cities — not in books and manuscripts — but in marble, paintings, frescoes, household and kitchen furniture, tablets, vases, and a thousand other articles quite too tedious to enumerate. We have here lamps, candelabra, agricultural instruments, hoes, pickaxes, spades, door-knockers, keys, surgical instruments, ink-stands, mirrors, combs, pins, playthings for children, moulds for pastry, and various kinds of fruits in a charred state — such as figs, prunes, grapes, apricots, etc., etc.; and

bread with the baker's name on it, looking as though it were but a short time from the oven. There are also such things as hinges, bits for horses, locks, fish-hooks, and an endless number of ornaments for females, in the way of rings, breast-pins, ear-rings, hair ornaments, and very many of them in a style of workmanship that is scarcely surpassed by all the discoveries and improvements of the nineteenth century.

“In short,” to use the language of another, “these marvellous rooms of the museum, present an epitome of the whole domestic and daily life of Rome under the empire. By the help of the innumerable objects contained in this unique collection, we can follow out all the hours of a Roman day. We sit, or rather recline, with the wealthy nobleman of Pompeii at his meals, and criticise his table furniture, and almost pronounce upon the flavor of his dishes or the age of his wine. We peep into the dressing-room of his wife, and see her toilet apparatus spread out before us ; her rouge, her mirrors, her ornaments ; in short all the weapons with which she fought off the approach of time. We penetrate into the kitchen ; see the charcoal lighted in the brazier, hear the water bubbling in the urn, and snuff the steam of the dishes that simmer in the saucepans. We sit with the student in his library, go out into the fields with the farmer, visit the shops of artisans and mechanics, and accompany the surgeon in his professional calls. We go with the respectable citizen to the theatre, and with the wild young man to the gaming-table, and see him lose his money to a Greek blackleg. From all that is spread before us, we gather the truth that man is an animal with very few tricks ; that the same wants impelled and the same passions disturbed him, in those days as now ; that the same dangers lay in his path, and the

same temptations led him astray ; and that life was the mingled web of suffering and enjoyment in Pompeii, eighteen hundred years ago, that it is to-day in London or New York."

It is amazing to see to what an extent the manufacture of articles of convenience and of ornament was carried at this age of the world. I felt, in hastily looking over this vast collection, embracing such an endless variety of articles, adapted to so many purposes, that we had less cause to boast of the inventions, discoveries, and mechanical skill of the nineteenth century than I had been accustomed to believe. The galleries of statuary embrace a very large number of pieces, the great majority of which have no other interest than that which arises from the places in which they were found, and the history of their introduction into this museum. The group of the Farnese Bull, Mercury in repose, the Apollo, and a modern piece just finished, and designed as a present for the king of Naples, pleased me most, of all the thousands of pieces in the sculpture halls. Among the paintings there were of course many fine pieces, belonging to different schools, but I can not occupy the space necessary to mention them.

April 8.—This whole day has been given to Herculaneum and Pompeii. In addition to the party of young gentlemen who are travelling with me, we had Mr. and Mrs. Guild of Roxbury, near Boston, in our company, two most agreeable travelling companions who have accompanied us from Rome, and who have contributed much to our enjoyment in the social circle. It is a happiness to meet with such persons in a foreign land.

Herculaneum is about six miles east of Naples, near the shores of the bay ; Pompeii lies some seven miles beyond, in the same direction, and at the base of the

southeastern slope of Vesuvius. These cities were covered during an eruption of Vesuvius in the year of our Lord 97. Herculaneum was covered with lava, and Pompeii with hot ashes—not molten lava. The work of excavating Herculaneum, which is buried at least eighty feet beneath the surface, is very difficult; that of Pompeii, comparatively easy. A modern town of ten thousand inhabitants, called Resina, stands over Herculaneum, and as the visiter threads the labyrinthian mazes of the great theatre which has been partially excavated, he can hear the rumbling of the carriages, and the tramp of horses along the streets, resounding through successive layers of lava and rubbish, more than eighty feet in thickness.

This theatre, it is said, could accommodate a larger number of person than any theatre now in Naples, the San Carlo not excepted, which is next to the largest—if not, in fact, the largest theatre in the world. There is a small portion of Herculaneum on the southeastern border of Resina, which has been laid entirely bare. Here we have the clean, paved streets, the large and commodiously arranged private dwellings, with their little gardens in the court, their corridors running round the gardens, their wine-cellars, and servants' apartments; and, in many places, the frescoes and mosaics in an almost perfect state of preservation. It is amazing to see to what an extent mosaic floors were used by these ancient Romans. Scarcely a ruin is found, where the mosaic floors are not also discovered—not confined to a single apartment—but in every room, and even in the outer courts.

From Herculaneum, which lies directly on the way from Naples, we hastened on to Pompeii. We might have gone by railroad, but we preferred a private carriage, as this mode of conveyance allowed us to stop

wherever we pleased by the way. A railroad to Pompeii! What old Roman ever dreamed of such a thing? The work of excavation has been progressing here for more than a hundred years, and, as yet, not more than one sixth of the city has been uncovered. The work still goes on, but at a very slow pace. If the Americans had it in hand, with a few thousand Irish laborers employed all the time, in less than five years they would have the whole city, with all its hidden wonders, exposed to the sunlight. The part already cleared off presents the appearance of a city but recently destroyed by fire. The streets are clean, and very well paved, wearing the marks of the carriage-wheels that rolled over them in the days of the men of distinction whose tombs still remain in long lines upon the street which traverses the suburb called Augusta Felix. The walls of the houses are still perfect, in very many instances, and whole apartments — saloons, bed-chambers, and private *boudoirs*, are nearly as fresh as if they had been vacated but for a few days.

It requires several hours—at least four or five—constantly occupied, to make any tolerable survey of the part already excavated. The visiter passes along the streets, under the direction of a guide, and is shown into the different private dwellings and public buildings; into the temples, academies, bakehouses, apothecary-shops, surgeons' offices, prisons, baths, merchants' shops, etc., which stand along the way. The frescoes, arabesques, and other paintings, in many of the rooms, are still bright and distinct; but who ever saw such pictures, as decorations, intended to meet the eyes of any but those whose minds are utterly debased by familiarity with scenes of debauchery, lewdness, and coarse vulgarity? The execution is fine. The figures are

often graceful, elegant, attractive; but what do they represent? Unzoned nymphs, Venuses, grotesque fairies, bounding Bacchantes, and undraped men! There are thousands of pictorial and sculptured representations here, which must have been exposed to the eyes of men, women, and children, in all the private and public walks of life, as they are now exposed, in sunlight, to thousands of visitors, which are sufficiently indelicate, to say the least, to tinge the cheek of modesty even to recall them in the dark. Many of these paintings have been carefully taken from the walls, and are now among the curiosities in the Royal Museum of Naples. More recently the frescoes are permitted to remain, and some of them are concealed by temporary shutters, which are opened by the guides, to prying and curious visitors, who like to see everything that can be seen. In many places the beautiful mosaics are untouched. Here they lie, as bright and attractive as they were two thousand years ago. Many whole floors have been removed, and formed into magnificent tables, as ornaments to the splendid apartments of royal palaces; others have been used for the floors of the bed-chambers and drawing-rooms of lordly mansions in different parts of Europe. They are to be seen in Naples, Rome, and various other places. In Pompeii they form the pavement before the doors, and in the open courts of private dwellings, as well as in the temples, public and private baths, and places of amusement in the city. There is nothing in modern times, that surpasses, in point of elegance of taste and workmanship, the mosaics of Pompeii.

The amphitheatre of Pompeii, which occupies a site in the northern part of the city, was not entirely covered by the eruption which so completely buried the rest

of the city. This has been cleared, and is found in a pretty good state of preservation. After visiting the portion of the city already excavated, and taking a lunch, and resting an hour or so, we visited the amphitheatre. It was a lovely afternoon. The sun was descending the western slope of a clear, blue sky, and the shadow of Mount Vesuvius was stretching out over the beautiful plain that surrounds it. There was a half dozen in our party. We sat upon the seats which were occupied by the fashionable and pleasure-loving families of Pompeii, and surveyed the arena where tragic and bloody scenes passed before the eyes of thousands of beholders in other days. Here were still the passages and doors by which the wild beasts and gladiators entered the arena. Around us were the reserved and select seats occupied by the nobility. Sweeping, on all sides, rising tier above tier, were the circular seats for the other classes of society.

In this vast amphitheatre, which is four hundred and ninety feet by three hundred and thirty-five feet, its form as usual, being elliptical, which could accommodate, perhaps, twenty thousand persons, it is believed the people of Pompeii were assembled, witnessing some exciting gladiatorial contest, at the time of the eruption which swallowed up the city. What a scene of excitement must have ensued! What cries of distress and shrieks of terror and dismay rang out over this arena, amid the dismal roar of the descending fire-storm, and the howling of the affrighted and terrified wild beasts in their confinement below! What a crowd of shivering ghosts were hurried from this spot into the presence of the great God! Pompeii was like Sodom and Gomorrah—full of crime, pollution, and uncleanness. The patience of Heaven was exhausted, and an aven-

ging Deity buried from human sight, as he did the cities of the plain, the guilty inhabitants of this corrupt and wicked sink of iniquity. What a change has come over this place of amusement, gayety, and festive mirth. The merry voices and exciting shouts that once echoed around these walls have long since been hushed in the silence of death. The fair forms and beautiful faces that once filled these seats have, centuries ago, mouldered to dust. The hearts that beat high with the excitement of pleasure have ceased to throb with pulsations of joy. A long, long dreary night of unbroken silence has reigned over this spot, and now the bat clings to its dark inner walls; the lizzard creeps from the crevices in the broken and dismantled seats; the serpent glides over the arena, and among the tangled grass; while rank weeds, and shrubbery, and wild flowers, with mantling creepers, half conceal the masonry of this vast, half subterranean structure, which was the pride of the Pompeians!

In ascending from the arena to the outer walls of the amphitheatre, our party encountered an enormous snake, basking in the sunshine. We commenced an attack upon him, which at last proved successful. We battered him with rocks, and pelted him with sticks. The sentinel, who is always upon the spot, came to our assistance. He pounced down upon him with the breech of his musket, and held him fast until we disabled him in part; and then "the boys" put in upon him with their knives, and cut off his head and otherwise mutilated his body. I protested against the knives being used for peeling apples and similar purposes, after having been employed in this piece of butchery; but I believe they have since been used in this way.

Beggars swarm about Pompeii, and greatly annoy

visitors. While we were at our lunch they crowded around us, and begged us for every morsel we put in our mouths. We distributed bread and other provisions among them. Among other things, we had a large dish of *maccaroni*. This we gave to some little girls and an old woman. They greedily raked it into their aprons, and grabbing up whole handfuls, they crammed it into their mouths, with the avidity of hungry dogs. One who has witnessed the manufacture of *maccaroni*, and seen a beggar eat it from her dirty apron, by the handful, will not be likely to relish the dish again for a season.

Mount Vesuvius is restless, and an eruption is expected soon. The great spiral and convolving columns of heated smoke arise from its summit in ever-ascending masses, and catching the sunlight, present a sublime and imposing spectacle to the eye. Vesuvius is always an object of never-tiring interest. Its form is peculiar. It rises from a beautiful and fertile plain, its base is skirted with vineyards and citron groves, and it stands alone in its majesty and grandeur, one of the most sublime and imposing spectacles on the globe.

April 12.—The last three days preceding the present I have spent on a sick bed, under medical treatment, and a lonely, sad time it has been to me. It might, however, have been much worse. I was not without attentive, kind friends, though far away from home and among strangers. My attack of illness was brought on by a too free use of the delightful fruits of this clime, and by too much exposure to the sun during the day, and too much labor in writing, at night. It is not very pleasant to be sick away from home, even in one's own country; but to be sick in a foreign and strange land, many thousands of miles away from one's native shore,

is to be deprecated, almost, next to dying in a foreign land. The first day of my illness, my young friends remained pretty constantly in my room. The second day I was thought to be much better, and they all made the excursion to Mount Vesuvius, and left me under the care of the physician and our courier. In the after part of the day my symptoms were not so favorable, and I must confess that my spirits flagged; and I became a little apprehensive that I might grow seriously worse, and began to anticipate events in the future that were rather gloomy, and such as I could not look in the face with composure. I shall not soon forget the kindness and attention of Dr. Nichols of Boston, during my confinement. He is a noble, generous hearted gentleman.

This morning I rode with my travelling companions to Pozzioli — the *Puteoli* of the New Testament times, and mentioned as the place at which Saint Paul landed at the time he was on his way from Jerusalem to Rome, as a prisoner. Puteoli was then a very considerable seaport, and the principal point at which the vast amounts of grain were landed from Egypt, and other grain countries in transit to Rome. From this place the Appian Way led directly to the great metropolis. It was a town planted by the early Greek colonists, and was in existence as a place of trade and commerce long before the Christian era. Upon the skirts of this town Cicero had one of his favorite villas, the remains of which are still visible. It was in its beauty and prime when Saint Paul landed at a point that must have been in full view of it. There are here also the remains of some great and splendid heathen temples, beneath the shadow of which the apostle of the Gentiles, in all probability, passed in chains; and it is fair-

ly to be presumed, from what we know of this illustrious man, that, as he glanced upon these imposing architectural piles, and saw the people wholly given to idolatry, that the spirit of his great commission came upon him, and that he was moved as when he stood on Mars' hill, amid the altars and idol-gods of Athens, and that he desired to preach Jesus and the Resurrection in Puteoli. There are here also the remains of a magnificent amphitheatre ; indeed it is in an almost complete state of preservation. It differs in some regards from the other great amphitheatres which I have visited—not in form—for all are elliptical or oval ; but in that it has a chariot course around it, and has also underground apartments beneath the arena, from which the wild animals were elevated through square holes into the arena, instead of entering from side-doors as at the Coliseum and at Pompeii. It is said that this amphitheatre could accommodate more than thirty thousand spectators. It is very large, and the circular seats are still, for the most part in a good state of repair. Earth and rubbish, of course, have accumulated to an immense extent in its underground apartments, and around its outer walls.

The columns of the celebrated temple of Serapis, found at this place, have excited a great deal of interest among geologists. (See Lyell's and Professor Silliman's Travels in Europe.) These columns show, indisputably, that the ground here has been sunk about fifteen feet below its relative position to the sea at the time they were erected, and since elevated at least ten feet—now being considerably lower than they were when the temple of which they are a part was built.

In the immediate vicinity of Pozzioli we also visited

Solfatara, a partially-extinct volcano. Here the hissing, hot stream issues from the fissures in the earth, and the ground has a hollow sound beneath one's feet. There are boiling springs, in which an egg might be cooked in four minutes, and alum-works where considerable quantities of alum are produced, immediately adjacent to this region. There are strong indications of an underground communication between this volcanic hill and Mount Vesuvius, though some twenty miles apart.

On our way back to Naples we turned aside to the *Grotto della cave* (dog cave), where the experiment is made on the dog, for the amusement and gratification of visitors—suffocating him to death in the carbonic acid gas issuing from the rocks in the cave, and restoring him to life by dragging him out again into the open air. We declined seeing the experiment on several accounts. First, on the score of humanity. Secondly, because I was too unwell and tired to remain on the spot. Thirdly, and mainly in this case, because of the enormous charge made by the custode for this experiment. He abated his first demand, to be sure, about eighty per cent., but still his figure was too high.

Nearer Naples, returning, after passing through the Posilipo Grotto, or tunnel, under a high hill—the main western outlet to the country from Naples—we visited the tomb of Virgil, or what passes for his tomb. It occupies a wild place on the brow of the hill overhanging the entrance to the Grotto.

CHAPTER XIII.

MORE ABOUT NAPLES AND ITS ENVIRONS.

Departure from Naples.—Delay in Starting.—View from the Deck of the Steamer, on leaving the Bay.—Sea-sickness.—Visit to the Protestant Cemetery.—Mrs. Olin's Grave.—New and Old Campo Santo.—Modes of Burial.—The Monks.—The King's Suburban Palace on Capo di Monte.—Population.—Manners and Morals.—Climate of Italy.—Soil.—Weather.

April 15.—(*On board the steamer Capri, lying at Civita Vecchia.*)—The miserable policy of this port will not allow us to go ashore without great trouble and considerable expense ; withal, Civita Vecchia is the very last place in the world where a decent white man would wish to take quarters even for a single day ; and as we shall be detained here till late this afternoon, I have determined to avail myself of the favorable opportunity presented to write up my journal.

We left Naples on yesterday afternoon at five o'clock. The boat was advertised to start at three o'clock. We were hurried aboard, and there was great bustle and show of getting off. The chief of the city police was on board, with a corps of assistants, busily engaged in registering the names of all the passengers, and doing, I scarcely know what—mustering the passengers from one part of the boat to another, for the purpose of counting them to see if the number of living persons, corresponded to the list of names. A name was called out

by the officer holding the list ; this was repeated by one of the officers of the boat, and so pronounced that one often did not recognise his own name ; when the person called was really identified, he was required to pass to another part of the boat, and this process was kept up until more than fifty passengers were counted. Somebody was missing. A notice-bell was rung. The steam was screaming from the steam-pipe. The machinery was put in motion, and there was a show of starting ; but it was only show. Somebody else came aboard, and somebody else went ashore, and another notice-bell was rung ; meanwhile there was a great deal of loud and boisterous talking—men running to and fro, and endless preparations for getting off were going on, until every one's patience was exhausted. It was past five o'clock when our boat crept out from among the shipping with which it was surrounded, and in a few moments it was standing out across the bay, heading south, toward the open sea.

The city presented a very fine appearance as seen from the deck of the steamer. The eye could take in at one sweep the whole circular shore of the bay, lined with houses stretching for several miles around this beautiful sheet of water. Just back of the city, on the north and west, the two lofty elevations which stand out most conspicuously are Capo di Monte and the hill Posilipo ; the former crowned with the elegant suburban palace and extensive gardens of the King of Naples, and the latter dotted with villas, convents, and other public buildings ; while away in a northeasterly direction the never-to-be mistaken Mount Vesuvius is seen swelling up from a lovely valley, and lifting its head to the region of the clouds, from which the ever-issuing smoke ascends heavenward in spiral and convolving columns,

or sinks in a gloomy, veil-like drapery over the mountain sides. The slopes of the ranges of high hills on the eastern side of the bay are crowded with towns, and villages, and vineyards, and villas, which everywhere peep out from the dark-green foliage of the orange, citron, olive, and chestnut, which grow in such luxuriance along the bases of the hills and mountains, and upon the intervening plains and valleys. The eye sweeps round this shore, where Naples sits in peerless beauty — and takes in Portici, Resina, Torre dell' Annunziata, Castellammare, and Sorento, and at the same time embraces a vast variety of hill and dale, and mountain and valley, with snowy residences, and dark clusters of trees in the background. Such was the picture, very imperfectly sketched, which met the eye, as we came out of the port, and across the bay of Naples on yesterday evening. The sun was sinking low in the west; and the effect of its horizontal beams upon turret, tower, dome, and mountain, was impressive and sublime. Beautiful as this view was, as seen from the deck of the Capri, but few of the passengers enjoyed it; for the wind had been blowing briskly all day from the sea; and old Neptune was prompt in levying his tribute upon those who ventured upon his watery domain; and while the voyagers were meeting the exorbitant exactions of the sea-god, the boat rounded a jutting promontory which cut off the view, and presently the moonlight was dancing over the troubled bosom of the Mediterranean, and most of the passengers were asleep.

But I must drop back a little, as I have omitted to notice some places which I visited during my stay in Naples. On Sunday evening last, I visited, in company with my young friends, the principal cemeteries and

burying-places, in and about the city. First we went to the English Protestant burying-ground, which stands within the limits of the city, on its northern border. My principal object in going here was, to pay a visit to the grave of Mrs. Olin, wife of the lamented Rev. Stephen Olin, D. D., LL. D. of the United States, who died in the city of Naples on the 9th May, 1839. After some considerable search among the many hundreds of tombs, I succeeded in finding the grave of this most estimable woman. I read her simple epitaph, plucked a rose-leaf from her grave, and left the quiet spot, not without reflections which I trust will prove profitable to me. What a sad thing it must have been to that great and good man, in his enfeebled and almost helpless condition, to commit to the earth, among strangers, in a foreign land, the remains of his most affectionate and devoted wife—the one who had attended him in all his travels, and watched over him, in his enfeebled health, like an angel of mercy !

We next went to the Campo Santo Nuovo, which occupies an elevated position, a mile or two beyond the northern limits of Naples. It is so laid out as to embrace different departments for chapels, family vaults, and single graves. In the subterranean apartments of the chapels, many of which are large, and in a fine style of architecture, the dead of certain congregations in the city are entombed. They are congregational vaults, in fact, on a large scale. There are a great many of these chapels in this large cemetery. The family vaults are of different dimensions, and on different plans, as to expensiveness, varied by the wealth of the family. These are constructed with niches on the interior walls where the coffins are deposited. The doors are generally made of open, iron work, through which the nar-

row mansions of the lifeless tenants may be seen arranged around the vault. Some of the single tombs are quite elegant. The whole is parcelled out in fine taste, and the cemetery embraces a large variety of surface, with suitable adornments, in the way of funereal trees, shrubbery, and flowers. From its more elevated points there are elegant views of the city and its environs. Besides the departments already mentioned there is another, within the walls of a large convent which stands upon the grounds, which is devoted to the interment of such as are able to pay *something* toward defraying the expenses of burial, and yet not able to purchase a separate grave. This enclosed square has eighty-six deep pits, arched over, and covered at the mouth—which is even with the pavement—with a large square, flat rock. One of these is opened every three or four days, by means of a lever, chain, hook and staple, and at the close of the day, the subjects, of the class just mentioned, are pitched into the pit, and covered with quick-lime. The monks who reside in the convent attend to these interments.

By the way, I have everywhere been favorably impressed with the monks, from what I have seen of them. They seem to be kind, intelligent, and generous. They are a better class of men by far, in my judgment, than the priests. They live alone, and apart from society, and perform acts of benevolence and charity. They are the victims of a false religion.

From this cemetery, about sunset, we went to the Campo Santo Vecchio, an old cemetery of Naples. This is laid off like the last-mentioned department of the new cemetery, with three hundred and sixty-six pits, one of which is opened, in regular order, every day of the year about sunset, and kept open for several hours

for the daily interment of the dead of the city, of the poorest classes, and the dead from the public hospitals. The bodies are brought during the day, and piled up, promiscuously, like so many dead dogs; and at the close of the day, the pit is opened, a burial service is performed by a resident priest, when the bodies are stripped of every rag of clothing, and every age, sex, and condition, pitched in together, with no more concern than if they were so many brutes. It is a sad and gloomy spectacle!

From the tombs I returned to my hotel filled with conflicting and commingled emotions. Yesterday morning I took a drive to the king's suburban palace on Capo di Monte, a mile or so north of the city. It is approached by a most splendid road, of recent construction, that doubles and winds along the sides of the hill by easy gradations, ascending higher and still higher, until it reaches the gates of the royal grounds. The palace itself is a large, massive edifice, of immense proportions, but not particularly attractive on the exterior. It, of course, has a great many apartments, and, like all the royal palaces I have visited, has floors just about as smooth as glass, and more difficult to walk over than ice. It is painful to walk for an hour over such floors, where one has to be exceedingly careful to keep from slipping up. I am incapable of conceiving why the floors of these palaces should be made after this style. There are some fine paintings in this palace. Two or three pieces struck my uncultivated taste very favorably. The grounds of this palace are a mile in length, by a half mile in width. They are very fine. There is scarcely any spot that commands a finer view than is presented from this situation; and I was not surprised to learn that it was a favorite palace with the present royal family. It looks down upon the city, with the

bay stretching beyond, until the view is nearly closed in by the island of Capri, that lifts its summit in bold and rugged outline against the sky. Posilipo sweeps round on the right, looking toward the sea, while Mount Vesuvius stands out in all its sublime grandeur on the left; and still on, and on, there is spread before the eye a successive range of towns and villages, with all the intervening spaces covered with the deep green foliage of this southern clime.

The remainder of the morning, before leaving, was spent in business, and shopping, and riding about the streets.

One who spends but a few days or weeks in a place, where he has no access to private families, and knows nothing of society, except as he sees it in the streets and public places, can form no correct estimate of the real state of things in private life. And yet there are many things which the most casual observer can not fail to learn, pertaining to society in general.

In passing through Italy one is struck with the evident fertility of the soil. Under a proper system of cultivation and government, it ought to be one of the happiest and most prosperous countries on the globe. The *campagna* alone, under proper culture, would produce more than enough for the support of the entire population of Italy. But under a miserable policy it is permitted to lie waste. The strip of land between Capua and Naples, some twenty miles in length and from ten to fifteen in width, is indescribably rich. This land rents at from twenty to forty dollars per acre, and sells from four hundred to eight hundred dollars per acre. It is held by wealthy families residing in Naples. As soon as a man acquires any considerable amount of wealth in any of the provinces he removes to the cap-

ital, and purchases a farm somewhere in the neighborhood. There is great rivalry and emulation in the cultivation of these farms, and hence they are like gardens. The crown holds a great deal of the soil, which is cultivated by tenants for the reigning monarch. The people in the cities live in the streets. They work in the streets, eat in the streets. Children are raised in the streets; this is especially true of Naples. The morals of the people are evidently debased. There is, among the poor, out-door population but little modesty, and, I infer, but little virtue. The people, men and women, are careless of their persons, often exposing themselves in a way most offensive and shocking to a proper sense of delicacy. They are indolent. Laborers receive from eight to twenty cents per day, and on this they live and support their families. It is proverbial, however, that an Italian can live on next to nothing.

But here I am still at Civita Vecchia, a mean, wretched, and abominable place. Gasperani, the notorious brigand, is imprisoned here. We are getting ready to leave the port for Leghorn. I am glad of it. The evening is lovely. The temperature fine. By the way, I have been greatly disappointed in the climate and temperature of Italy. It is by no means as delightful as I had anticipated; and the Mediterranean, with all its beauties, makes people seasick.

CHAPTER XIV.

LEGHORN, PISA, AND FLORENCE.

Rough Night on the Mediterranean. — Customhouse Annoyances. — Leghorn — Leaning Tower, Cathedral, Baptistry, and Campo Santo. — Arrival at Florence. — Rambles through the City. — Uffizii Galleries. — Santa Croce. — Pitti Palace. — Gardens. — Views. — Santa Maria Novello. — The Duomo. — A Beautiful Sunset in Florence.

LEGHORN, *April 16.* — We left Civita Vecchia yesterday evening, with a considerable addition to our number of passengers, *en route* from Rome to Leghorn. We had scarcely got outside the harbor, before a large number of the passengers showed signs of becoming seasick. The wind was high, and the sea very rough. The officers of these boats plying from Marseilles to Naples, coast-wise, stopping a day at the intervening ports — namely, Genoa, Leghorn, and Civita Vecchia — always so manage it as to have dinner just after the boat leaves the port in the evening; and it almost always so happens that three fourths of the passengers, at least, are too sick to go to the table. This arrangement can hardly be accidental. The night between Civita Vecchia and Leghorn turned out to be extremely boisterous. The winds howled; the vessel rolled and pitched into the sea; and oh! what scenes we had during the night. Seasickness was well-nigh universal. The boat was so crowded that the settees, chairs, and tables, were used

as berths. Every now and then, as the boat shipped a sea, and made a lurch, some fellows would roll off their beds, and tumble on the cabin-floor; while others were swinging to the sides of their berths, retching and vomiting, and grunting, and groaning, as though they were beginning "*to taste the leather of their boots.*" When an Italian is seasick, he makes as much noise, in the way of groaning and complaining, as if he were stretched upon the rack, and were undergoing all the horrid tortures of the inquisition in their most painful forms. Several were aboard that night, and I shall never forget their lamentations and groans of anguish and distress. In the midst of all this sickness we had frequent crashes among the crockery. Whole stacks of plates, dishes, cups, and saucers, tumbling down at once; and, in some instances, a seasick fellow tumbling out among them. It reminded me of the scene described by "Peter Schlimel in America," as occurring at the Exchange hotel in Richmond, when the gong was struck for dinner, just as the young man pulled the bell for a waiter. He mistook the awful sound of the gong for the effect of his pull of the bell, and in his fright, exclaimed: "Great Jerusalem! I have smashed all the crockery in the establishment!!"

We arrived in this port at six o'clock this morning, and were again subjected to a vexatious delay of three hours on board before we could go ashore. There was a large number of passengers, and the formalities of the customhouse regulations required a long time to admit so many into the Tuscan dominions.

Leghorn is said to be a *free* port, but every trunk and package is subjected to examination before it can pass, unless a fee of a few pauls is placed in the hands of the officers of examination. There is a most unprin-

cipld and villanous policy in all Italy in this regard. I most cordially hate and despise the mean, suspicious, niggardly policy of the papal, Neapolitan, and Tuscan governments ; but most of all, of the Tuscan.

This is my second visit to Leghorn, and it certainly improves, in some respects, on acquaintance. When we were here before it was cold and disagreeable ; the streets were crowded with beggars, and everything looked forbidding ; but to-day the streets appear clean, and everything wears a more gay and cheerful aspect. This is a place of considerable trade, and business seems to wear a lively air at present.

There are but few objects of much interest to the traveller here. The water-works or reservoir, the burying-grounds, and a few shops of alabaster-work, is about all there is worth visiting.

FLORENCE, *April 17*.—At two o'clock on yesterday we left Leghorn for this city by way of Pisa. On leaving Leghorn there is a most scrutinizing examination of the baggage of travellers who have come from Rome or Naples, and every little article—such as gloves, and especially silks, are required to pay a heavy duty. Recently, it seems, there have been some attempts at a species of petty smuggling, in the way of Roman silk scarfs and similar articles. This has awakened suspicion, and now the traveller leaving Leghorn has to be subjected to detention, and vexatious examinations of his trunks, and even of his person, before he can proceed on his journey. We were examined closely, and one of our party, who had a very thick, heavy overcoat, had to endure the provocation of seeing a government officer take a pair of scissors and split up the lining in its skirts, so he could put in his hands, and explore the whole space between the lining and the outer part

of the coat, in search of some contraband article. It was all very provoking; but we bore it in silence, and were glad to be released in time to get in the cars for Pisa.

It is about an hour from Leghorn to Pisa by rail. Here we stopped and spent a few hours in seeing the world-renowned Leaning Tower—the great cathedral, the baptistry, and the Campo Santo—four of the highest objects of interest to the European traveller. The Leaning Tower exceeded all my previous expectations. It is a most sublime and imposing spectacle. It is built of white marble, in a succession of eight towers, or stories, supported by beautiful columns, and rises to the height of one hundred and seventy-eight feet. It is round, and is fifty feet in diameter, and inclines from a perpendicular line, more than thirteen feet. The centre of gravity still falls quite within the base, and it is perfectly secure; but, to the beholder, from some points of observation, it actually looks as though it were nodding to its fall, and excites in the mind the most painful apprehensions. It was built as a *campanile* or bell-tower for the cathedral, near to which it stands, and still serves this purpose. There are seven bells in its topmost tower, one of which weighs upward of twelve thousand pounds. These bells are of remarkably fine tone, and may be heard at a great distance. They were rung while I and my fellow-travellers were in the bell-tower, and sweet and harmonious as the tones are, heard at a greater distance, they were by no means agreeable, standing, as we were, in a few feet of them. The inclination of the tower has been occasioned by the sinking of one side of the base which is laid on a foundation of unequal firmness.

I have heard some persons say that they did not realize

their expectations in seeing the tower. I must say that it far exceeded, in point of sublimity, all my previous conceptions of it. It is a sublime spectacle. The cathedral is a magnificent structure, of immense proportions, and contains some fine pieces of sculpture and painting. There is one very large mosaic picture of Saint John, on glass, made seven hundred years ago. In the interior of this old cathedral there is a great number and variety of columns ; some of them of very fine marble, and in a high order of execution. The bronze doors, three in number, are of exquisite workmanship, and magnificent design. The baptistry is a rotunda, of grand dimensions, crowned with a sublime dome, and is altogether superior to anything of the sort which I have yet seen. It is now undergoing repairs. The font is of a decagonal form, and each face is ornamented with a piece of delicate flowerwork in Parian marble, most exquisitely wrought. The pillars are in the Grecian style of elegant workmanship. Here all the baptisms of the cathedral are performed.

The Campo Santo, near at hand, is also an object of great interest. This is a celebrated cemetery, which has given its name to every similar place of interment throughout Italy. The line of railroad from Pisa to Florence is mostly along the valley of the Arno, a stream which passes directly through both Florence and Pisa. The country appears to be in a fine state of cultivation, and abounds in vineyards.

Pisa is a city of twenty-two thousand inhabitants. It is an old place, but it presents a pleasant appearance, and seems to be a stirring, prosperous city. The Arno runs through the city, spanned by several bridges, and the whole of the country surrounding the place is covered with vineyards. Pisa is one of the localities that

amply repays a visit, and it is one of the few places where I got more than I bargained for. I saw more, and was much better pleased with what I saw, than I had previously anticipated. Then again, all the principal objects of interest are within a stone's throw of each other. All may be well seen in two hours.

We arrived here at eight o'clock last night. After some difficulty we obtained lodgings at the Hotel d'Itali, where I am writing this morning. The Arno passes through this city, and our room, in the hotel, is just over the brink of the stream.

FLORENCE, *April 17*.—Beautiful, and lovely Florence! For many years I have desired to see this city. It has long dwelt in my mind like some scene of enchantment—like some sweet and delightful vision; and now I am here in the midst of it. It every way equals my expectations. To-day I have wandered through its streets; dropped into its shops of sculpture and painting; surveyed its palaces; lingered in the aisles of its churches, and paused upon the beautiful bridges that span the Arno which flows through the heart of the city, reflecting from its bosom, the domes, turrets, towers, and battlements, that crowd upon its margin. I spent several hours in the galleries of the Affizii, a building of grand dimensions, occupying a position adjoining the Piazza del Gran' Duca, erected by Cosmo I.

It would be useless to attempt a description of the statuary and paintings congregated in this magnificent collection of works from the hands of the finest artists the world has ever known. In the apartment, occupying a central position on the left of the east corridor, called the tribune, is assembled a few choice pieces of sculpture, which are said to be unsurpassed by anything in the world. Here we find the famous "Venus de'

Medici," "the Apollino," "the Dancing Fann," "the Knife-Grinder," and a group—"the Wrestlers."

The bronze statues in another apartment, are very fine, and can not fail to interest the visiter. There are paintings in these vast halls by Rubens, Raphael, Vandyke, and other great masters. Many of these are mentioned with discrimination by J. R. Thompson, Esq.,* a late tourist, and also by Hillard in his "Six Months in Italy."

This afternoon late, we visited an old church called *Santa Croce*, not attractive on the exterior, nor particularly fine and elegant within, so far as mere adornments and decorations are concerned, and yet it is intensely interesting as the place of the entombment and monumental commemoration of men whose names stand indissolubly associated with science, literature, and the fine arts. It has been called, and not inappropriately, the "Westminster Abbey" and the "Pantheon" of Florence.

In this church are the tombs and monuments of Michael Angelo, the sculptor and architect; Buonarrotti, the antiquarian; Micheli, the botanist; Alfieri, the poet, and of Machiavelli, Leonardo Bruni, and Galileo. Tablets and monumental busts commemorate the names of Dante, Petrarch, and others who have enriched Italian literature. I lingered long in this old church. The shades of evening were making the aisles dark, and gloomy. A few candles burned dimly on the distant altars, while the chime of the bells on the lofty tower of the church rang mournfully through the silent, solemn arches of the vast old pile.

But it is now midnight. The lulling murmur of the

* Mr. Thompson's work, "Across the Atlantic," was in print, but the whole edition, with the stereotype plates was consumed by fire.

Arno steals into my room. The din and bustle of the city are hushed into an echo.

April 18. — To-day I have spent several hours in the galleries, private apartments, and gardens of the Pitti palace. The paintings in these spacious halls are regarded as very superior. Some of them struck me with force, as being of a high order of execution; the great majority, however, appeared to my eye, like many others which I have seen. Where there is such a large number of paintings as one finds in the Uffizii and in the Pitti palace galleries, it is impossible to examine them all, or even any considerable number of them, with any degree of care; and, indeed, about all I know of a painting is, whether it *strikes* me or not; and I must confess that I often pass by, with only a casual look; and without being particularly impressed, with paintings that have excited a good deal of interest among the critics and connoisseurs in the art. And, again, in compliment to myself, I must say, that, on entering an apartment of a gallery, those portraits or landscapes or historical scenes which have arrested me, and which I, at once, pronounced good, have generally turned out to be the productions of such artists as Raphael, Titian, Guido, Domenichino, and other great masters. I have been struck, often, with the productions of these great masters, without knowing why. There is a number of paintings in the Pitti palace by Raphael, Titian, Domenichino, and Guido.

I was particularly well pleased with the private apartments of the palace. The grand duke and family are now absent on a visit to Naples, and visitors are admitted to all the private apartments of this splendid abode of royalty — one of the most magnificent in the world. I, and the party with me, under the direction of

the porter, were admitted to the bed-chambers and private dressing-rooms of the royal family, and shown through the apartments fitted up for the accommodation of distinguished visitors. The furniture is of the most elegant and costly kind. In some of the rooms there are small cabinets, that must have cost hundreds of thousands of dollars. They are inlaid with most precious stones—such as carnelian, agate, emerald, lapis-lazuli, sardonyx, and malachite. The walls of the different apartments are covered with silk tapestries of the most elegant texture, and each apartment has a different color. The carpets yield beneath the feet like velvet cushions. The bedsteads are plated with gold, and curtained with the most costly and elegant silk, and the beds are draped with the same material.

The gardens attached to the palace are laid out upon a most splendid scale, and are scarcely surpassed by anything in Europe. The shrubbery and trees are trimmed into walls and walks, while everywhere the statuary and small buildings scattered over the grounds gleam out amid the dark, green foliage of the overshadowing trees. There is great variety of surface, and no amount of means has been spared to render these grounds the most attractive in the world. Some of the finest views of Florence and the surrounding country are obtained from these gardens; and certainly Europe can not boast of a more handsomely situated city than this jewel on the banks of the Arno.

The mountains around Florence are most beautifully grouped. They are of different height, form, and profile, presenting just those combinations of figure, and those lines and curves, which constitute the highest beauty in landscape-gardening. Westward of the city there is an undulating plain of considerable extent,

reaching to the foot of the mountains, which, seen from the gardens of the Pitti palace, seems to be covered with villas and handsome country residences. On the north the mountains make a nearer approach to the city, retreating again on the south and east. The Arno, a picturesque stream with a pretty name, comes down from the Apennines, winding and doubling among the hills and sweeps right through the heart of Florence, dividing it into nearly two equal parts.

This afternoon we have visited several churches. Santa Maria Novello, is one of the oldest churches in the city, and well repays a visit.

It is also a sort of Westminster Abbey. It contains many tombs. Adjoining it are the cloisters of an extensive convent, connected with which is a large laboratory, and an extensive manufactory of medicines, perfumes, cosmetics, and various things in that way.

From the Santa Maria Novello, I next went to the Duomo, or great cathedral of Florence. This is a grand and magnificent edifice. Its whole history is full of interest. The length is four hundred and fifty-four feet; width of transept three hundred and thirty-seven feet; diameter of dome one hundred and thirty-three feet; height from pavement to the summit of the cross three hundred and eighty-seven feet. I remained in this noble cathedral, beneath the overshadowing sweep of the dome, till it grew dark, and I was admonished to retire. A small congregation of worshippers were in the south end of the transept, engaged in vespers, while the sound of their voices produced a strange reverberating response in the arches and dome. I felt solemn, and deeply impressed by the house—the architectural grandeur—by the tumultuous sounds pro-

duced in the dome by the worshippers — by the hour — by the sombre, solemn gloom of the church.

A lofty square campanile stands near the Duomo, the outer walls of which are faced with white marble; and just across the street, in front of the cathedral stands the baptistry, the bronze gates of which, somebody has said were fine enough to be the gates of Paradise. They are, beyond any doubt, in point of design and workmanship unsurpassed by anything of the sort in existence. The baptistry itself is an imposing structure.

On my return to the hotel, emerging from a narrow street into the broad open strada on the banks of the Arno, a resplendent scene suddenly burst upon me. The whole western sky was bathed in the richest colors of sunset, while the horizon still glowed with burnished gold. The Arno rolled on, reflecting the beautifully-variegated tints of the cloudless heavens on its bosom. The blue rim of the distant mountains was distinctly marked on the utmost verge of the landscape, and a thin veil of gold and silver-threaded tissue fell on the less remote hills and intervening valleys. A gay and brilliant tide of human beings, in flashing carriages, with prancing steeds, or leisurely strolling on foot, moved along the banks of the dimpled stream. Oh! it was a glorious view—a splendid picture. I love these clear, rich glowing sunsets in Italy. I saw them in Rome; I saw them in Naples, and upon the Mediterranean; but the sunset, this evening, in Florence, eclipsed them all.

CHAPTER XV.

FLORENCE.

A drive to Fiesole.—Splendid View.—Return to the City.—Museum.—Galileo's Temple.—Powers' Studio.—Mr. Powers and his Works.—Mr. Hart's Studiò.—His Sculptometer.—Mr. Barbee's Studio.—His Fisher-Girl.—Sunday in Florence.—Churches.—Episcopal Church Service.—An Incident.—The Cascine.—Church of San Lorenzo.—Michael Angelo's Statuary.—His Genius.—The Medician Chapel.—Florentine Mosaic Manufactory.—Lanternian Library.—Academy of Fine Arts.—Visit to the Cathedral.—Preparations to leave Florence.

FLORENCE, *April 19*.—This day has been closely occupied, and it would be impossible, in my limited time, to write out any detailed and accurate account of what I have seen.

At an early hour we drove to Fiesole, a village that stands on a mountain summit, about three miles from Florence, the highest point of the mountain being crowned with a monastery, and from which, as I verily believe, the finest view, altogether, of the sort, is obtained, that can be enjoyed in the world. This sounds extravagant; and writers in describing the views and scenes presented in foreign travel, get so much in the habit of employing *superlatives* that it is well adapted to excite some distrust as to the degree of reliance to be placed in these descriptions. But I really doubt whether any parallel, in the way of a grand, all-comprehending, panoramic view, can be found on the globe, to that presented from the monastery of Fiesole. There are points from which finer mountain views may be enjoyed; there are

also points from which larger and more magnificent cities than Florence may be taken in at a single view; there are larger and finer streams than the Arno, and other parts of Italy furnish as fine orchards, and vineyards, and single villas; but no one view, anywhere else, combines as many elements of the grand, picturesque, and beautiful, as that taken in from Fiesole. So at least, it struck me this morning, as I leaned from the windows of the monastery, and stood upon the rocky points that stand out prominently around the highest summit of the hill on which the monastery is situated. Florence, with its lofty towers, its swelling domes, and splendid palaces, lies almost directly under the eye, with the intervening steep, up which the road ascends by a circuitous zigzag route, covered with olive-orchards, elegant villas, and tasteful Italian cottages.—Beyond the city the mountains rise up in graceful curves, and form beautiful points of elevation on which are situated the most enchanting residences of private families, surrounded by inviting and lovely grounds. To the west of the city the plain extends a mile or so, and then the mountains swell up in every variety of form and stretch away in all directions, until the indistinct outline of their blue summits blend in with the azure vault of the sky, where its rim touches the earth. And on this plain, and upon these mountain slopes, there are actually many thousands of the most elegant villas and private country residences. These were shining, this morning, in the glorious bursts of sunlight, like snow-drifts lingering on the mountains, and dissolving in a warm April sun. To the east of the city the view was bounded by the mountains that approach to a nearer point than on the west. The whole of this immense panorama is dotted with clumps of trees of a dark, glossy

foliage, while, amid all, the yellow waters of the Arno may be traced for many miles, winding through the whole extent of this diversified view. But I can not describe it. It must be seen, as I saw it this morning, in the unclouded sunlight, through a bright, clear atmosphere, and amidst the opening foliage and bursting blossoms of early spring, to be appreciated.

The road by which Fiesole is now approached is comparatively new, and an elegant road it is. It lies upon the sides of the mountain like a beautiful parapet, excavated in the face of the rocky steeps, and walled up on the lower side, doubling and winding along by easy gradations, until it reaches the summit.

In walking about Fiesole, first to the old church, and then to the monastery of Franciscan monks, we were greatly importuned by a crowd of girls and women to purchase little bunches of Tuscan trimming, woven of straw. It was neat and tasteful, and offered on very moderate terms, but we had no use for it, and declined buying. But we paid some of them small sums for showing us how it was woven. This they did with readiness. It was really amazing to see how rapidly they could transform the straw into the tasteful, delicate, and beautiful figures which it assumed under their fingers.

There are the remains of an old Cyclopean wall still visible on the hill-sides near the little town. This place is not without its historical interest.

From Fiesole we descended by another road, passing the villa of the grand duchess, and entered the city at another gate, and drove to the royal museum, called the *Museo di Storia Naturalè*, near the Pitti palace. This museum resulted, in the first instance from the pursuits of the Grand Ducal Medici, several of whom encouraged experimental science. It contains the finest

mineralogical, geological, fossiliferous, and ornithological specimens, perhaps, in the world. The anatomical and physiological departments are deeply interesting and instructive. Adjoining the museum is the *Tribune*, or temple, erected by the present grand duke to Galileo, in which many interesting objects, connected with the life, pursuits, and discoveries of the great Tuscan philosopher, are congregated: such as the telescope of Galileo through which he made his astronomical discoveries, his quadrant, and other mathematical instruments. There is also a series of fine paintings on the walls, illustrative of the history of Galileo, and a number of the busts of his distinguished pupils and patrons. The hall itself is elegant. The walls are inlaid with marble and jasper, and the paintings are executed in fine style. The whole, cost about one hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars, exclusive of the manuscripts of Galileo and his pupils, which the present grand duke has collected with a princely liberality, at any price, wherever they could be found.

The remainder of the day was devoted to the private studios of the American sculptors in Florence. First we went to Powers' studio. This great sculptor has a world-wide reputation. He is a native of Vermont, and has now been nineteen years in Florence. He has reared a large and interesting family here, and still looks forward to four or five years residence in Florence before he returns to his native land, to enjoy the fame and whatever of fortune he may have acquired by the productions of his rare genius. As a sculptor he has no living rival in some respects. His Greck slave alone has gained for him an imperishable fame. He is now employed, almost exclusively, in filling orders from America, and hence his studio does not present the large assemblage

of pieces, such as are found in the studios of native artists in Rome, who repeat copies of fine pieces, merely for sale, as a shopkeeper manufactures his wares. Powers has just completed a piece, representing America, under the image of a majestic and beautiful female, standing in an easy and graceful attitude, with one hand resting on the symbol of union and strength, and the other pointing to heaven, with the face and eyes elevated, following the direction of the uplifted hand. The figure is nearly nude, and presents one of the finest specimens of a perfectly-developed human form that can easily be conceived of. It is intended for our government. He is also at work on a statue of Washington, and some other pieces, intended for private individuals and for public institutions.

Our country has a right to be proud of Powers. He is a fine-looking man, with a superb head, and a splendid eye; and is, withal, a most accommodating and polite gentleman. He has abandoned the custom, which has hitherto been universal, of making his models, first in clay from which the casts are taken in plaster, and from which the marble is copied. - He now makes his models out of plaster, and by means of an instrument of his own invention, and which no other sculptor uses, he fashions the plaster at once into the cast, or model. Plaster can not be worked with the chisel and mallet, as it *chips* under this operation; nor can it be wrought with ordinary files or rasps, as these clog and become useless. These impediments have been overcome by the invention of an open file, which allows the particles to escape without clogging; and with this ingenious contrivance the models can now be made, without the tedious process of casting from clay.

We next visited the studio of Mr. Hart of Kentucky,

who is engaged on a statue of Henry Clay, for an association of ladies in Richmond, Virginia. Mr. Hart, also, promises to rise to very high distinction as a sculptor. He has recently perfected an invention, which somebody has suggested should be called a *sculptometer*, the design of which is to take, with absolute certainty, the exact physical proportions of his subjects. The invention is exceedingly ingenious, and must greatly contribute to exactitude—to a sort of mathematical certainty in taking the relative proportions of living subjects. It is a complex piece of machinery, and is one of the most perfect things, of the sort that the inventive genius of man can contrive. I know not how to describe it. But it is an instrument by which the artist can, in a few minutes, fix all the distances, proportions, and attitudes of his subject, and retain them, subject to exact measurement. This invention aids very much in taking drapery, as well as figure, feature, form, and the thousands of other incidents that make up the lifelike piece of statuary. It, however, I will venture to say, renders the art a little too *mechanical*.

We next went to the studio of Mr. Barbee of Virginia. He is a young artist and has been only eighteen months in Florence. He promises to rise to high distinction in his profession. He has one piece nearly completed which he styles the *Coquette*. It will be, when completed, a fine original. But he has just completed an original model, of what he calls the "*Fisher Girl*," that to my eye is, without doubt, the most perfect and beautiful thing I have ever seen. Such a representation of a human being, in anything short of actual, living, breathing mortality I had never conceived of in the remotest degree. It is absolutely perfect.

There can be nothing beyond it. Mr. Barbee holds the idea, that the most perfect developments of the human form, are to be found in the humbler walks of life, and he has embodied his conceptions in a young female, just at the full development of early womanhood, in the character of a fisher girl, sitting upon the sandy beach, with shells and pebbles around her, engaged in mending her net. This model so enchanted me, that I could scarcely tear myself from it, and as I write to-night it lingers in my mind, like the beautiful shadowings of some angelic form that has visited me in a dream. The well-turned limbs; the modest position and attitude; the braided hair, and wreath of shells around the forehead; the sweet and lovely expression of that face; the curve of that neck, and the unity, beauty, and perfection of the whole figure, have impressed me, as I have never been impressed by any other representation of a human being in painting or statuary.

April 21. — Yesterday (Sunday) I visited several churches, heard some sublime music in the great Duomo, or cathedral, dropped into the church of the Annunciation, a fine church, and heard a repetition of the service connected with the celebration of the mass; saw Catholics kneeling, according to the universal custom in this country, upon the naked marble pavement, muttering their prayers, and counting their rosary; saw the priests transforming the wafer and wine into the real body, flesh, blood, bones, and divinity of Jesus Christ! Growing weary, and becoming profoundly disgusted with the tedious forms of a religious worship, which is so devoid of that true spirituality which vitalizes that which is external in our approaches to the Great and Invisible Spirit, I turned away, and sought the English chapel, where the service of the church of

England is regularly held on the Sabbath, for the benefit of English residents, and for the travelling public, who feel disposed to attend Protestant worship. Here I found a neat and commodious church or place of worship, and by paying two pauls I was allowed to enter, and was supplied with a seat. The congregation was large and presented a fine appearance. We had a good sermon in behalf of the church missionary society, and a respectable collection was taken in aid of its funds.

By some carelessness, a young man who sat near me upset the plate in which the contributions were received, and the pieces of silver had a perfect frolic of it, chasing one another over the floor. This way of paying for a seat at the door, as a condition of admittance, was rather a novelty to me. The person who issued the tickets was a lady, who sat at a table near the door, like a money-changer and ticket-officer at a concert or show, received the change, then sent the person off, under the guidance of an official to be seated in the church. Perhaps this is the only method by which Protestant worship can be sustained in Florence. The same plan is pursued in Naples. Some persons complain of it, and say they would prefer making voluntary contributions for this object, as is the custom at Genoa, and at the chapel in Mr. Cass' house at Rome. I think the door should be free, at least on those occasions when public collections are to be taken for the benevolent enterprises of the church.

In the afternoon of the Sabbath, the fashion, gayety, wit, and beauty of Florence, congregate on the *Cas-cine*, a beautiful and delightful ground and promenade, lying without the city-walls, along the banks of the Arno, and extending for nearly two miles upon the

banks of the river. At a central point, near the royal dairy, a splendid brass band performs, in the finest style of music, for an hour or so for the enjoyment of the numerous visitors who assemble on this attractive and lovely spot. The élite of the city, in their elegant carriages, attended by footmen and drivers in livery, the sober-sided Scotch and English visitors, and the gay, cheerful, and finely-attired Americans temporarily sojourning in Florence, assemble here, by the thousand, and present about the most brilliant and imposing crowd that is to be seen at any one place, in the route of European travel.

The drive around the *Cascine*, at any time, is delightful. The whole of the grounds are a dead level, but the roads are so fine; the shade trees are so beautiful, extending their long branches in sylvan arches overhead; the paths winding through the deep forests; the arbors and bowers, overrun with vines and flowers, together with the scattered buildings, in the form of cafés, summerhouses, etc., which skirt the way, make it perfectly enchanting.

This morning I spent some time in the chapels, library, and cloisters, attached to the church of San Lorenzo. This is the most attractive and interesting public edifice, after the cathedral, to be found in Florence. The church itself, so far as the exterior is concerned, is a rough, uncouth, ugly pile of bricks and mortar, without a solitary feature to attract attention. Indeed, there is nothing in the interior of the church itself that is particularly interesting. There are two bronze pulpits, with bas-reliefs, and some paintings, about which the guide-books have a good deal to say; but I saw nothing specially striking about them. The great objects of absorbing interest here, are the two

chapels—the *Sagrestia nuova* or *Capella dei depositi*, and the *Medicean Chapel*. The first-named was planned and built by Michael Angelo, and contains his statue of Lorenzo, with the figures reclining at his feet, intended to represent Night and Morning; and his statue of Giuliano de Medici, attended by the allegorical figures of Day and Night, about which so much has been said, and which have received such unqualified and unbounded praise. But I must frankly confess that I could not see so much to admire in these pieces of statuary. They are bold, strong figures, to be sure, like all this great master's productions; but there is not the first line of beauty about them. Most of the pieces which I have seen by Michael Angelo are *monsters*, not true representations of the human figure and “face divine.” The muscular system is too strongly developed. There is a rigidity and strained appearance that is painful to the eye. His statuary excites something of awe, and never fails to impress the mind, but never excites the pleasing emotions which arise from the contemplation of the beautiful. His *Moses*, in the church of “Saint Peter in chains,” at Rome is bold, strong, impressive; it really has the brow of Jove, and seems to threaten to smite the beholder with a thunderbolt; but the corrugated, knotted, rigid, strained appearance of the muscles struck me there, as in the pieces in the *Sagrestia nuova* to-day. But I am no judge of these things, and therefore hazard nothing in freely expressing my own opinion. To this I am as much entitled, to say the least, as if I were a critic in the art. But for myself, I had rather see the *clay model*, of Barbee's “Fisher Girl,” than to see the pieces so much lauded, by Michael Angelo, in the chapel of the San Lorenzo, which I visited this morning.

The chapel itself, which was planned by Michael Angelo, is superb. Here he was at home. In architecture he had no rival. His mind grasped great designs and vast proportions; and if there had been a dome to build like the cope of heaven, and a mountain like Mont Blanc to be formed into a statue, Michael Angelo was the man for that work. His mind was too stupendous, too mighty and massive, to produce the nice, delicate touches, which bring out a Psyche, a Venus de Medici, or an Apollo Belvidere, from a block of marble. But his was the bold hand to strike out a Moses for the top of a lofty monumental pile, or to rear an edifice to shelter the world and reach to heaven.

The *Medicean Chapel*, connected with the San Lorenzo, is the most superb and costly thing of the sort on earth. It is too fine — too rich — too costly! It overleaps all the bounds ordinarily set to a chaste and refined taste, and actually paralyzes all the conceptions of magnificence, splendor, and wealth of decoration, that are common to even the most cultivated minds.

In form this chapel is an octagon, with a high, soaring, dome-like cupola. It contains the armorial bearings and cenotaphs of the Medici family. Upon these are lavished, in boundless profusion, chalcedony, lapis-lazuli, agate, mother-of-pearl, jasper, turquoise, coral, carnelian, malachite, and topaz, all wrought into the inner facings of the walls, in the most gorgeons and expensive style of decoration. It is useless to attempt a description of this chapel. The interior of the roof is covered with frescoes, which are finely executed.

Adjoining this church there is the *Laurentian Library*, in which are some of the oldest and most valuable manuscripts in existence. In one room there are one hundred thousand volumes of manuscripts!

We visited also, to-day, the government manufactory of Florentine mosaics. The process is tedious and hurtful to health. The workmen who reach sixty years of age in this service, then retire on a pension from the government. Pieces of work are wrought here in the form of tables, cabinets, and pictures, that are estimated at hundreds of thousands of dollars.

Leaving the mosiac manufactory we dropped in for a while at the Academy of Fine Arts. Not particularly interesting to me.

April 23. — This evening I and my party made a farewell visit to the cathedral. As usual we ascended to the highest point. The view from the top of the dome is sublime. It commands the whole of Florence, and the surrounding country as far as the mountain barriers which engirdle it will allow the eye to range.

We have completed our arrangements to leave for Bologna to-morrow morning. Our party, together with our highly-esteemed *compagnons de voyageur*, Mr. and Mrs. Guild, have engaged a whole diligence to take us hence to Bologna in one day. Dr. Nichols and his party, with whom we have been much in company on the continent, left this morning in a private carriage, preferring this mode of conveyance to the public diligence. Our main point of destination ahead is Venice.

CHAPTER XVI.

FROM FLORENCE TO VENICE.

Departure from Florence. — Diligence Travelling. — Crossing the Apennines. — Arrival at Bologna. — A Day in Bologna. — Churches. — University. — Physiological Museum. — Leaning Towers of Bologna. — Revolutionary Spirit. — Morals of the City. — Blind Musicians. — A Sweet and Lovely Evening.

BOLOGNA, *April 24*. — I and my party left Florence — beautiful Florence — on yesterday morning, by diligence for this place. The reader has heard much about diligence travelling — suffer me to express my opinion on the subject. With a seat on the top, which enables the traveller to see the face of the country, I can scarcely think of a more agreeable mode of travelling. It is quite as pleasant as the mail-coach travelling in our own country, which many persons prefer to railroad or steamboat. It is true, the horses are tackled on with rope traces, and other apparently superfluous appendages; the postillions wear a monkeyish uniform, and sometimes oxen are attached to the diligence to help up hill; but after all the travelling is rapid, and, I think, very pleasant. On leaving Florence we had six horses attached to our diligence, with three mounted postillions — one for each pair of horses — and a courier or conductor, who occupied the seat usually occupied by the driver, whose business it was to manage the *brakes*, and exercise a general super-

vision over the postillions, and the whole conduct of the journey. Here then were four men employed in doing what *one* person does with perfect ease in America.

Directly after leaving the gates of Florence we began to ascend the Apennines. We left a summer land behind us, and in a few hours we were in a wintry clime. The road was well graded, but in the steeper parts it was necessary to add two gray oxen to our full complement of horses. We tugged on and up; higher and still higher. The olives and vineyards gradually disappeared on the mountain-sides. The wind became cold and penetrating. We drew on overcoats, and cloaks, and finally spread blankets across our knees to keep us comfortable; and still upward we wound our way, until at one o'clock — having started at seven in the morning — we had reached the highest point of the Apennines between Florence and Bologna; from which, on a clear day, the waters of the Mediterranean and the Adriatic may be seen at the same time. The elevation is very great. All signs of vegetation disappeared. There was not a bursting bud or expanding flower anywhere to greet the eye, as it wandered over the bare summits, and rugged peaks of the wild mountain ranges that stretched around on every side.

We continued for two or three hours in this elevated, wintry region, and then began to descend to the beautiful plain that runs up to the northern base of the mountains, extending westward to Milan, and northward beyond Padua and Venice. About four o'clock we passed out of the Grand Duchy of Tuscany into the Papal States. Here our passports were again examined, and our trunks overhauled. It must try the patience of a

lady to see her trunk ransacked, and piece after piece of her apparel examined ; boxes opened and bundles unrolled, and the whole of the contents thrown into confusion. But it must be borne. There is nothing to be gained by uttering a word. The old adage, " The least said is easiest mended," holds good here. A few pauls slipped into the hand, however, has a wonderful effect. Everything is smoothed down in a moment, and the trunk passed without disturbance or detention.

It had rained most of the time we were upon the highest parts of the mountains. In the afternoon, as the evening drew on, it cleared away, and the most gorgeous and glorious scenery was unrolled before us, as the clouds melted into thin air and the sun came out, that can easily be conceived of. Boundless chains of mountains broke away, far as the eye could follow them. Beautiful valleys, in a high state of cultivation, smiled in quiet loveliness beneath us ; while the great plain, reaching to the Po, and away beyond over all Lombardy, was dimly seen in the gushes of evening sunlight that blazed from the broad, rounded disk of the unclouded day-god, as he wheeled away over the Apennines. Then the hues of the mountains were so enchanting ! Every shade of blue and purple was spread upon the rounded tops, irregular sides, and rocky peaks of these endlessly-diversified mountain ranges. At sunset we were upon the plain, on the banks of the Savena, and only eight or ten miles distant from Bologna, and were again surrounded with foliage, and blossoms, and flowering shrubbery, and all the attendants on the full development of spring. The Apennines occupy about sixty miles of the seventy, between Florence and Bologna. And every foot of that way presents the most picturesque and sublime scenery imaginable. There is

endless variety in the mountain-peaks and valleys, the whole presenting the appearance of the ocean, wrought into a tempest, and the wild, tumultuous billows suddenly arrested and standing, as firm as granite, in all the conceivable forms and relations, that the multitudinous waves bear to each other when the sea is high, on the subsidence of the storm. But this does not reach the idea. We do not have a succession of parallel rows of mountains, nor of long, continuous ranges, but of isolated peaks, towering up on every hand in rocky battlements ; and of graceful, rounded summits, smooth and bare, with deep and frightful chasms opening between. In the sunlight these thousands of higher points assume all colors and hues, and so interest the traveller, that the day passes without fatigue and with no note of the lapse of time.

There are characteristic differences between these mountains and the mountains of our own country. First, in that they are perfectly bare of forests. In a distance of sixty miles, scarcely a single clump of *trées* of original growth is to be seen in the higher ranges, that would cover an acre of ground. Secondly, in that the valleys, and every inch of arable soil up the mountain-sides, is under high cultivation : vineyards in the deeper valleys, and olive orchards on the lower mountain ranges, and wheat and other crops of grain from base to summit, wherever a seed can take root. Thirdly, in the peculiarity, before alluded to, namely, that the mountains are not in long, continuous ranges, presenting an evenness of outline in the more elevated summits, but broken into an endless number of separate mountains, all forming one great mountain chain ; and finally, in that the roads are far superior to anything to be found, for the same distance in America. The en-

gineering is not so good as that between Rome and Naples, but the road is splendid.

It was dark when we arrived in this city. We first saw it by gas-light, and it made such a favorable impression upon us, that we at once determined to give it a day. We took lodgings at the San Marco, a fine hotel, where we might have enjoyed Bologna sausage to any extent. This article is very abundant here. In eating it, one acts wisely, I think, to observe the scripture injunction, "ask no questions," especially in relation to what the sausage is *made of*. If the question were answered by any other than a Bolognese, it might have a tendency to produce something like seasickness, and the same results might follow.

BOLOGNA, *April 25*.—This day has been occupied in visiting the principal places of interest to the traveller in Bologna. The city itself far surpasses my previous expectations. It has a population of more than seventy thousand, is about two miles in length, and one mile in width. It is surrounded by a brick wall, and is situated on a level space of land, just bordering the base of the Apennines, which we descended on yesterday evening, on our approach to the city. The walls of the city are washed by the Savena, a small mountain stream, on the borders of which the road running hence to Florence lies for some eight or ten miles beyond the city-gates. The streets of the city are well paved, and present a neat and cleanly appearance. The arcades which line the streets on both sides, forming continuous ranges of shelter for foot-passengers from the sun and weather, present an agreeable appearance to the eye. These arcades are spanned above by a succession of arches, reaching from column to column, and their upper ceiling forms the floors of the apartments of the elegant

mansions above them, the arcades being sufficiently wide to admit of rooms of ample proportion, corresponding with their width. Bologna is worthy of mention on other accounts than from the celebrity which it has gained for its *sausages* and its *dogs*. It is a city of great splendor and wealth, and has some exceedingly interesting objects to the traveller. Its public picture gallery, its university, its leaning towers, and many of its churches, are well worth visiting.

The picture gallery contains a number of fine paintings by Guido, Carracci, Correggio, Domenichino, Raphael, and other distinguished artists. The great majority of the numerous pictures are in a good style of execution; and many of them, if I may take the opinions of others who are better judges than myself, are very superior; but not being of that class of subjects, scenes, and representations, which most please and interest me, I can not say that I was particularly struck with any one of the many in the gallery. The paintings, I should think, were more valuable, as a collection, illustrative of the history and progress of different schools of the art, than on account of the superiority of individual pieces.

The university contains an extensive library. The *ancient* university, as it is called, has apartments four hundred and forty-six feet in length, filled with books, and the other building, which was formerly a palace, now occupied as a part of the university buildings, has extensive apartments containing thousands of volumes, and not less than nine thousand valuable manuscripts, some of them very old. Dr. Vegetti, professor of philology, the successor of the learned Mezzofanti, showed us through the library, and pointed out what he regarded as the most valuable and interesting manuscripts and

books. From the professor I learned that there were only four hundred students in the university at this time. Its faculty numbers more than thirty professors, and scarcely any institution in the world affords finer facilities for the most thorough instruction in philology, the physical and experimental sciences, anatomy, physiology, medicine, the oriental languages, and jurisprudence in all its branches, than this university. Once it had ten thousand students at one time; now but four hundred. The reason of the limited number of students, at this time, as assigned by the professor of philology himself, is, that none but *Roman Catholics*, of the *Papal States*, are allowed, without great trouble and tedious preliminaries, to become students in the institution. So much for the exclusive and niggardly policy of the pope: thirty professors, and four hundred students. The library contains one hundred and forty thousand volumes and nine thousand manuscripts.

There is an extensive museum of natural history of antiquities, of anatomy, and physiology, connected with the university. This institution was founded in 1119. It was the first school that ever dissected a human body; and it was here the discovery of galvanism was made. But it is remarkable for an honor peculiarly its own, namely, the large number of its *female professors*.

It is an historical fact, that Novella d'Andrea, a daughter of the celebrated canonist, frequently occupied her father's chair; and it is recorded of her that her beauty was so great, that a curtain was drawn before her face while she was lecturing, that her bewitching loveliness might not distract or divert the attention of the students. Laura Bassi was also professor of mathematics and natural philosophy in this university. She had the degree of doctor of laws conferred upon her;

Laura Bassi, LL. D., professor of mathematics and natural philosophy in the university of Bologna!

Madonna Manzolini graduated in surgery in this institution, and was afterward professor of anatomy; and at a still later date, Matilda Tambroni, filled the Greek chair in the university. It would be well if those females who are so clamorous for women's rights in our own country would emulate the illustrious example of the distinguished females whose names are mentioned above.

There are said to be one hundred churches in the city. Some are curious, some fine, some very imposing. The San Stefano is curious. It includes seven churches in one. San Dominico is a superb church. It contains the tombs of San Dominico, and also of Guido, the artist, who executed its finest frescoes and most celebrated paintings. The cathedral and especially the basilica San Petronio, are grand and imposing edifices, more particularly in their internal structure, finish, and arrangements. I visited several other churches, but think of nothing worthy of notice connected with them.

The Leaning Towers of Bologna are immense piles of brick, inclining from an upright line, and one of them looks as though it might lose its balance, and topple over one of these days. The other is very high, somewhere between two hundred and fifty-six and four hundred feet. Strange to say, the guide-books, which settle everything pertaining to heights, distances, and dimensions, have not yet put down, with absolute certainty, the exact height of this principal tower of Bologna. I was going to get a ball of twine, and settle "the vexed question," by actual measurement myself; but, on application, no custode was to be found, and we learned withal, that the tower was very difficult of as-

cent. But I always go to the top of everything that has a way of ascent; and the difficulties in this case would not have deterred me, had I found a custode to admit me.

There is a strong revolutionary spirit among the people of Bologna, as I believe there is at Florence, Rome, Naples; and in all the governments of Italy. It showed itself, everywhere, in 1848. The people despise the priests, and really have but little respect for religion. The more intelligent and reflecting are skeptical on the subject of religion. They have no other standard by which to judge of it, than that afforded in the priesthood, the confessional, and the endless round of Roman Catholic services. They are denied access to the Scriptures, and the right of private judgment in matters of religion, and they are fast growing skeptical, both as to the value of the sacraments and the divine originality of the pretended claims of the church, and are only waiting some favorable opportunity to burst their fetters, and go forth as free men. The danger is, of running to excess. If these people had the forms, and practical developments of Protestant Christianity before them, and enjoyed, withal, the right of private judgment in the examination of the Holy Scriptures, they would be prevented from running into that freedom and licentiousness of opinion, both as to religion and civil government, to which there is, everywhere, a strong and powerful tendency. The traveller meets with intelligent, well-informed men, in all parts of the country, who speak in a whisper, especially to Americans, of their hatred of the priests, and their utter want of confidence in the efficacy of the sacraments of the Roman Catholic church.

The morals of this city, I should judge, from the

number of patients in some of its hospitals, are not very good. Extensive provision is made for the support of foundlings and bastards. One *seventh* of the births in Bologna are said to be illegitimate. There are numerous cases occurring here also, of stabbing, fighting, and personal violence. I saw a man this morning going to the place of execution for treason. No one seemed to care for it.

Nothing has afforded me half so much pleasure since I have been in Bologna, as the performances of an amateur band of musicians, most of whom are *blind*, who have played under my window several times since I have been in this hotel. They were playing in the streets last night at the time of our arrival—they played again while we were at our supper, and when I awoke this morning they were again near the hotel, discoursing as sweet and delightful music as any one ever need desire to hear. On looking out of my window upon them, the poor fellows turned up their sightless eyeballs, with faces wearing that expression which always accompanies blindness, and while I enjoyed with such zest the delicious and soothing strains with which they filled my ears from their violins, clarionets, and other instruments, I felt that it was not simply an act of charity to give them something, but that I was receiving a full equivalent in return. I threw a half-dollar to their guide and collector, and as the silver jingled on the pavement their countenances brightened and their instruments all seemed to express the gratitude which gleamed in their upturned faces. They played again at dinner, and again this evening; and as I leaned in my window, and feasted upon the banquet of sweet sounds, I felt as though I could not compensate the poor blind fellows, who stood so quietly upon the pave-

ment, and received with so many expressions of thankfulness the little mites that were tossed to them from the window. There were some little snatchés and strains, in the pieces which they so exquisitely performed, that I can never forget. Wherever I may live or roam, at home or among strangers, I shall still remember the notes that awoke such commingled and delightful emotions in my mind, from the band of blind musicians in Bologna.

It is a sweet and lovely evening. The sky is cloudless, and thickly set with brilliant and beautiful stars. The din of the city is dying into an echo, and silence is coming over the crowded masses of human beings, congregated within its walls. My thoughts have wandered away to my own distant home. I have thought of the dear ones that love me there, and my heart has been drawn thitherward. But a vast distance separates me from that loved circle, and weary, long months must elapse before I can mingle with them again. Are they well? are they happy? Have they freedom from disease, and does gladness fill their hearts? I can not solve these questions. God bless them! I can transmit them blessings by the way of the throne of grace. To-morrow morning early, we leave by way of Ferrara, Rovigo, etc., for Padua, thence by rail to Venice, hoping to get there early day after to-morrow.

CHAPTER XVII.

VENICE—FROM VENICE TO VERONA.

Arrival in Venice.—From Bologna to Ferrara.—Ferrara.—Tasso's Prison.—Cross the Po.—Customhouse on entering Lombardy.—Ride by Rovigo to Padua.—Padua.—Giotto's Chapel.—University.—Elena Lucrezia Cornaro Piscopia.—Piazzetta della Regione.—By Rail to Venice.—Venice.—Strolls about the City.—Piazzetta San Marco.—Bridge of Sighs.—San Marco.—Manfrini Palace.—House occupied by Lord Byron.—Lunatic Asylum.—Armenian Convent.—Ducal Palace.—Prisons.—Bridge of Sighs.—Venice.—Gondolas and Gondoliers.—Churches.—Rialto.—Campanile.—Sunday in Venice.—State of Religion.—Protestant Episcopal Worship, &c.—Departure from Venice.—Troubles at the Customhouse.—Arrival at Verona.

VENICE, *April 27, twelve o'clock, M.*—I can scarcely realize that I am in Venice. Venice, of which I have read so much and heard so much! And yet it is so. I now occupy a room in the *Hotel Royal Danieli*, from which I can look down upon the gondolas that rock or rest upon the bosom of the waters that form the streets of this unique city. Beautiful Venice! It sits like a queen upon the waters, surrounded on every side by the fickle element, over which she has usurped empire and dominion. Every moment the voice of a gondolier rises to my window, either in song or in tones of command or warning. As these boatmen, so long accustomed to the water that it seems almost their native element, push their slender gondolas along the *streets*, one plying an oar at the stern and another at the head, the one near the stern keeps an eye ahead, and shapes

the course by crying out *to the right* or *to the left*, and signalizes the approach of the boat to a corner, where there is danger of running into other boats, by a shrill cry that is well understood by oarsmen.

But I am too fast. On yesterday morning I left Bologna at a little before seven o'clock in a private carriage with Mr. and Mrs. Guild, leaving my fellow-travellers to come on in the public diligence. My object was to get to Ferrara, about thirty miles distant from Bologna, on the route to Padua, in time to allow me a few hours to devote to this old place before the arrival of the diligence; intending to join my friends again, at that place, and proceed on to Padua.

Immediately on leaving the gates of Bologna, we entered upon that plain of inexhaustible fertility and productiveness which extends from the base of the Apennines to Venice, and westward to the base of the Alps. It is perfectly level, and produces everything common to the climate in the most profuse abundance. The soil is alluvial and easily cultivated; and wheat, corn, hemp, rice, beans, &c., are raised in the greatest quantities. It is also a land of vineyards. The vines are trained from tree to tree, in sweeping, graceful festoons, and present an agreeable spectacle to the eye of the traveller as he moves steadily along over the roads that stretch across these apparently boundless plains. These vineyards continue from Bologna to the Po, a distance of thirty-five or forty miles. In all this distance there is scarcely a mile where these trained vines, woven into a sort of open wickerwork and extending from tree to tree, planted at equal distances, may not be seen along the roadside and upon the adjacent fields. The road is perfectly level, and, in many places for miles together, as straight as a line. They are kept up at very con-

siderable expense by the government; a great many hands being constantly employed in hauling pebbles, and in breaking up rocks into small pieces, with which the road is kept in a firm and unyielding condition. Over these pebbles a thin coating of earth is kept deposited, and firmly pounded down, so as to preserve the surface in a smooth and even condition.

On both sides the road from Bologna to Ferrara rows of white poplars, which are of rapid growth, are planted, not in *single* rows, but, in many places, three or four rows together, and these are cultivated and trimmed so as to make them run up very high, casting a shade all over the road. These are designed to protect the traveller against the burning rays of the sun, which are intensely oppressive here during the summer months. Besides these rows of white poplar, towering high overhead, there are hedge rows of hawthorn and other flowering shrubs planted by the margin of the road. Sometimes a delicate wickerwork fence would vary the adornments of the wayside.

For many miles on leaving Bologna, there is a small stream of water, a mere brooklet, that runs by the roadside; not a noisy brattling stream, but a lazy, oily current, that is just snited to the scenery. The grass grows down the sloping banks to the edge of the water, and it creeps along, under the shrubbery, with a drowsy, muffled murmur, now reflecting a cottage, now spanned by the arch of a bridge, now lost by a little detour around a garden, and now flashing in the sunlight that falls for a moment upon its bosom. The dew was not yet exhaled from shrub and flower as we entered, yesterday morning, upon this lovely road, stretching over this fertile plain, skirted with rich green fields, and vineyards, and farmhouses, and gardens, and cottages.

The sun was climbing up a sky of matchless blue, and the sweet-scented hawthorn, with its white clustering blossoms that nestled so sweetly among the green leaves, and the plume-like clusters of the lilac, were breathing incense upon the morning air. The birds were merry; the laborers were abroad among the wheat and vegetables, while a thousand elements combined to make the whole scene one of intoxicating delight, and untold loveliness. The trees are planted in rows as far as the eye can reach, in every direction, not only upon the sides of the road, but across the fields, separating different farms, and affording shade for man and beast during the summer heat. They present a strange appearance, at first pleasing by their novelty, then wearying by their monotony. I suppose this wide and productive plain, now so highly improved, presents an appearance strikingly similar to that which will be presented by our own western prairies, when they shall bloom with gardens, smile with cottages and happy homes, and sleep at morn and evening in sheltered beauty, beneath the long shadows of tall trees; and shall be broken and marked by elegant roads, hedged with shrubs, and fringed with flowers, winding among fruitful fields, and snowy villages, scattered here and there amid the ocean of green foliage, crested with billows of fragrant flowers.

The sun was shining with great fervor, and the roads were hot and dusty, when we entered Ferrara near mid-day. Under the guidance of an intelligent *valet de place*, we visited the prison in which Tasso was confined for seven years. On its walls are the names of a number of literary persons who have visited the gloomy cell. Among others, I saw that of Lord Byron, Lamartine, N. P. Willis, Wilde, and a great many more, too numerous to mention. The room in which Calvin found

shelter under the protection of the Duchess of Renée, the high-minded daughter of Louis XII., and wife of Ercole II. was pointed out to us.

The spirit of revolution ran high at this place in 1848, and not a few lost their lives by the part which they took in the insurrectionary movements. It was here that Cardinal Bedini perpetrated the outrages upon the person of Hugo Bassi, which brought such a storm about his ears during his visit to the United States, as compelled him to leave without accomplishing the tour which he had projected.

At three o'clock I took the diligence with my fellow-travellers — soon reached the Po — the boundary-line between the states of the church and Lombardy — under Austrian rule. Here we crossed the river on a *flying bridge* — a singular contrivance.

On reaching the opposite shore our baggage was examined, and our passports scrutinized. We were detained two hours — tedious and trying to the patience of the traveller.

Our way was along the banks of the Po for several miles. Road straight as an arrow, with rows of Lombardy poplars on each side. Fruitful fields. Passed Posella. Reached Rovigo at eight o'clock. Band of music playing. Got a cup of coffee. Started. Reached Padua at one o'clock at night, and slept soundly till after sunrise.

This morning we spent an hour or so in looking round upon the principal objects of much attraction in Padua. The Giotto chapel, of course, came in for a place in this catalogue. Our guide carried us here first. It is an old building, and apart from the frescoes by Giotto, the artist of whom the Paduans are so proud, there is nothing worthy of note. The frescoes repre-

sent many scenes in the life of our Saviour, and some of them are very fine. Over the door of entrance to the chapel, there is a fresco of the final judgment, in which are represented the spirits of the just, and also large groups of the lost. In this painting the sins of the Roman Catholic priesthood are represented in rather revolting colors. Pity it is, that there should ever have been any occasion for such representations.

We visited the university of Padua. It numbers at present fifteen hundred students. It has a fine library. Here we saw the statue of the celebrated *Elena Lucrezia Cornaro Piscopia*, who died in 1684, aged forty-eight years. She was a woman of rare accomplishments, and most finished education. She spoke fluently, it is said, Hebrew, Arabic, Greek, Latin, Spanish, and French. She was a fine musician, and a highly respectable poetess. She wrote mathematical and astronomical dissertations, and received a doctor's degree from the university. That which is not least remarkable in her history is, that she refused the most flattering and advantageous propositions in matrimony, and died the mistress of her own fortunes.

We visited also the *Piazza della Ragione*, an immense structure, which stands entirely on open arches, surrounded by a loggia. It is remarkable for its large hall, two hundred and forty feet in length by eighty feet in width, the roof of which is unsupported by pillars. In this hall is the monument to *Livy*. It is said the site of *Livy's* house can be pointed out in Padua.

At ten o'clock we left by rail for Venice. The distance is a little more than twenty miles. We ran it in an hour. The approach to the city is, for several miles, over a magnificent stone bridge, stretching across

the immense lagoon with which Venice is surrounded on all sides. With but little detention at the custom-house we were permitted to pass on, and soon we were in a gondola — threading the grand canal, through a large extent of the city, passing near the Rialto, and under the “Bridge of Sighs,” and finally we came to a halt at the door of the Hotel Royal Danieli.

It is hard for any one who has not actually seen Venice, properly to conceive of its real situation. The houses are actually built on foundations that are under the water, and the canals, which form the thoroughfares, answering to the streets, alleys, and lanes of other cities, wash the walls of the houses; and the steps descend immediately from the doors of the houses into the water. There are no sidewalks or porches intervening. Along these canals the boats are constantly passing, just as the carriages, omnibuses, carts, hacks, and other vehicles, pass the streets of other cities. Some are very fine and elegant. Others are plain. Some large and some small, presenting quite as great a variety in this regard as the vehicles do which throng the streets of other large commercial and fashionable cities.

My strolls about Venice during the afternoon and evening of to-day have made a very favorable impression upon my mind. The *Piazza San Marco* is one of the finest, if not decidedly the finest, public square in Europe. It is surrounded by splendid buildings on all sides, with a complete circuit of corridors in front of the splendid shops that open upon the square. There are several columns on the open space, one of which is crowned with the winged lion of Venice. From San Marco's, *the bronze horses of Venice*, whose history is so full of interest, look down upon the square, while

southward, in one place, it opens to the harbor and gulf of Venice, from which, this evening, a pleasant breeze came up upon the piazza, which was very grateful after the oppressive heat of the day. It is a lovely evening; and just now, as I paused over the canal near this hotel, and gazed upon the Bridge of Sighs just above me, that stood out so distinctly in the clear night air, spanning the space between the old palace of the doges of Venice, and the dark gloomy prison on the other side of the canal, my heart grew sick, as I recalled all that I had heard and read of the fate of thousands who had passed that bridge. There were the strong iron grates through which the glimmering light had stolen into their cheerless cells; there was the door, near the water's edge, out of which their dead bodies had passed into the stream of utter oblivion. The shadows of the departed seemed to pass before me, flitting in the gathering gloom of the night, and the bridge, in my imagination, at least, became vocal with the groans and sighs of the many victims of cruelty and wrong who had walked, in sadness, across it for the last time.

But I have not seen enough of this wonderful city yet to justify me in making any attempt to describe it. In point of splendor and brilliancy it surpasses Naples, and I think is scarcely inferior to Paris.

April 28. — Yesterday I visited San Marco — or the church of Saint Mark's, — now the cathedral of Venice. It is an oriental building in its appearance, and reminds one of a Mohammedan mosque. It is a dark and dingy building, and has but little to fix the attention on first entering it; but a more patient survey brings out much to study and admire — especially its mosaics, which completely cover the interior ceiling in

all its arches, groins, and domes. It would fill a small volume to name and describe these mosaic pictures. Some of them are very old.

But Saint Mark's is full of historic interest. It stands in one way or another connected with the history of Venice from its foundation till the present time.

The campanile in front of Saint Mark's is a lofty square tower, and amply repays an ascent to its summit. The ascent is easy, and the view magnificent. One can look down on the whole city, and take in at a glance all the environs, including the gulf of Venice, the lagoon, railroad, canals, islands, and the more distant main land, for many miles in circumference.

To-day has been occupied in visiting some of the principal objects that claim the attention of travellers in and about Venice. First we visited the Manfrini palace, which contains a large collection of paintings. Many of them are by the finest artists, and are, certainly, very superior paintings.

Returning from the palace down the grand canal we stopped at the house occupied by Lord Byron, during his long sojourn in Venice. It is now occupied by a private family, but we were kindly admitted and courteously conducted to the apartment up-stairs, looking out upon the canal, in which the cynic bard wrote many of his poems. The name of Byron is now indissolubly associated with Venice. I leaned from the window through which he gazed upon the splendors of Italian skies at sunset and caught inspiration for his verse. I stood where he stood, perchance, when, with the sound of the gondolier's song in his ear, he felt the inspiration which burst forth : —

“ 'Tis sweet to hear
At midnight, on the blue and moonlit deep,
The song and oar of Adria's gondolier,
By distance mellowed o'er the water's sweep.”

We next started for the Armenian convent, that stands a mile or so from the city, on an island called San Lazaro. On our way we passed the lunatic asylum—the “mad-house” mentioned by Shelley in his “Julean and Maddalo.” Here we stopped, and under the guidance of an intelligent young man, we were conducted through all the apartments of this extensive institution. There are at present about five hundred inmates, of all classes. We were shown through the large rooms occupied by the sick, and through others filled with lunatics, in every stage of derangement short of that madness which leads to deeds of violence. One of these poor unfortunate creatures, who fancies himself an emperor, came up to one of our party, with a magisterial air, and laying his hand upon him said: “I am an *emperor*: you are a *subject*. I should have more deference and respect shown to me; pull off your hat in my presence.” He offered no violence, but seemed to think that he was entitled to such an act of respect from all who passed through the apartment where he walked at large.

Among the inmates we learned there were some, who were well educated, and had occupied the highest positions in society.

The whole institution seemed to be under a fine system of management, and we received, from the officers, every mark of respect and attention while we were within the enclosure. The asylum stands upon an island, which it completely covers, lying right in front of the harbor, and about a mile from the city.

From the lunatic asylum, we proceeded on toward the convent in our gondola, pushed forward by two oarsmen, one of whom would have weighed at least three hundred pounds.

On reaching the convent we were received by a most intelligent and gentlemanly monk, who, on learning that we preferred a guide who could speak English, retired, and in a few moments a highly-educated monk, who had a pretty easy command of the English language, took us in hand, and showed us through the establishment. From him I learned that the Armenians of this convent hold substantially the creed of the Roman Catholics, while their rites, discipline, government, and ceremonies, are different. The Armenians of Mount Lebanon differ from them in creed and modes of worship.

This convent has an extensive printing establishment connected with it, in which a semi-monthly periodical is printed, the articles for which are written by the inmates of the institution. These monks are fine scholars. They publish all the books for the Armenians of the whole nation, of whom there is one hundred thousand in Constantinople alone, and in all five hundred thousand; many of whom are in India. They print here the creed of the Armenians in twenty-seven languages, all contained in one neat, small volume. They translate works of light literature, and publish them for general circulation among their people; and among these translations, I was not a little surprised to find "Uncle Tom's Cabin," translated by the young gentleman who showed us through the establishment. They publish also their popular songs in English and Armenian, together with some translations of Byron's poems into Armenian, as well as Byron's translations of some of their songs,

and his translations of parts of the Epistles to the Corinthians, all in the same volume.

Byron studied the Armenian language in this convent, during his sojourn in Venice; and his study, table, and chair, are still shown to visitors. His teacher, as we were informed, died about two years ago.

The library of this institution has some fine manuscripts and books. We were shown a manuscript copy of the Holy Scriptures in the Armenian language. It was most beautifully executed.

Returning to the city we visited the old ducal palace. Here we found some exceedingly fine paintings, especially those by Tintoretto, some of them the largest paintings on canvass in the world. We descended into the gloomy prisons of the palace, where criminals were confined during the days of the doges of Venice, and where the condemned were strangled with a cord. The dark rock-built cells, underground and cut off from light, were enough to freeze the blood. I could almost fancy that I heard the groans of incarcerated prisoners, as I crept along the dark passages, following a guide, who carried a feeble light in this hand, and discoursed continually upon the uses of different apartments, and described the tortures of the imprisoned and condemned with as much indifference as if he had been talking about hanging so many puppies. We passed from the palace out upon the "Bridge of Sighs," that spans the canal between the palace and the general prison, in which the great mass of the prisoners was confined in the days of the old doges. The prisons under the palace were especially for those who were guilty of treason, or capital state offences. This bridge is covered over, with two narrow passages, extending across from the palace to the prison. There are massive iron grates,

admitting a little light, and the whole is a gloomy passage, over which many a poor condemned criminal has passed, to return no more.

Venice is unlike any other place in the world. It sits in the water. The canals are the streets, lanes, and alleys of the city. The gondolas and boats are the carriages, hacks, omnibuses, carts, wagons, and drays, and the sturdy, sunburnt oarsmen are the horses. Such a thing as a land carriage or horse is never seen here. It is wonderful to see the skill with which a single man can manage a long gondola, with six or eight persons in it. He can wheel it up to the steps of your hotel, or private door, take you in, and dart off with more despatch than a driver could do the same with a carriage and horses. He uses but one oar, and stands on the hinder part of the gondola, managing so to balance the pressure of the oar on one side by the weight of his body on the other, as to make the boat head in the desired direction. The gondola seems, in fact, to become a part and parcel of the oarsman. He moves it about by a sort of muscular force which makes it seem to be but a part of himself. He turns his foot or hand or extends his arm, and the gondola turns; the movement of the gondola is simultaneous with the movement of his body. He turns a corner and darts down an alley with amazing celerity, and runs up to the door at the top of his speed, and stops, in an instant, without jolting against the marble steps.

The Sabbath in Venice, is quite as much respected as in any other city in Italy, so far as my observation extends; but it is shamefully desecrated even here. The Catholic churches are pretty well attended on Sabbath morning, but as soon as the services are over, the whole population seem to give themselves up to amuse-

ment and pleasure. The stores or shops of ordinary business, are generally closed, but cafés, provision stores, and eating-houses of every description, are kept open, as on other days, and seem to be places of great resort. A fine Austrian band, connected with the military corps, performs every Sunday afternoon upon the Piazzo of Saint Mark's, and the whole open square is crowded with the teeming population, and with the numerous visitors to the city. By the way, these Austrian bands discourse about as fine music as is anywhere heard in Europe.

The Established church of England is doing more than any other department of the great body of Christ, in the way of supporting Protestant religious worship in the principal cities of the Continent. In every large commercial place, as well as in the interior cities, they have chapels; and, during the winter and spring months especially, keep up regular religious services. I have found these chapels in Paris, Genoa, Leghorn, Rome, Naples, Florence, and Venice. The officiating ministers, so far as I can ascertain, are supported by the voluntary contributions of resident English and American families, and by a tax levied upon all visitors, who attend service in these chapels. Every one who occupies a seat is expected to pay for it. The price is fixed, and the money collected at the door, unless previously paid for. It is very agreeable, any way, for an American or Englishman to find a place of religious worship on the Christian Sabbath in the midst of a corrupt form of Christianity, where he can hear the pure gospel preached, in his own language. And in all the churches which I have attended, I have been struck with the truly *evangelical* preaching which I have heard. The sermons have been plain, simple, earnest, gospel sermons; every way adapted to do good. And it is

obvious that the happiest results must be produced by this stated religious worship in these cities. Influences must silently go out from these chapels, that will be felt upon the respective communities in which they are located. Each chapel becomes a radiating point from which rays of light will emanate, penetrating the surrounding darkness, and continue to spread in ever-widening circles, until the great masses of the population will begin to see "men as trees, walking;" and a new day of glorious gospel light will dawn upon this vast country, with its teeming millions, now actually shrouded in a gloom that is but little better than heathenish darkness.

But the people—the ignorant, uneducated classes, who form the great masses of the population, are so hopelessly wedded to their religion of forms—to that which is *purely outward*—that it must require a long time to substitute their forms and ceremonies, by the simple, spiritual worship of the New Testament. Their religion is a religion of *works*. They believe that their prayers, penance, sufferings, and alms-deeds, are meritorious. They actually know nothing of the sublime and beautiful doctrine of justification by *faith alone in Jesus Christ*. The Bible is a sealed book to them. "The priests' lips keep knowledge." They can not—they dare not read the Scriptures; they are denied the right of the private interpretation of God's holy word; liberty of conscience is wrested from them, and they are taught to believe what *the church believes*—what the priests teach. Hence they are seen at early morn, upon their knees, on the cold marble pavement of their great cathedrals and churches, muttering prayers, and counting them on a string of beads; or kneeling at a confessional box, whispering their sins and misdeeds into the

ear of a father confessor, at whose hands they are to obtain absolution ; or climbing " the sacred stairway," on their knees, hoping thereby to receive future indulgence for all their sins. They know nothing of a better religion. It would cost a man his life, in many parts of Europe, to congregate the people in masses and preach a simple gospel sermon to them—setting aside any other method of salvation, save by *faith* alone in Jesus Christ, " which sweetly works by love." Their religion is a heavy yoke—an oppressive burden. Most of it could be taken away, and utterly annihilated, without touching or impairing the religion of the New Testament. Take away the font and the holy water ; take away the candles, candlesticks, crucifixes, and pictures ; take away the high altar and the mass ; break down the confessional boxes, and clothe the poor with the priestly vestments of the sacristy ; coin the accumulated treasures of gold and silver into the national currency, and throw it into circulation ; do all this, and a great deal more, and at what point have you touched that religion which has its seat in the heart ; or impaired that worship which depends not on mosaic floors, marble columns, soaring arches, and resounding domes, to make it acceptable to God ; that worship which Christ himself has taught us, does not consist in outward genuflections, many prayers, fastings, and pompous ceremonies, but that which is *in spirit and in truth* ! But, take all these away, and what is left of the *Roman Catholic* religion ? Scarcely a vestige. Do this, and the pious Catholic might say, " Ye have taken away my gods, and what have ye left me ?"

There is a melancholy state of things in nearly all of Europe, so far as evangelism—true evangelism in religion—is concerned. It is an element almost entirely

foreign to all the forms of worship prevalent in most of the kingdoms of this vast continent. And unless God lays to his own almighty hand, and breaks up the present despotic forms of government, which deprive men of the liberty of conscience, and cut them off from the Bible, the only true source of religious knowledge, I see no possible method of improvement.

VERONA, *April 29.—Ten o'clock at night.*—Just arrived in this old city, and taken quarters at the Hotel due torre. Left Venice at five o'clock this afternoon by railroad, travelled over a fine country, through a thunder-storm.

The whole of the day, up to the hour of leaving Venice, was occupied in seeing places of interest and curiosity not visited before. First, we took a round among the churches—visiting the *Frari* containing the tomb of Titian, and a monument to Canova, with some fine paintings and statuary; San Giorgio Maggiore—a fine piece of Corinthian architecture; Santa Maria della Salute; the Chiesa de Gesuiti—a superb house, finished in a most costly style; Scuola di San Roco, which has a number of Tintoretto's paintings; St. John and St. Paul—a magnificent church, with the finest bas-reliefs, representing a series of important events in the history of Christ in white marble, that I have ever seen. These were executed by five different sculptors, and are truly splendid and beautiful.

Then we visited the Rialto, immortalized by the pen of Shakespeare. It is now a vegetable and fruit market; and old women were quarrelling where Shylock and Antonio talked over the great matters of commerce and trade.

Next we took the Academy of Fine Arts. This contains the finest collection of paintings in Venice; some

of them are superb. I have seen nothing that has struck me more forcibly than some of these pictures.

We then ascended the campanile, on the Piazzo of St. Mark's, and took a parting survey of the whole city of Venice. The ascent is easy—being an inclined plane, up which one could easily ride a donkey, and the view is splendid from the top. At the time of our ascent an Austrian band of musicians, fifty-six in number, was playing sublime and delightful music on the Piazzo. It rose softly on our ears, as we stood two hundred and fifty feet above the pavement, and looked down on the circle of musicians that stood near the base of the campanile.

We left our hotel in a gondola; wound around into the Grand canal, and followed its serpentine course until we reached the railroad station. Here we were again subjected to the provoking annoyance of having our trunks unpacked, all our little boxes opened, and a duty levied on some mere little trifles in the way of mosaic brooches, beads for children, and a few similar articles of very little value. We came near being left by the cars. We were altogether disinclined to pay the duty at first charged, and told the contemptible officers that they were perfectly welcome to the articles in question—that they were of no great intrinsic value, and were designed as little presents for friends at home. They then fell from one hundred francs to twenty; whereupon we paid the amount, and were glad to get out of the hands of these horse-leeches and vampires. I am pleased at the prospect of getting beyond the limits of such a villanous and suspicious government. They opened all our letters, examined our journals and everything else in our trunks.

To-morrow morning we shall see what is to be seen in Verona, and then leave for Milan.

CHAPTER XVIII.

VERONA AND MILAN.

Rainy Morning. — Catholic Church. — Two Young Ladies. — Veronese Veils. — Visit to the Tomb of Juliet. — Amphitheatre. — Verona. — From Verona to Milan. — Face of the Country. — Arrival at Milan. — First Visit to the Cathedral. — San Carlo Borromeo. — Second Visit to the Cathedral. — Music. — View from the Octagon Tower. — Dimensions of the Cathedral. — Brera Gallery. — City of Milan. — Drive around the Boulevards. — Arena. — Arch of Peace. — Leonardo da Vinci's Last Supper. — Ambrosian Library. — Last Visit to the Cathedral. — Sunset View from the Roof and Tower.

VERONA, *April 30*. — Torrents of rain were descending this morning when I awoke; but as we were to leave at eleven o'clock for Milan, no time was to be lost, and arousing my fellow-travellers from their slumbers, we started out to visit the principal objects of attraction in Verona, before breakfast. These are very few. Besides the amphitheatre, and the so-called tomb of Juliet — a name so identified with that of Romeo that we can scarcely pronounce them separately — there is but little else to claim the attention of the traveller. While we were waiting for the carriage, we stepped into a large and elegant church which stands near the hotel, where we saw the Catholics, in large numbers, attending to their morning devotions. Many of the ladies came through the drenching rain, with nothing on their heads but thin veils. By-the-way, these veils, worn by the ladies of Verona, are ex-

ceedingly tasteful, and becoming. They are not altogether unlike the covering for the head worn by the ladies in Genoa; more of the *veil*, however, and still more handsome and becoming, I think, much as I admired the ladies' head-dress in Genoa. Among the worshippers whom I saw enter the church this morning, there were two young ladies, rather handsome than otherwise, who seemed to be full of life and animation. There was a cheerfulness of expression and gayety of manner that amounted almost to mischievousness. They entered the church with a bound—touched the holy water, and crossed themselves carelessly—eying the strangers at the door all the time—then knelt in chairs before an altar of the church and soon performed their devotions. In crossing themselves at the font, on retiring from the church, they playfully attempted to cross each other, and actually left the sanctuary in a high state of glee and merriment.

But our carriage was waiting, and we rode first to the tomb—or what passes for the tomb—of Juliet. The rain was falling in torrents, and we reached the entrance to the tomb before the custode was up. I must premise that whoever visits the tomb of Juliet, with highly-inflated notions from reading Shakespeare, that he is to approach a splendid monumental pile, with “storied urn and animated bust,” through funereal walks, where the cypress and the yew cast their dark shade upon the snowy marble, is destined to disappointment. We rang a bell at a rickety door, that turned out to be the entrance to a cowhouse, or something of the sort, and were admitted by an old woman, slatternly dressed, with clogs on her feet, and her hair uncombed—she was our guide. As the rain was falling fast, and the whole surface of the earth was cover-

ed with water, and the path which led through a vegetable garden to the tomb was narrow, we took it in single file—the old lady leading the way, with her skirts tucked up, and her clogs splashing in the puddles of rain. We soon reached an establishment that looked like a stable and a kitchen combined, and passed into a sort of court, where the scents were not altogether as sweet and odorous, as those which greet the olfactories on entering the laboratory where perfumes are prepared in the monastery of Santa Maria de Novella at Florence. And here, there was something pointed out to us as the tomb of Juliet, which looked more like an old timeworn trough, used for watering stock, than anything else to which I can compare it. The old lady, our guide, in *Italian*, not a word of which we understood, repeated her oft-related story, pointing here and there, and looking as wise as an owl all the time; first one, and then another of our party, responding “Si,” “Gia” — which was meant for “Yes” — “Just so.” It was hard to suppress a strong disposition which I felt, to break out in a great uproarious laugh, at the ludicrous picture which we presented—standing in a group, in a heavy shower of rain, around an old, broken stone-trough, listening to an old, ignorant woman descanting on “*the tomb of Juliet.*”

Murray, who is good authority, says in his guide-book, that the tomb of Juliet was certainly shown, in the last century, before Shakespeare became known to the Italians. That tomb, however, he remarks, has long since been destroyed; and then, very coolly adds: “The present one, in the garden of the *Orfanotrofio*, does just as well.” He further adds that what is now shown as the tomb of Juliet, was used as a *washing trough* before it was promoted to its present honor!

So much for the tomb of Juliet. And it is to visit just such things, that tourists rise early, travel far, and undergo fatigue; often making long and expensive detours from the main line of travel, for no other reason than to say, on returning home, that they have seen thus and so. There, doubtless, were such persons as Romeo and Juliet, and it is fair to presume that each one had a tomb; but it is certainly very difficult, at this day, in the entire absence of any epitaph or monumental stone, to say, with any degree of certainty, where those tombs are. The fact is, there is scarcely any of the tombs, that are pointed out to travellers, as the last resting-places of world-renowned personages, with the exception of such as actually have unquestionable inscriptions, with abundant collateral proof, that have anything more than remote inferences and conjecture in support of their claims, as the real graves of the departed, whose names they now bear. This is true of what passes for the tomb of Virgil, of Cicero, and of a host of others that might be named.

The amphitheatre of Verona is really worth visiting. It is, indeed, a most interesting ruin, and is more nearly perfect, and in a better state of preservation, than any other amphitheatre now in existence. It is supposed to have been built between the years 81 and 117 of the Christian era, and was contemporary with the Coliseum at Rome. The outer portions have been nearly destroyed, but the interior is almost perfect. The circular seats, rising one above another, from the arena, to the remotest and highest circle, more than forty in number, are nearly perfect, and would this day, seat more than twenty thousand persons. It is elliptical in form, and its greater diameter is five hundred and thirteen feet; the lesser four hundred and ten feet.

The arena is two hundred and forty-eight by one hundred and forty-seven feet. The whole is constructed of Verona marble, and in its dilapidated state it presents a most sublime and imposing spectacle.

Verona is beautifully situated in a valley that is surrounded on the north by high hills, beyond which the Alpine ranges are seen lifting their snowy summits. The Adige flows through the city; and seen from a distance, with its walls and towers, it is one of the finest-looking places that meet the eye of the traveller in Europe. It has a population of more than sixty thousand.

MILAN, *April 30 (at night)*.—We left Verona this morning at eleven o'clock by rail for Coccaglio, at which place we took diligence for Treviglio, a distance of twenty-three miles, where we again took the railroad for Milan. The whole line of travel from Venice, by way of Padua, Verona, Brescia, and Treviglio, is through an interesting portion of country. The soil, after leaving Padua, is not so good as in the lower parts of Lombardy, bordering on the Po, and extending to Bologna, but the land is everywhere in a fine state of cultivation, and seems to produce grain in great abundance. The whole distance from Venice to Milan is about one hundred and sixty miles, the road running almost directly west. After leaving Padua, the lower ranges and off-shoots of the Alps begin to appear on the north. In some places they approach very near the line of the road, and rise to a height at which their snowy tops reach the clouds. These mountains form the northern boundary of that great fertile plain which extends from the base of the Apennines on the south, and is bounded by the shores of the Adriatic on the east; and it admits of a doubt whether

there is a more productive portion of land, of the same extent of surface, in the world. This is certainly true of that part which lies between the Po and the Apennines, and between the Adige and the Po. The sun had gone down when we came in sight of the lofty turrets and towers of the great cathedral of Milan. A sort of quiet, dusky repose seemed to hover around this magnificent and gorgeons pile of marble, constructed with consummate skill, as we entered the walls of the city, and threaded the well-paved streets, on our way to the *Hotel de la Ville*, where we took lodgings, and found delightful accommodations.

MILAN, *May 1*.—This morning I arose early, and went alone to the cathedral. My first full view of it was from the northeast angle, the front being west; and it is impossible to embody in words the sublime emotions that filled my breast. It so far overleaped all my most enlarged expectations that there was actually an awe and wonder excited that almost stupified me. Looking upward toward its hundreds of light, airy, heaven-pointing pinnacles, crowned with what, at that distance, appeared like delicate and exquisite statuary, the effect was positively stunning. The mind staggered and reeled in the attempt to take it in, and comprehend it, but it wrestled in vain, it could not grasp the stupendous and wonderful pile. The effect of the interior was of a different character; a different class of emotions was called into play. A feeling of solemn awe, not unfriendly to the deepest devotion, stole over my mind, and trembled along the very nerves of my soul, as I slowly rambled among the wilderness of columns, and beneath the fretted arches of this magnificent and sublime temple. The sun was just up, and the gushes of horizontal beams upon the stained glass, in the

higher parts of the roof, flooded the upper regions of the church with golden and crimson light, while a sort of twilight gloom still lingered in the nave, transepts, and chapels below. The Catholics were at their devotions. There was no music — no chanting — no audible prayers — no responses. Everything was quiet, solemn, impressive. My own heart was affected, and I stood mute, but not indevout or prayerless in this great house, built for God.

Returning again to the street I rambled round the entire cathedral, at a sufficient distance to get a full view of its roof, buttresses, cupolas, and towers, capped and interspersed with an immense number of angels, saints, apostles, and martyrs, in marble. It looked like a petrified city, where the population had all been suddenly arrested, and turned to stone, drawing their marble drapery around them with the last convulsive throbings of expiring existence; some with hands and eyes, uplifted to heaven; some kneeling; some crouching under heavy burdens; and others, lightly touching the pointed summit of pinnacle or spire, with the bounding foot, in the attitude of one panting for a higher and happier clime than earth, and giving up existence, under the marble touch of death, just at the last point of contact with this mundane sphere — the spirit fled; the body, in longing expectancy, left behind. As to criticism, my mind could not reach a point so high; and I actually forgot, for the time, all the criticisms which I had seen, on the façade — the open tracery — the interior — the statuary. I did not attempt to descend to any of the minor points of detail, but rather contemplated it as a whole, and the gratification was thrilling and intense. It is worth a trip from the United States to Milan just to see the great *Duomo* or cathedral, which

is put down, very properly, as one of the wonders of the world. I write this early in the day, while the impressions of my first visit are vivid upon my mind; how these views will be modified by subsequent visits, I am not prepared to say. I anticipate that they are to be heightened by views from the octagon gallery, which enables the beholder to look down, and minutely survey the petrified city that crowns the vast superstructure.

The *San Carlo Borromeo*, a church just opposite the Hotel de la Ville, a new edifice, built after the model of the Pantheon at Rome, is a most interesting piece of architecture. It is surmounted with a dome, only second in size to that of the Pantheon; its diameter being one hundred and five feet, and its height one hundred and fifty feet. Its front is a rich Corinthian peristyle after the pattern of the Pantheon.

Two o'clock, same date.—I have just returned from another visit to the cathedral, which has greatly heightened my admiration of this noble and beautiful structure. On entering the church my ears were saluted with as sublime and ravishing strains of music as it has ever been my good fortune to hear. To-day is a great church festival. I am not sufficiently posted up in the Roman Catholic calendar to know whether it is a general or local festival; whether devoted to apostle or martyr, or observed in celebration of the birth or death or noble deeds of some person who has lived and died in Milan. This is not material; for the Roman Catholics have a festival or fast for nearly every day in the year. Thousands were entering the cathedral; and the tones of the organ, and the sweeter strains of the human voice, combining into high swelling music, filled the whole church. Such voices! so finely modulated; so rich; so full; so soft; rising from whispered,

expiring notes, into strains lengthened, lofty, sublime, and then dying away again, into touching, plaintive, tender accents that swept the tense chords of the heart, as with the ethereal fingers of an angel's hand. It was like the sounds borne to the listener on a bland, summer evening, by the successive waves of the atmosphere, swelling up from the hidden vale below, and bearing to the ear the songs of an army or the rejoicings of a great multitude, such as the apocalyptic seer heard and saw, in the overpowering visions of Patmos: or, like the thunder-song of the rolling serf, pealing upon the echoing shore in the night-time: now faint; now loud; now uttered in the voice of the tempest; now gently, softly whispered in the breeze. Such music once heard, can never be forgotten. It has its echo which can be waked in the heart, by the magical touch of association, or by the creative power of the imagination, through all the after-periods of a man's life. I was riveted to the marble pavement, and stood still, in almost breathless silence beneath the vaulted, fretted roof; and under a trembling, intense excitement, that made the heart ache, and throb. The charm bound me, and I felt unwilling to break the spell.

From the interior, filled with thousands of spectators, and worshippers, I ascended to the top of the roof, and thence to the gallery of the octagon tower, more than three hundred feet above the pavement of the church below, from which I had a view, not surpassed by that from the dome of Saint Peter's, or from the top of the cathedral in Florence. But that which most attracted and fixed my attention, was the roof of the church itself. It is unlike anything else of the sort in the world. The open tracery in snowy marble; the towers, with niches filled with statuary, and the lofty pinnacles

shooting up with an airy lightness, surmounted with images of saints and apostles; and the most delicate ornamental work, embellishing the whole; presenting to the eye the more full realization of the petrified city; or rather, of a neat, compact, and beautiful village, as seen from this point, where the shrubbery, and lofty, branching trees in full summer foliage; the bursting buds, and expanded flowers, roses, camelias, japonicas, and the more delicate snow-drop, violet, and pink, together with the frolicksome children and the beautiful damsels, the blooming young men in life's full prime, and the more aged parents, had all been converted into marble. But this can give the reader but a faint conception of the cathedral. It can not be so described in words, or by the pencil, as to give any one an accurate conception of it. Some have expressed disappointment on seeing this vast and splendid building. It did not meet their expectations. For myself I can say, that it has far surpassed any conception I had previously formed of it. Nearly five hundred years have elapsed since the foundation stone of this Duomo was laid by the hands of Giovanni Galeazzo Visconti, and it is not yet completed. In all that time there have been scaffolds for the workmen, around the unfinished edifice. The work is still progressing. Perhaps it never will be entirely completed according to all the minutiae of the plan.

It is calculated that the niches and pinnacles of the exterior alone, will require four thousand five hundred statues to fill them; while only about three thousand have been completed, and fitted to their respective positions. Well may it be likened to a petrified city, since its population in statues is numbered by thousands.

The following are the principal dimensions as furnished by the guides: Extreme length, 485 English feet; breadth of body, 252 feet; between the ends of the transepts, 287 feet; height of the crown of the vaulting in the nave from the pavement, 153 feet; height from the pavement to the top of the statue of the Madonna, which crowns the spire, 355 feet. Fifty-two pillars, each formed by a cluster of eight shafts, support the pointed arches, on which the roof rests, the total height of each pillar of the nave and chancel being eighty feet.

“The ground plan of the Duomo is a Latin cross, terminated by an apsis in the form of five sides of an octagon. The body is divided into a nave and four aisles, by four ranges of colossal, clustered pillars, with nine inter-columniations. The transepts and the chancel are divided into three aisles. The vaultings of the roof spring at once from the pillars; hence arises an appearance of great loftiness. The roof is painted in elaborate fretwork.” — *Murray's Guide*.

But; as before observed, no descriptions in words, or representations in painting or engraving, will give any one an accurate conception of the cathedral. I speak of it as a whole; and as such I have viewed it. It would require a large volume to furnish a detailed description of every part, and an historical sketch of the edifice from its foundation till the present time.

Eight o'clock P. M., same date. — The Brera gallery of paintings and statuary is always embraced in the catalogue of places put down for the visiter at Milan. It is not altogether devoid of interest, and yet there is nothing that a traveller, who has visited the galleries in Rome and Florence, might not miss seeing without any very great loss. Some of the paintings are deci-

dedly fine. It would, indeed, be strange if this were not so, in a gallery that numbers about four hundred and fifty different subjects; but there are comparatively few pieces by the first-class artists. The statuary is perhaps better than the paintings, but there is scarcely anything here, that is not seen, either in the originals or in quite as good copies, in other places.

The city of Milan is attractive in itself. The streets are wider than in most of the cities in southern Italy and are well paved. The houses are well built and present a fine appearance. There are but few fountains and public squares, but there are some beautiful drives and promenades on the outskirts of the city. The population seems to be of rather an elegant and refined class. The people dress well, and seem to conduct themselves with great propriety of behavior. They are courteous and polite to strangers, and all that one sees is adapted to make a favorable impression upon a stranger sojourning temporarily in the city. The whole circuit of country surrounding the city appears to be in a prosperous and thrifty condition. The view, as presented from the gallery of the octagon tower of the cathedral is decidedly fine. On the south and east the eye is greeted with the fruitful and lovely plain of Lombardy extending away to the Po, and beyond to the base of the Apennines; while on the north and west, the Alpine ranges, glittering in eternal snow, bound the view, and enclose a most enchanting section of country, inlaid with beautiful lakes, and sparkling with running streams. If the influence of liberal institutions and a less despotic government could be shed upon this country, it would flourish like a well-watered garden, and resound with the songs of a happy population.

MILAN, *May* 2.—This morning I enjoyed a most delightful drive around the Boulevards of the city. The sky was perfectly clear; the air cool and bracing, and everything wore a cheerful and happy aspect after the gloomy and rainy day we had on yesterday. The lofty summits of the Alps, crowned with deep, untrodden snow, were glittering in the morning sunlight, while the chestnut-trees, planted in long rows on each side of the Boulevards, were clothed in the broad foliage of summer. We drove to the arena, which is a modern structure, and in point of area surpasses even the Coliseum. The diameter is more than seven hundred feet. It has ten rows of circular seats, and can accommodate thirty thousand persons. It is used for great public exhibitions on state occasions; and it is so arranged that the arena can be filled with water, and used for mimic naval exploits. The difference between this arena and the ancient amphitheatres is in the number of seats; and the absence in this, of the underground, or, rather sub-mural corridors, passages, and apartments. The outer walls of the arena, are not one fifth as high as those of the Coliseum, or even of the amphitheatre at Verona. It, however, has large capacity, and is well adapted to the purposes for which it was designed.

The *Arch of Peace* near the *Porta Orientale*, is a very fine superstructure. It is built of white marble, and surmounted with a figure of Peace, with the olive-branch in her hand, standing in a noble car drawn by six horses. On each angle of the arch there are four figures of Fame, mounted on fine bronze steeds that look as though they were in the act of leaping from the top of the arch to the ground. The figures of Fame, each holding in her hand a beautiful wreath, are designed as heralds to announce the approach of Peace. There are

also a number of bas-reliefs on the pedestals, and entablatures of the columns, representing battles, conferences, and capitulations. Altogether it is a fine and imposing triumphal arch, though it has not escaped criticism in its minor details; but what work, public building, column, or arch, has been universally pronounced perfect and faultless?

Leonardo da Vinci's *Last Supper*, painted upon the wall of the refectory of the Santa Maria delle Grazie, is visited by every traveller who stops for a single day at Milan. This celebrated painting, a copy of which, in one form or another, everybody has seen, has been pronounced one of the finest in the world. In its present marred and faded state, it is certainly impossible to tell what it was when fresh from the hands of the celebrated artist. I sat before it for some time, and looked at it, and read all the guide-books said about it, but was not able to work myself up to the point of extravagant admiration expressed by some travellers in its contemplation. The head and face of Christ are certainly inimitable; the other figures are so defaced, and the whole picture so flawed, faded, and injured, that I could form no opinion as to what they had been. It is said that this painting has frequently been retouched, by artists of no ability, and in this way has suffered very much. The whole history of this wonderful picture, about which so much has been written, is curious and interesting; but it would fill several pages to furnish even a synopsis of its history; and it is presumed that all readers of books of travel are familiar with it.

The Ambrosian Library, founded by Cardinal Federico Borromeo in 1609, contains about one hundred thousand printed volumes, and a most valuable collection of manuscripts. In a hasty visit of a few hours

one can see but little of this vast collection of books, and on retiring from the library apartments he only remembers that he has seen a large collection of volumes, carefully packed away in cases ; some leaving the marks of age ; some comparatively new ; some bound in leather ; others in boards ; some large ; some small. Of the manuscripts he remembers the admiration excited by the elegant manner in which they are executed, and wonders how it was possible, with the hand, and an old gray goosequill, on parchment or vellum, to do such work, on so large and extensive a scale. In this library I saw a beautiful manuscript copy of Virgil copied, and annotated by Petrarch. There is a neatly-written note prefixed to this manuscript, in which Petrarch is supposed—of course it is a mere conjecture—to describe his first interview with Laura, who became an object of almost idolatrous devotion with the poet. There is also here, a translation of Livy into Italian, by Boëcaccio ; and a manuscript letter of Lucretia Borgia, written to Cardinal Bembo. Heads of sermons by San Carlo ; fragments of Homer, of the fourth century ; Josephus translated into Latin, by Rufinus, upon papyrus ; besides a large volume of drawings by Leonardo da Vinci, and a very fine and early copy of Dante. These manuscripts are preserved with great care. The most rare and valuable being laid open in glass cases, and locked up, so that they may be seen and examined, but not handled. The same precaution, with regard to valuable manuscripts, is observed at the Laurentian Library in Florence.

Connected with this library there is a gallery containing some valuable paintings, and a valuable collection of natural and historical curiosities. Among other objects specially deserving notice is Raphael's original

cartoon of "The School of Athens," from which the fresco in the Vatican was executed. It is done with black chalk on gray paper, and contains the figures only, without the architecture. There is also here a profile likeness of Leonardo da Vinci, executed by himself in red chalk.

Near sunset, again, this evening I turned my footsteps to the cathedral for a parting visit. Vespers were going on when I entered the church, and the sublime strains of music were again resounding through the vaulted ceiling, and reverberating among the columns, and along the arches of this glorious temple. I paid the stated fee of admittance to the roof and tower, and hastened up, that I might see the sun set from the highest point. The ascent is long and tedious; but not difficult. Steps upon the flying buttresses present an easy ascent to the different levels; and two staircases, winding up turrets of open tracery, conduct the weary feet to the platform of the octagon tower; thence a similar staircase in the spire leads to the open gallery at the foot of the pyramid that crowns the highest point of ascent. Having reached this point, a boundless and glorious prospect is unrolled before the eye. The veil that shrouded the more distant objects on yesterday was lifted up; the atmosphere was clear, and the horizontal beams of the setting sun threw a flood of mellow, golden light over the whole expanse of vision, stretching from the Alps to the Apennines, and eastward, far away over the lovely plains of Lombardy, as far as the eye could reach. The light and shade playing upon the snow-capped peaks of the Alps, developed some of the most enchanting pictures, throwing them upon the canvass in the most delicate tints and hues; blending all the colors of the rainbow, and drawing the vanishing lines with

the hair-strokes of Nature's pencil, dipped in the dyes of heaven. The plain of Lombardy, presenting a slightly undulating surface, was not altogether unlike the bosom of the sea ; the foliage of the trees catching the departing sunlight, answering to the rolling billows, and the white houses, glancing out from the ocean of green, not unlike

“ The snowy bosom of the swan,
That rises graceful o'er the wave.”

From this high point of observation the Simplon pass of the Alps could easily be distinguished ; while Monte Rosa, crowned with snow that never dissolves, clearly developed the rosy hues in the departing sunlight, from which it takes its name. Mount Cenis, too, was seen lifting its head far away toward the sunset ; while on the intervening spaces, canals, rivers, lakes, and ponds, were seen shining in the vanishing sunbeams like molten masses of incandescent metal, glowing with the luminous heat of the furnace.

In my note-book, I wrote as follows : “ I am now seated upon the highest part of the roof of the great cathedral of Milan. The broad, rounded disk of the sun goes down behind the snowy Alps. The chime of bells from the church-towers in every direction fills the evening air, and the dying din of the city rises faintly to my ear. Quietness reigns around me. A few visitors linger about the roof, and upon the gallery of the octagon tower of the cathedral, enjoying, like myself, the view from this elevated position at sunset. Hundreds and even thousands of statues are looking down upon me. All the apostles and all the saints of the calendar are watchers on the towers of the cathedral. My heart is oppressed with the grandeur, solemnity, and impressiveness of all that surrounds me. But hark !

There is the voice of the custode of the church, ringing out in the still evening air, as he rambles along the marble roof, calling to the visitors to descend, and warning all that the church-doors are soon to be closed. I must away."

To-morrow is another church festival. Great preparations are making for it, in the adornment of the cathedral. "Pendant in the vaulting of the octagon over the altar, is a reliquary, said to contain one of the nails of the cross, which annually, on the feast of the invention of the cross, 3d of May, is exposed upon the altar, and carried in solemn procession through the city."

It is growing late at night. To-morrow morning early we shall leave for Como. My visit to Milan has been pleasant, and the impressions which I have received are all favorable. Milan is a delightful city. Its streets are clean, and exceedingly handsome. There is a peculiarity in the pavement. Parallel rows of broad, smooth, flat stones are laid down at a suitable width for carriage-wheels to run on, and in driving through the streets, the movement of the vehicle is as even and quiet as if it were running over a polished marble floor. There is none of that rattling and jostling which is common almost everywhere else.

CHAPTER XIX.

FROM MILAN TO GENEVA.

Lake Como. — Excursion. — Scenery on the Lake. — Ride to Varese. — Processions of Roman Catholics. — A Pony Ride to a Convent. — Lake Maggiore. — Pallanza. — Diligence to Domo d'Ossola. — Fine Singing by Peasant-Girls. — Ascent of the Alps. — Breig. — Diligence down the Valley of the Rhone. — Face of the Country. — Population. — Culture. — Martigny. — Approach to Lake Geneva. — Castle of Chillon. — Vevey.

VARESE, *May* 3. — The sun has just gone down. His resplendent beams still linger on the heaven-pointing peaks of the mountains, sheathed in eternal snow, while the valleys are veiled in darkness below. Delicate tints of all colors, soft and exquisite as the painting of a flower, flitting in ever-varying hues from sky to mountain, and from mountain to sky; the rosy twilight deepens into purple and sombre gray, and the night banners, bespangled with stars, brilliant and sparkling, are beginning to unroll along the azure vault of heaven. This is a sweet and lovely hour — an hour that gives wings to thoughts, and sends them abroad, like the dove from the ark, over a boundless sea, seeking some spot on which to rest the weary wing. Mine have soared beyond the Alps, and traversed the broad expanse of the Atlantic, and nestled for awhile in the little dovecote called *home* — more dear to me than all

the world beside. In all my roving, however my time may be occupied, or whatever objects may engage my attention, there are moments when my thoughts break away from all that is around me, and with electric speed seek the hearts that love me most, and beat in response to my own at home. But I must drop a theme which is too tender for me to dwell on, and turn to subjects less personal to myself, and of more general interest to the reader.

We left Milan this morning at an early hour, by rail, for Como, where we took a small steamboat, and spent the most of the day upon the lake and at Bellaggio, one of those delightful and beautiful places that skirt this charming sheet of water, embosomed in the mountains. Travellers have so frequently described Lake Como, and said so much in its praise, that almost every one knows something of its locality and its charms. It lies nearly north of Milan, about twenty miles distant, and is entirely environed by high mountains, some of which are crowned with snow nearly all the year. It is not a broad sheet of water, but narrow, varying in breadth, I should think, from a quarter of a mile to a mile, and is forty miles in length. Its course is tortuous, so that one can not see more than two or three miles at any one view; thus it presents to the eye of the voyager, rather a succession of small lakes, set, like beautiful gems, in a splendid framework, than the aspect of one continuous lake. The turns are frequently abrupt, so that it appears to terminate just ahead, but presently the boat rounds a point, and another lovely view opens before the eye. Along the shore there is a succession of small towns and villages, nestling in the little coves along the water's brink, while ever and anon,

“ Looks out the white-walled cottage here,
The lowly chapel rising near,”

twinkling like snow-drops, in the midst of the green foliage of the terraced gardens, or peeping coyly out from a hidden dell, or deep ravine, where the snow-fountains sparkle and foam over the rocks, and leap in silvery cascades into the bright clear waters of the lake below. The scenery on the lake is not altogether unlike that of the Hudson river, in the wilder and more picturesque parts of that noble stream. Lake Como, in fact, combines all the beauties of both a river and a lake. It has the windings, and apparent meanderings of the river, and the even, moss-covered, and verdure-clad margin of the mountain lake.

Bellaggio stands on the promontory that divides the southern extremity of the lake into two great arms, which engirdle the base of the mountains; and just in the rear of the village, which occupies a narrow, level slip of land immediately on the edge of the water, a lofty hill rises up to a considerable elevation, covered with the finest forest growth that anywhere skirts the lake. This hill is terraced from its base to its highest point, and made easy of ascent by winding paths, paved with small round pebbles, and arched with living verdure, and fringed with delicately-trimmed shrubbery, and flowers on trellis-work, and rustic bowers. At various points in the ascent, there are parapets, walled up, on the brink of yawning precipices, commanding the most lovely and picturesque views of the lake and the circumjacent mountain-scenery. At other points large tunnels are cut through the rocks — not in straight lines, but in curves, with smaller tunnels diverging at different angles, each one opening upon an enchanting view on the farther side of one or the other

of the arms of the lake. These tunnels end on abrupt steeps, rising hundreds of feet above the water, where one may stand, and feast the eye upon unsurpassed scenes of beauty and grandeur, combined in pictures which imprint themselves on the mind, never to be forgotten. We finally reached the point of highest elevation, where we sat down, under the shadow of high trees, among the ruins of an old castle wall, and gave ourselves up to the dreamy influences of the hour and place. Here I wrote as follows: "Twelve o'clock.—Seated upon a broken, crumbling wall, on a high point of a beautifully-terraced hill, overlooking Lake Como. The sunlight is streaming through the leafy roof above me, and shedding a soft and genial influence upon the green carpet of moss, gemmed with exquisitely painted flowers, at my feet. The merry notes of unnumbered birds are ringing in vesper-like sweetness overhead and around me. From some distant church-tower, the softest, sweetest chime of bells I have ever heard is stealing upon my ear. Beautiful vista views of lake and mountain are opening on every hand; while the roar of a waterfall, rising and falling with the restless winds, fills the atmosphere with its wild, woodland music, blending soothingly with the drowsy murmur of the waves, dashing upon the rocks below."

We descended by a succession of terraces on the other side of the hill, and rambled among flowers and orange groves, and along by rocky steeps, out of which great cactuses were growing in rank luxuriance: and where white and rose-colored camelias were unfolding their bloom and beauty; and under great arches of jagged, unhewn rocks, spanning the entrance to dark and gloomy grottoes, and beside little mimic lakes, where gold fish sported in the shining waters. All

this work has been done at the expense of a nobleman, of princely fortune, who spends but little of his time among the charming scenes which he has created for the eyes and enjoyment of others. And this delightful place is but one of many that borders the shores of Lake Como.

At five o'clock in the evening we reached Como, and took vetturini for Varese, on our way to Lake Maggiore, lying about thirty miles west of Como. Our road this evening was over a pleasant section of the country; the soil productive and finely cultivated. We saw a great many females engaged in field labor. In passing a small town on the way, we met a procession of not less than a thousand or fifteen hundred persons, male and female, bearing crosses, and singing, most beautifully, some dirge-like music. The street was narrow, and completely canopied for two or three hundred yards, with long pieces of cloth stretched along, nearly as high as the eaves of the houses. This has been a great fete day with the Catholics in and about Milan, and the people of this little town and its vicinity, were taking their part in the exercises prescribed by the church for the occasion. A more motley mixture of persons, men, women, and children, I never saw. There was scarcely a well-dressed person among them. We took off our hats, as the cross-bearers passed our carriage; for, we were compelled, though night was approaching, and we had several miles to travel, to stand still till the procession passed. The fete of to-day, is the "Invention of the Cross." Descending from this town we enjoyed, just at sunset, a magnificent panoramic mountain and valley view, with villages, and churches, and convents, and finely-cultivated fields, encircled by mountains of various heights

— the inner circles of which were overlooked by the towering, snow-covered summits of the Alps, that bounded the whole view on the north and west. The sun was out of sight, but his resplendent beams kindled into a blaze of golden light upon the tops of the mountains, and fringed the clouds that curtained his setting with lustrous hues, “beauteous as the tints of an angel’s wing.” We reached Varese at eight o’clock, and found lodgings at a pleasant hotel, where at a late hour of the night—all hushed and silent around me—I write out these recollections of the day.

VARESE, *May 4.*—The grand church festival of yesterday continues to-day. A vast procession, bearing crosses and crucifixes, has just passed the street under my window. In these processions the women and little girls take the lead, singing in touching, mournful strains, as they move slowly along in double file. Those who do not join in singing, employ their time in repeating their *ave-marias* and *paternosters*, numbering them on the strings of beads which they carry in their hands. On these church festivals the peasantry, from all the surrounding country, congregate in the towns, and form by far the larger portion of the processions which move through the streets. This fact accounts for the motley appearance of the crowds that throng the streets, in the coarse attire and strange costumes that always attract attention.

Two o’clock P. M., same date. I have just returned from a visit, to what is known as the Santuario of the Virgin, called *La Madonna del Monte*, which is situated on a very high hill, about five miles northwest of this city. The expedition was made by our party, *à cheval*. Each of us was mounted on a *Rosinante*, with a long-legged Italian for a driver. These fellows saw

us mounted, and then commenced cracking their whips, and encouraging our ponies, with both words and blows, and put us off in full gallop from the hotel-door, and kept up the speed until we had threaded the streets, and were fully out in the country. These scenes are so familiar here that they attract no attention; but in one of our cities they would bring everybody to the front-doors and windows, and produce no small amount of amusement and laughter by their novelty, and ludicrousness. The last two miles of the ascent was difficult and fatiguing. The road was crowded with people, and we met a long procession bearing crosses and crucifixes, like the one that passed the street this morning. The summit, which is crowned with a church and convent of Augustan nuns is approached by a zigzag road, along which, at longer and shorter spaces, are erected fourteen chapels, which are said to represent the fourteen mysteries of the Rosary! namely; the mysteries of joy, the mysteries of grief, and the mysteries of glory!!

The view from the convent is exceedingly fine. The whole plain of Lombardy as far as the Apennines; the higher and lower Alps and several lakes are all commanded from this point of observation. We surveyed the premises; saw the trinkets exposed for sale; got a glass of water from the nuns of the convent, which was conveyed to us by a revolving cylinder, without exposing our benefactress to our view, and then made a rapid descent to the hotel, entering the city in the same style in which we left it.

PALLANZA, *May 5, one o'clock P. M.*—I am now seated in a room immediately upon the shore of Lake Maggiore, with my door open, through which I can look out upon the whole southern portion of the lake, with

Isola Bella and Isola Madre, the two beautiful Borromean islands, in full view, and not remote from me. In an hour or so, our party leaves by diligence for Domo d'Osolo, en route for the Simplon. In the meanwhile I will occupy my time in writing.

This morning we left Varese at an early hour, and had a pleasant drive of two or three hours, to Lavino on the eastern shore of Lake Maggiore. There is no more delightful country in all Italy than that lying between Lake Como and Lake Maggiore, and extending down to Milan. At Lavino we engaged a small boat for our party with four strong oarsmen, to make the excursion to the Borromean islands, and thence to this town, where we are to take diligence for the regions beyond the Alps. First, we rowed across the lake some seven or eight miles to Isola Bella, where we visited the palace of the Borromeo family and the gardens which surround it. The paintings presented a limited variety, compared with what is seen in other palaces, and none of special merit. So of the statuary. We were shown through a great many apartments, some of which, on the lower floor, were curious and novel in their construction and decorations. In one of these Napoleon Bonaparte dined; in another room we were shown the bed in which the emperor slept. The gardens are exceedingly fine. They abound with magnolia, orange, citron, and pomegranate trees, and all sorts of flowering shrubs, with almost every flower of every clime. From Isola Bella, we next visited Isola Madre, some two miles distant, which has no other attraction than its lovely gardens and grounds. Here we rambled under arches of living verdure, impervious to the sunbeams at mid-day, and inhaled the fragrance exhaled from the blooming rhododendron, the far-scented mag-

nolia, and a perfect wilderness of peonies, camelias, and a thousand other fragrant shrubs and flowers that bloomed around. Pheasants and pigeons as large as chickens, and various other kinds of birds and fowls, were cooing and croaking and singing, among the trees and along the walks. There are many elements of beauty and interest combined in the delightful gardens and grounds of Isola Madre.

Lake Maggiore is larger than Como, but it is less bold and romantic in its surrounding scenery. It is nevertheless a most charming lake. It is now as smooth and quiet as a sea of glass. A number of little boats are dotting its surface, and breaking, here and there, the polished mirror into myriads of fragments that sparkle and glisten in the sunlight, like shivered glass, each particle reflecting an image of its own. The shadows of the hills and mountains are distinctly reflected upon its crystal waters, while the verdurous islands, with their endless variety of trees, rise like emerald gems upon its bosom. Sweet and beautiful Maggiore! To change the theme: I have just enjoyed a delightful repast, in which I did ample justice to the delicious fish just taken from the lake; better I never ate.

But the diligence is ready, and I am called away to take my place. By daylight to-morrow morning we shall be at the highest point of the Simplon, where I hope to enjoy a sunrise amid the snows and heaven-cleaving pinnacles of the Alps.

MARTIGNY, *Switzerland*, May 6, 1856.—Since the last entry in my journal, we have travelled about one hundred and twenty-five miles, by diligence, amid some of the sublimest mountain scenery of northwestern Italy, and of eastern Switzerland. Leaving Pallanza,

our course was up the valley of the Torsa, a distance of twenty-five miles to Domo d'Osolo. The mountains enclosed the road along which we travelled, shooting up their wild and pointed summits, crowned with snow, in every direction, and apparently presenting impassable barriers to our progress. The villages and towns were numerous on the way, but of little consequence, and the population appeared to be of the poorest class. The women were seen at every turn, engaged in outdoor work: digging, planting, driving oxen, and performing the most arduous and toilsome service that, in our own country, devolves on the men. Young women were often seen in large companies, with great panniers that were as large as a flour-barrel, strapped upon their backs and shoulders, carrying heavy burdens of manure, grass, wood, and rubbish; actually performing the service rendered by the *donkeys* in other parts of Italy. I saw these girls standing by piles of *manure*, while others were engaged in filling the baskets on their backs, just as a laborer with us would throw a load into a cart-body. And we saw at one time, a dozen of these girls, bearing donkey-loads, walking along under their burdens, and singing in a style that would have brought down rounds of applause in a concert-hall in America. One of the best voices I have ever heard, was from one of these hard-working girls, with a basket lashed upon her shoulders, walking along the road a few miles this side of Pallanza on yesterday afternoon. There were at least ten of them singing in concert. The voice which so particularly attracted my attention was full, rich, soft, and most admirably adapted, to the *second* which she sustained in the piece they were singing. There was also a bass voice scarcely less elegant, and captivating than

the one which so especially attracted my attention: All the parts were fully sustained, and the whole piece performed in a style of execution that I have rarely ever heard equalled, certainly never excelled; and that too by a parcel of sunburnt, hard-featured, and coarsely-clad Italian girls, who were actually performing the drudgery of donkeys. We reached Domo d'Osolo at eight o'clock in the evening; got supper, and prepared for the ascent of the Alps and the passage of the Simplon. Extra clothing was put on; comforts and shawls taken out; overshoes adjusted to the feet, and all needful precautions adopted to guard against the polar cold of the high Alps.

There being a large number of passengers, it so turned out that our little party were all thrown together in a small post-carriage which was very comfortable. At ten o'clock, the cavalcade, composed of diligences, post-carriages, baggage-wagons, etc., rattled through the streets of Domo d'Osolo, which is situated at the head of the valley up which we had travelled from Lake Maggiore, and commenced at once the ascent of the Simplon. For several miles our road lay right along upon the banks of a roaring mountain stream that foamed and dashed among the rocks beneath us, while the dizzy heights of jagged, frowning mountains towered high above us. Nothing could be more romantic and grand than this part of the ascent. Lights occasionally were seen gleaming out from the humble homes of the hardy mountaineers, clinging to the sides of the steep and precipitous hills; the white waters were raging among the boulders in the bed of the stream far beneath us, at times so low, that scarce a murmur of their turmoil reached the ear upon the elevated ledge along which the road wound its tortuous ascent; and then.

far away above all, the bright stars twinkled in the mysterious depths of the azure vault, like the loving, watchful eyes of good angels looking down upon us. Higher and higher we ascended, until we began to reach the snow-drifts, piled up in the mountain defiles, the cold growing more and more intense. About two o'clock in the night our horses balked in an unremoved portion of an avalanche that partly obstructed the way, and backed the carriage upon the very brink of an awful precipice, over which we ran the fearful hazard of being dashed into the dark abyss below ; and most probably we should have gone quite over but for the timely intervention of strong armed men, whom the conductor of the diligences had had the forethought to employ to aid us in the ascent. At three o'clock we reached a strong rock-built house of entertainment, just upon the borders of the snow, where we got some refreshments, and at half-past four, after the break of day, we took the sledges, to which four strong horses—one before the other — were attached, and began the farther ascent, amid the snow that became deeper and still deeper at every step. At sunrise, we were nearing the most elevated portion of the Simplon pass ; and a scene of grandeur and sublimity presented itself, such as I had never conceived of in all my imaginings of the magnificence of the Alps. A boundless wilderness of unbroken snow, except where the thundering avalanche had made its path, covered the whole face of nature. Not a shrub was seen, and only now and then a dark rock, swept by the mountain blasts, peered above the waste of snow. The road was covered to the depth of ten or fifteen feet, and frequently the walls of snow mounted eight or ten feet above our horses and sled. The cold was severe and pinching ; and thus we contin-

ued for about four hours, until we reached the Hospice on the top of the pass, at which point we began to descend. We saw some of the Saint Bernard dogs at the Hospice. In the descent, for the first half hour or so, we came to places where scores of persons were engaged in removing the portions of avalanches which had lodged upon the road; and it was with difficulty and great hazard that we got over some of those obstructions. Finally we reached the point where the snow disappeared, and we again got into the diligence, and commenced a rapid descent, and soon were in sight of Breig, a town on the Rhone, which marks the foot of the Simplon pass on the Switzerland side. The town looked as though it were but a few stones' cast from us, and yet we had to travel twelve or fifteen miles to reach it.

This is a wonderful road. It was built by Napoleon Bonaparte between 1800 and 1804. But it has been so frequently described, that I shall not stop to notice it.

We got breakfast at Breig, and left again at eleven o'clock, for Martigny. The road from Breig to Martigny is down the valley of the Rhone, the whole way, a distance of something more than fifty miles. The whole route is walled in by high mountains, with rocky sides, and at this season of the year capped with snow. The valley is narrow, not averaging more than half a mile in width, and a great portion of it covered with the boulders and water-worn rocks brought down from the mountains. The soil is not very productive, and nothing but a scene of barrenness and sterility meets the eye. There is a stern grandeur about the rugged sides and rocky summits of the mountains. A few poor-looking farmhouses are scattered along the valley, and occasionally a small village is seen perched upon the rocks, or coyly peeping out from a nook at the

base of the mountains. Lower down the valley, as we approached Martigny, there was some improvement in the face of the country. The valley became more productive, and vineyards began to appear, with here and there a better class of houses, and occasionally a larger and more interesting town. From Sion to Martigny the road traverses a fine portion of the valley of the Rhone. The road is perfectly straight for eight or ten miles, and the valley is in the form of a parallelogram, walled in by high, snow-covered mountains. Martigny, where I now write, is a small town, with some good hotels, furnishing a resting-place, and agreeable accommodations for the traveller between Geneva and the Simplon ; and, especially, to the weary traveller, who like myself, has come all the way from Lake Maggiore, over the Simplon, without stopping for repose.

VEVAY, *May 7.* — This is a pleasant little town, of five thousand inhabitants, on the northern shore of Lake Geneva. From the tower of our hotel (*Hotel des Trois Couronnes*), there is a fine view of the lake, and of the towns and villages, with the background of mountains, that skirt the shore. Villeneuve, which occupies a site on the eastern extremity of the lake, the Castle of Chillon, the Hotel de Byron, the village of Clarens, and the Castle of Bornay, are all taken in at a single glance. The Castle of Chillon furnished the theme of a fine poem from the pen of Lord Byron ; and the village of Clarens is the place at which Rousseau located his novel of *Heloise*. The scenery all around this portion of the lake has been made the subject of some of the finest poems by such authors as Rogers, Byron, Mrs. Hemans, and others of high celebrity in the literary world.

This is the most beautiful part of "Lake Lemau."

The mountains are much higher here than at the other end of the lake, and the towns, villages, and cottages, which skirt the shore occupy more lovely and romantic situations.

Protestantism prevails in this canton, and everything wears an air which reminds an American of his own land of civil and religious freedom. The people are intelligent, and their habits and customs much more like our own than anything I have seen for the last two months.

We left Martigny this morning by diligence at an early hour, and travelled all the way to this place—about thirty-five miles—through the rain. The road lies along the valley of the Rhone, and most of the distance upon the banks of the river. We found this portion of the valley far superior to that above Martigny. The soil is far better, and everything wears a more thrifty and prosperous appearance. The mountains are not so bare and rocky, and the dwellings are of a much better class.

The approach to the Lake of Geneva is fine, but it improves after passing Villeneuve, as the road begins to wind along the northern shore among the lovely cottages and villages that present themselves in rapid succession at every turn. The Castle of Chillon is a gloomy old establishment, now occupied as a military magazine, but is courteously shown to visitors. The little island alluded to in Byron's "Prisoner of Chillon" is marked by a single tree—the only green thing that breaks the bosom of the dark blue waters of the lake from one end to the other. The castle stands in the edge of the lake, and is nearly surrounded by water; it is reached by a wooden bridge, and is within a stone's throw of the road.

Clarens stands a little back from the shore of the lake, on an eminence that is sheltered by a high mountain, from which one of the best views of the beautiful scenery spread out on every hand is obtained. The high mountains and rocky steep of Savoy that run up close to the shore on the other side of the lake, with the quiet little towns and country-seats, whose image is reflected on the waters; and the gardens, vineyards, cottages, and villages, that lie along the winding margin on the side next to Clarens, are all so grouped as to be taken in at a single glance of the eye. It is not surprising that Byron and Rousseau and others should speak of this place in such terms of admiration and praise.

This portion of Lake Geneva—the northeastern shore, sheltered under high mountains, with quiet and secluded coves, and dells, and shaded vales retreating from the shore—is a place of great resort during the summer. Many of the cottages are owned by English gentlemen, and everything wears an English air. The gardens, grounds, and houses, are all English.

The clouds have passed away. The sun went down in a clear, burnished sky, leaving a trail of light dancing over the waters of the lake, and painting beautiful hues of rose and crimson upon the snow-capt mountains. The night is lovely. The bright, brilliant stars are looking down upon their own images on the glassy surface of the lake, while light, laughing, silvery waves are singing along upon the pebbly beach under my window.

CHAPTER XX.

GENEVA.

The Lake.—European Scenery Compared with American.—Approach to Geneva.—Hotel.—Rainy Weather.—Dr. Merle d'Aubigné.—His Influence.—Manufacture of Watches and Jewelry.—Singing Bird.—Visit to Dr. Merle d'Aubigné at his Villa La Graveline.—Theological Schools.—Strolls about Geneva.—Views from the Hills.—Calvin.—Servetus.—Rousseau.—Picture Gallery.—Disappointment.—Swans.—Lausanne.—Hotel Gibbon.—Lord Byron's Prisoner of Chillon.

GENEVA, *May 8.*—This morning at eight o'clock we left Vevay by one of the steamers that plies regularly, every day, between Geneva and Villeneuve—the two towns occupying the opposite extremities of the lake, touching at all the intermediate towns on the northern shore. We had a large number of passengers, most of whom seemed to be bound for Geneva, though considerable numbers stopped by the way; namely, at Ouchy, which is the port of Lausanne, Morges, Rolle, and other small towns that skirt the shore.

The lake is really a fine sheet of water; but like almost everything in Europe, about which a great deal has been said, in praise, by travellers, it has gained its reputation principally, from English writers, who speak of what is seen on the continent, in comparison with the scenery—mountains, lakes, rivers, forests, and skies of Great Britain. Too many of the American travellers have adopted the views and opinions of English

tourists, and thus we frequently have in a new book of travels, a mere repetition of what has been said a hundred times by other writers. There are as fine lakes in America as can anywhere be found in Europe; there are as beautiful skies and sunsets; indeed, I very much doubt, whether any part of the world can furnish a parallel to our Indian summer, or present more resplendent and gorgeous sunsets than are seen in our country, especially in the month of October. We have mountains that vie with anything in Europe except the Alps; and rivers that are unsurpassed by anything in the world; while our primeval forests have nothing to equal them on the globe. Europe, in fact, is almost entirely bare of forests. This is one of the peculiarities that never fails to strike the American traveller. In these remarks I am not to be understood as saying that there is not beautiful and enchanting scenery in Europe. Italy presents most lovely skies, and gem-like lakes, and brilliant sunsets. In Switzerland there is the finest mountain scenery, perhaps, on the globe; but I mean to say, that in America there is as much—indeed, I think, more *natural beauty*, than can be found on the continent of Europe. The great difference in the two countries lies in this, that the *architectural* element enters into and combines with the natural scenery of Europe, as it does not in America, and gives it a vast superiority in this regard. Old castles, gray with time, lifting their battlemented turrets amid the wildest mountain crags; hoary monasteries and convents perched upon almost inaccessible rocks; venerable churches, with time-honored towers, clinging to the sides of bare and verdureless hills; ancient palaces, carrying the mind back through long centuries to a high antiquity; vast piles of ruins,

amid which a few dismantled columns rear their naked forms — sad and mournful monuments of what has been ; crumbling arches, overrun with vines and rank grasses ; and lofty tombs, marking the graves of monarchs, military chieftains, heroes, poets, and orators : all these combining with mountain, lake, valley, and river, give an interest and picturesque effect to much of the scenery of Europe that does not enter into that of our own country. Compared with the murky, smoky skies of England ; the humid atmosphere ; the straight lines of hedges ; the almost level surface of the country ; the small streams ; and millpond-like lakes, Switzerland and Italy are so infinitely superior, that it is not a matter of surprise that English writers, of a keen susceptibility to the beautiful, and the sublime, should go into ecstasies over the lakes Como, Maggiore, Lemán, and Lucerne, and exhaust the whole vocabulary of superlatives in their descriptions of Italian skies and landscapes.

But to return — the lake of Geneva is a fine sheet of water about fifty miles long, and from four to nine miles in width. It is bordered by high mountains, and precipitous steeps, in the extreme eastern portions ; but in descending toward Geneva the shores become less wild and rugged, sloping off gradually to the mountains that stand at a greater distance ; furnishing extensive hillsides, with a southern exposure for vines, and fruit-trees, and garden-spots.

The approach to Geneva is imposing. Rows of high fine houses stand near the wharves, while the city reaches back upon the hills, displaying its church spires and domes, and the more elevated public buildings and private residences, to great advantage. The Rhone, which enters the lake at its eastern extremity near Ville-

neuve, again breaks away at Geneva, in a rapid current, which sweeps through the city, dividing it into nearly two equal parts, and darts forward as if proud of its release from a long confinement in the lake. Its waters here are perfectly transparent, but almost of an indigo blue. The stream is spanned by a number of bridges, crossing from one part of the city to another, which are used as streets, and are as much crowded with passengers as any of the business thoroughfares in Geneva.

The *Hotel de l'Ecu*, at which I am stopping, stands just at the point where the river leaves the lake. The window of my room overlooks the stream, and opens upon a lovely view of the water scenery. The gas-lights, on the other side and along the bridges, are reflected on the agitated bosom of the ever-rolling river; the constant murmur of its waters is afloat upon the night-winds; the din of the quiet, sober city has died into an echo; weary and worn out with the fatiguing journey of the last few days across the Alps, I lay aside my pen, at a late hour of the night, to seek refreshment in sleep.

May 10.—The weather has been rainy and cold for the last two days, and thus far we have seen but little of Geneva and its environs. Indeed, fine weather is indispensable to the enjoyment of the traveller in all parts of Switzerland. Beyond the scenery there is but little to attract attention, apart from the historical associations connected with many of the localities in this Alpine region. Geneva has a great deal of historical and literary interest connected with it. There is no one spot in Europe at this hour exerting a more powerful influence upon the literature and religion of this country than Geneva. I allude principally to a

purifying, healthful, moral influence. There are fine institutions of learning here and in the surrounding country. There are eloquent and powerful preachers of a pure gospel, and men of might with the pen. No one man is doing more at this time, through the press, to purify the fountains of continental European literature than the justly-celebrated Dr. Merle d'Aubigné. Nor is there a man living who is doing as much as he for the spread of pure evangelism on the continent of Europe. He is a man of enlarged and liberal views, and brings all the weight of his great talents to bear on the moral and religious improvement, not only of Switzerland, but also of France and Germany. At present his health is such as disqualifies him for active pulpit labors to a great extent; yet he occasionally preaches. But his pen is never idle. He is constantly at work to the full extent of his physical ability. He has accumulated a fine fortune, and lives in considerable style, just on the outskirts of Geneva. His residence occupies a beautiful situation, commanding a fine view of the lake, and combines everything that one could desire to render it a choice and desirable place of abode.

Geneva has of late years gained great celebrity as a place for the manufacture of watches, jewelry, music-boxes, and trinkets of every kind. There are said to be not less than four thousand persons engaged in this manufacture at present, producing one hundred thousand watches annually. There are more than fifty watch-makers' establishments, and not less than seventy jewelers' workshops kept in constant operation in Geneva, working up annually, seventy-five thousand ounces of gold, five thousand marks of silver, and precious stones to the amount of a million of francs. This manufacture is under the *surveillance* of a vigilant committee of

master-workmen, appointed by the government, whose duty it is to inspect every workshop, and to test every article made in them, to guard against fraud in the substitution of metals not of legal alloy.

All the gold worked up must be of *eighteen carats*; and the man who dares to use gold of a less number of carats, runs the risk of being heavily fined in the first instance, and in the second of having his doors closed, and his business arrested. In purchasing a watch therefore in Geneva, one feels a security that he is *not* imposed upon by the mere color of the article; he has a guaranty that he is getting eighteen-carat gold, which perhaps, is rather better than is used anywhere else.

The most ingenious thing in the way of a music-box I have *ever* seen, was shown to me to-day in the watch and jewelry store of Mr. Henry Capt. A beautiful stand was set out on the counter, mounted with massive gold, on the top of which was a representation, in enameled gold, of a large opening bud of a tulip flower; suddenly the bud expanded into full bloom, and right in the heart of it, there sprang up a most beautiful little bird with golden plumage; and it commenced singing most sweetly, turning its delicately-formed head around, and fluttering its wings, as I had thought nothing but a *bird* could do. The price of this little musical box was only one thousand dollars!

Eight o'clock P. M., same date.—I have just returned from a visit to the Rev. J. H. Merle d'Aubigné, D. D., at his sweet and lovely villa, called *La Graveline*, just on the borders of the lake, outside the limits of the city. His villa is a retired and charming spot, at the foot of a hill, occupying the level space that skirts the shore of the lake. It is smothered in trees, shrubbery, and flowers, and looks like the home

of a poet. I esteemed it a special favor to be admitted to his study, as his engagements are such that he can seldom be found at leisure to receive company. I learned from him that he was progressing pretty well with the sixth volume of his "History of the Reformation." In answer to my inquiry as to the probable number of volumes it would require, according to his plan, to complete the work, he said: "Seven, probably eight: But I am not young now, and God may not spare me to see the end. I can not work now as I could formerly." He said that he had been engaged on the work for twenty-four years, and that it must require several years yet to complete it. He complained a little that the American publishers should reap such large profits from his writings, and that the absence of an international copyright law, should entirely cut him off from any participation in those profits. I remarked to him that I thought if he could visit our country, and see how extensively his works were read, and witness the enjoyment they conferred, and the good they were accomplishing, that he would feel amply compensated for the labor he had bestowed upon his interesting and instructive work; and especially, as he had a copyright in France and England, which must pay him well.

I found the old gentleman in great trouble. He had just learned that the city authorities had determined to carry a wide road or promenade along upon the borders of the lake, running between his villa and the shore. This he said would ruin his place, inasmuch as it would cut him off from the lake; and that, most likely, a row of houses would be built along the road, directly between his house and the water, and thus he should be shut out from the view that opened from his study-windows and door. The tears actually came in

his eyes, as he said to me, looking out at his window upon the bosom of the beautiful lake: "I love *Graveline*. It has dear and cherished associations in my mind. My dear wife died here, and she loved *Graveline*, and my children love the dear villa; but they will drive me away from it. I can not stay here, if they cut me off from the lake and crowd me with houses." He then added: "It troubles me very much; and I said this morning, if the American publishers would give me a hundred thousands francs for my labor, on which they are making money, I should be able to buy the land on which the houses are likely to be built, and thus save my villa from being ruined." From him I learned that the theological school with which he is more immediately connected, is not altogether as prosperous as it has been. There is another theological institution in this place under the direction of the established or national branch of the church. This is *Unitarian* in doctrine. The reason assigned by Dr. Merle d'Aubigné for the opening of the theological school, with which he is connected, was purely a *doctrinal* one, not *ecclesiastical*. It was to teach what he regarded as a pure orthodoxy and evangelism, in opposition to the doctrines taught by the national church.

May 12.—Yesterday (Sunday), I attended religious services in the morning at a Presbyterian church, of which the Rev. Mr. Demole is pastor. The church was crowded with a most devout and serious congregation. The singing was led by a clerk, who stood in front of the pulpit, the whole congregation joining in this part of the worship. The mode of worship was the same as that of the Presbyterians in our own country. The minister, however, wore a black robe and white bands, and in this respect, of course, was unlike the Presby-

terian ministers in the United States. The sermon was delivered in a most earnest and animated style and manner, and altogether without manuscript or even notes.

Dr. Merle d'Aubigné was present with several other ministers, and I have nowhere witnessed a more pleasant spectacle than was presented in this plain house of worship, and in these devout and spiritual worshippers.

It was delightful here, in the heart of Europe, where Roman Catholicism prevails so extensively and almost universally, to meet with so large a number of evangelical Christians, with such men of God as Doctors Merle d'Aubigné and Malan, and the Rev. Mr. Demole at their head, actively engaged in disseminating gospel truth, and earnestly laboring for the salvation of sinners.

This branch of the church of Christ in Geneva is doing a great deal for the moral and religious enlightenment, not only of the cantons of Switzerland, but also of France and other adjacent parts.

I have been delighted with some strolls about Geneva. A walk down the banks of the Rhone, as far as its junction with the Arve, affords a fine recreation, and regales the eye with much that is interesting and entertaining. The clear, pellucid waters of the Rhone, with here and there a beautiful swan stemming the current, or a mountain-trout darting through the translucent waters; the cottages and gardens spotting the hills on the other side the river, and the thickets of weeping willows, drooping over the path on the hither shore; the junction of the turbid muddy waters of the Arve, and the blue waters of the Rhone, each claiming its portion of the channel, and refusing to unite with the other; all these combine to make the solitary ramble down the river, a most pleasant and agreeable stroll.

Some of the views from the more elevated points immediately around the city are delightful. The quiet bosom of the lake, bounded by gently-sloping hills, rising into lofty mountains, at points not remote from the shore; the beautiful cottages, scattered in every direction some just upon the brink of the waters and others occupying more elevated positions; the white-winged barques; the latine sails of larger craft; the graceful steamers; the fisherman with his barge, and the party of pleasure with flaunting streamers and fairy-like skiffs; and, far away beyond all, the snowy heights of vast Alpine ranges, forming the bold and magnificent background to a picture of the most enchanting loveliness.

The visiter at Geneva is shown in his walks about the city, the house in which Calvin died, the cathedral in which he preached, the spot where he burned Servetus, and the grave where he was buried. He has also pointed out to him the dwelling in which Rousseau was born, a man of whom Geneva boasts and is proud, notwithstanding his infidelity with regard to Jesus Christ and the Holy Scriptures.

Geneva has a picture gallery which contains some good paintings, and a gallery of statuary, principally composed of casts in plaster of the best pieces found in the various galleries of Europe. There is also a museum of natural history which is worth visiting. Besides these, there is but little in the city that claims the particular attention of the traveller.

The weather has been rainy and cloudy, with the exception of a few hours at a time, ever since we have been in the city, which has greatly abridged the pleasure of our visit to Geneva. Mont Blanc has only now and then, for a few moments at a time, deigned to unveil

his face, and the inclemency of the season has cut us off from a visit to Chamouni. This I very much regret. But the *mer de glace* is almost entirely covered with snow, and the clouds obscure the mountain summits, so that no very fine views can be enjoyed at this time.

I have enjoyed the views of the lake from my window, and of the Rhone, which parts from the lake but a hundred yards or so above our hotel. The river starts suddenly into a rapid current, and the beautiful swans, which are supported by the government, are always to be seen upon the waters, gliding gracefully under the bridges, and visiting the places where their food is daily deposited at the expense of the state. These swans are a privileged class, and are amply protected by law. Any intentional injury done to one of these graceful fowls is visited with a heavy penalty. They are on a footing almost as high as the live eagles, which are the arms of Geneva, and which are also supported by the government. Some of these swans occasionally pay a visit to Lausanne, Vevay, or Villeneuve, forty or fifty miles distant, up the lake, where they are always received with the greatest hospitality and attention. They get a lunch of cake and other little delicacies, and return when it suits their views of propriety or convenience to Geneva. These long excursions are made on the wing, though they are strong and rapid swimmers, even against a powerful current.

LAUSANNE — “*Hotel Gibbon*”—*same date, nine o'clock P. M.*—We left Geneva to-day at two o'clock by steamboat, and ran down to Ouchy, which is the port of Lausanne, in about four hours—from Ouchy, by omnibus to the hotel where we took lodgings for the night. Ouchy is a little town just on the lake. This is the

place in which Lord Byron wrote his "Prisoner of Chillon," in the space of two days, while he was detained here by bad weather.

Lausanne is a handsome city, with seventeen thousand inhabitants. It has some fine public buildings, and wears the air of a thriving, prosperous, and pleasant place. It is hilly and picturesque, as seen at a distance from the bosom of the lake. It was in this city that Gibbon completed his history of Rome. The wall of the *Hotel Gibbon*, the hotel in which I am writing, occupies the site of the summer-house of this polished author; and the *berceau* or covered walk of acacias in which Gibbon took a walk just after laying down his pen at the close of his work, has been destroyed to make room for the garden of the hotel; "but the terrace overlooking the lake, a lime, and a few acacias remain."

In Lausanne, as in Vevay and Geneva, a great deal of ornamental wood-work, made by the people of Switzerland, wrought by the hand, with a common knife, is offered for sale, consisting of boxes, needle-cases, napkin-rings, salad knives and forks, cottages, animals, watch-stands, and a thousand other articles, displaying a patience and ingenuity that is perfectly incredible. These curious pieces of workmanship are made by the country people of Switzerland, at their homes in the mountains, and sold to city merchants who keep large and extensive establishments for the sale of these articles to travellers. Besides the work in wood, these ingenious hands manufacture the most exquisitely wrought breast-pins, rings, and various little fancy articles, out of the horns of the elk, chamois, and other animals. A great deal of this work, however, is done by the dwellers in the "Black Forest" skirting Germany; but it

finds its way down to Geneva, and to all the towns on the lake, visited by travellers, where it meets a ready sale.

To-morrow morning early, we shall leave by diligence for Freyburg, and I shall not enjoy the privilege of seeing the Rev. Mr. Cook, superintendent of the Wesleyan Methodist missions in France and Switzerland, who now resides on the outskirts of this city, though my principal object in coming to Lausanne this evening was for that purpose. The rain has prevented my visiting him.

CHAPTER XXI.

FROM LAUSANNE TO BADEN-BADEN.

Drive from Lausanne to Freyburg. — Suspension Bridges. — The great Organ of Freyburg. — Liberty Tree. — Freyburg Itself. — Berne — Curious Clock. — Bears. — New Capitol. — Country around Berne. — From Berne, by Basle to Strasburg. — Cathedral and Clock of Strasburg. — House of the Architect. — Church of St. Thomas. — Protestantism.

FREYBURG, *May* 13.—The diligence ride from Lausanne this morning was a pleasant recreation. The road is delightful; the horses were fine, the vehicle comfortable, and the country delightful. We made the trip in about seven hours, arriving at this place at two o'clock this afternoon. The principal objects of interest and attraction here, are the suspension bridges, and the cathedral, with its great organ of unrivalled sweetness and power. The suspension bridge across the Saarine, is said to be the longest in the world of a single curve, being nine hundred and forty-one feet in length, one hundred and eighty feet high, and twenty-two feet in breadth. It is supported by four cables of iron wire, each containing one thousand and fifty-six wires, and is calculated to bear at least three times the weight that is ever likely to be placed upon it.

The other bridge is across the gorge of Gotteron, on the other side of the river, both being seen distinctly from the window of my room in the Hotel de Zaringer Hof, where I now write; indeed, I have but to raise my eyes and both bridges are in full view. This latter

bridge is six hundred and forty feet long, and three hundred and seventeen feet high. It is peculiar in some regards, namely, in that the wire cables are attached immediately to the solid rocks on each side the gorge, and the point of suspension is higher on one side than on the other, which gives it the appearance of a half bridge. These two elegant suspension bridges, occupying as they do conspicuous positions, and being of unequal height, and running in different directions—the one spanning a river, and the other stretching its light, web-like form across a deep chasm through which a noisy little mountain stream leaps and brattles among the rocks, present a most interesting spectacle; and from no point of observation do they appear to better advantage than from the platform immediately in the rear of this hotel, and directly under my window.

The great organ, built by Moser of Freyburg, is, I believe, allowed to be one of the finest instruments in all Europe. It has sixty stops, and seven thousand eight hundred pipes, some of which are thirty-two feet long. It is in the cathedral of Freyburg, and an arrangement is made with the organist by which he is allowed to play for the entertainment of strangers, visiting the city, at such hours as do not interfere with the daily services in the church. To enjoy this privilege, however, it is necessary to pay twelve francs for a party, of less than eight or ten persons; when larger numbers go together it costs but a franc per head. Our little party of four persons paid the twelve francs, and engaged to go to the cathedral at seven o'clock this evening to hear the performance.

I have just now returned from the Saint Nicholas, where, for nearly an hour, I have enjoyed such music as I had never expected to hear outside the gates of

Paradise. I can give no description of it that will furnish to a mere reader any just idea of the grandeur, sublimity, and exquisite sweetness of the strains of that magnificent instrument. The cathedral is a large church edifice, with high arches, springing from the top of lofty columns, separating the nave from the side aisles. It is not in the form of a cross as most of the Catholic cathedrals and churches are; but is a plain, quadrangular building, some three hundred feet long, and about one hundred and fifty feet wide. It is therefore without transepts or chapels, the interior presenting nothing to the eye but plain walls, lofty arches, and great massive clusters of columns. The form of this cathedral is not unfavorable to the best impressions from the music of the organ.

The hour at which we went to the church was also well suited to give effectiveness to the music, and, it is possible, that the accidents of more time, distance from home, and the peculiar frame of mind, may have led me to place too high an estimate upon the performance; but I left the cathedral with a conviction that I still retain, that I never have before heard such music from any instrument or combination of instruments in all my life.

The sun had just gone down, and the reflected light from the western sky blazed upon the roof-windows of the cathedral, and filled the upper ceiling with a rich and mellow twilight, that shed a sober, solemn hue upon the nave and aisles below, half veiling the giant columns, and shrouding the more distant parts of the church in almost impenetrable gloom. There was a death-like silence reigning around. My thoughts had paid a visit to loved ones far away; and during the interval which elapsed before the commencement of the

music, I had become so absorbed in the creations of, my own imagination, that I momentarily forgot where I was; when suddenly the organist commenced, and aroused me from a sort of reverie that I at first reluctantly exchanged for the enjoyment of the music of the organ. The prelude did not promise much. There were discordant notes, to my ear, which were almost painful. There were some transitions, also, from soft, faintly-breathing notes, up to sudden thunder-bursts, that rolled like the roar of a tempest through the arches of the cathedral, the only impression of which was that the instrument was one of great power, and compass of tone. But it was soon apparent that a master's hand was upon the keys, and presently it gave forth the most delightful strains that it is possible for anything short of angelic voices to utter. I was moved to tears; my heart beat quick, and strong, and a strange, shivering sensation trembled along every nerve. The music combined every variety of notes and strains; sometimes it was like a martial band, attended by the tramp of an army marching on to victory or to death; sometimes like minstrel wailings over the bier, bearing the only son of a widow to the grave; again it was like the cheerful strains in festive halls, where light and airy footsteps beat the time on tessellated floors; and, again, like the touching plaint of a heart-broken mother, in her lonely chamber, giving vent to her heart-rending agony, over the marble remains of a sweet and lovely babe torn from her embrace by the iron hand of death. There were also wild, bugle blasts, such as are heard at sunset, or at early morn, amid the snows and glaciers of the Alps. Then again there were prolonged and softened strains, like those that sweep over moonlit waters, from the pleasure

boat, on a summer lake. There were woven in, at other times, sweet and plaintive airs, such as love-sick swains play under the window of a maiden in the midnight serenade; then there were sudden peals like those we hear from a full Austrian band on a public square, when the leader gives the signal for the full explosive power of every instrument; and, amid all, there were heard exquisitely delicate notes, like the plaint of a wounded bird in a rose-bower, or like the notes that tremble on the æolian harp-string when touched by the zephyr's kiss. I know of nothing in the whole range and compass of music that was not represented in the grand, glorious, and sublime piece performed this evening on the great organ of the cathedral. I thought, at times, of the band of harpers standing on the sea of glass, as seen and heard by Saint John in the apocalyptic vision: I thought again of the great multitude which no man could number, singing in full and sublime chorus before the Throne. Then, again, in the softer, half-breathing interludes, I felt as though a sweet, little, lovely cherub had wandered away from heaven, and had got lost in the wilderness of organ-pipes, and was singing its own songs in its exile, and panting to find its way back to the spirit-land. I really felt as though, if there were no other attraction, I should want to get to heaven, after death, to hear the angels sing. The performance was closed with the representation of a storm, in which were heard the roar of the tempest, the howling of strong and powerful winds—such as bend the tops of the strong Alpine pines—and the deep, sullen rumbling of distant thunder; and still, as it were in the very heart of this terrible tempest, there were distinctly heard, the softest, sweetest strains of music, breathing forth in melting, dulcet notes, that

contrasted strangely with the howling winds, and stunning peals of thunder that filled the great cathedral with their dismal sound.

There is, in one of the principal streets of Freyburg, the ancient trunk of a lime-tree, which is cherished with great reverence by the citizens, the history of which is curious and entertaining. It is said that a young man, who had fought nobly in the battle of Morat, in 1476, and who was anxious to be the bearer of the glad tidings to the city, ran the whole way, and, on arriving at the spot where the old tree now stands, exhausted, panting, bleeding, and out of breath, fell down, and expired, barely exclaiming with his dying breath, "*Victory!*" The branch of lime which he bore in his hand, as tradition says, was immediately planted, and grew up into the venerable tree, the remains of which are still standing, and to-day is flourishing in its early spring robe of green foliage. The trunk is twenty feet in circumference; the upper limbs are decayed and broken off, while its wide-spreading lower branches are supported by stone columns and railings. Seats are arranged around the trunk, where the citizens and visitors may lounge in its shade, as I did to-day.

Freyburg itself is an old city, and is the chief town in the canton, the name of which it bears. The canton is Roman Catholic, and the traveller in passing out of any of the cantons adjacent, in which Protestantism prevails, will soon be struck with the altered appearance of things. In the cantons of Vaud and Geneva, I never saw a beggar. The country is prosperous and thrifty, looking very much like our own happy land. The fields, houses, forests, towns, everything in fact, in the Protestant portions of Switzerland, reminds one

of the United States; but where Catholicism prevails a different aspect of affairs is presented. Beggars beset the traveller; the people look less independent and happy; crosses and crucifixes are along the road side, and the walls of Catholic institutions are ever and anon meeting the eye.

BERNE, *May 14*.—A pleasant ride of three hours brought us from Freyburg to Berne, the capital of Switzerland. Here we have had the services of a *valet de place*, who has shown us round, under a drenching fall of rain, to all the curiosities, and objects of interest usually visited by travellers. The town-clock is a curious piece of workmanship. A few minutes before the clock strikes the hour, a chicken-cock flaps his wings and crows—a pretty fair imitation of old chanticleer—whereupon a procession of bears, some mounted on horseback, and some on foot, and all in some sort of uniform, comes out at one door, marches round a small platform in quick step, and enters another; whereupon, an old man, turns an hour-glass, and strikes the hour, dropping his under-jaw at each stroke; that done, old chanticleer again claps his wings, in rooster-style, and crows as in the first instance, and the ceremony for the hour is ended. Our party stood, like a parcel of gaping children in the rain to witness this hourly exhibition, and then turned away to visit the museum, which contains a pretty good collection of stuffed bears, birds, snakes, and the usual variety of animals, embracing especially the chamois and such other animals as are found in the mountains of Switzerland. There is connected with this museum a large collection of mineralogical specimens, and some of the most perfect fossils of fishes and vegetables that have anywhere fallen under my eye.

We were of course shown the spot where an ungovernable horse leaped over a parapet some ninety feet high, with a young man on his back ; the horse being killed, the young man sustaining no other damage than the fracture of two or three ribs. The place is marked by a tablet inserted in the wall of the parapet, commemorating the event, and perpetuating the name of the young man, who, perhaps, but for this accidental breakneck adventure, would not have been known in the history of Berne. There is, however, a most magnificent view presented from the walls of this parapet, in fine weather ; raining, as it was, we had to take the word of the guide for it, except, so far as the view immediately under the eye is concerned. This is indisputably very fine. The parapet rises perpendicularly nearly a hundred feet from the banks of the Aar, a rushing, foaming river that winds around, and through the city. The fields and hills immediately beyond, are under cultivation, and dotted with fine residences, and wooded grounds ; while further back, on a clear day, the high Alps, with Jungfrau, Mont Blanc, Tete Noir, and other prominent peaks, are all in distinct view, lifting their lofty, snow-crowned summits to the region of the clouds. We were also conducted to the place where a parcel of *bears*, four in number at present — the living state-arms of Berne, as the eagles are of Geneva, supported at the expense of the general government of Switzerland — are kept. Napoleon Bonaparte, the reigning monarch of France, has recently made a present of a large fine bear to the government of Switzerland.

These bears are supported by annual appropriations, made by the constituted authorities for this object. They are treated with great respect by the citizens,

and the numerous visitors to these highly-favored animals, bestow upon them many delicacies, in the way of cakes, apples, sugarplums, and things of that sort.

The new railroad from Basle, which passes Berne, extending to Lausanne, and which is now rapidly progressing toward completion, will displace these bears from their present habitation, as an embankment of the road will fill the enclosure now occupied by them, and impose upon the government the necessity of incurring additional expense in providing a new place of abode for them. Bronze, marble, wood, and cast-iron bears are numerous in the streets, at the gates, and in all public places in Berne.

The new Capitol, which will be completed in the course of the next twelve months, is a splendid public building. It is made of a fine building material, peculiar to the country, which, on first being quarried, is soft and easily wrought, but which rapidly indurates by exposure to the sun and air. It is of a drab color, and looks exceedingly well. The dimensions of the Capitol are very large, and the style of architecture chaste and imposing. When completed it will rank among the highest class of great state edifices in Europe. It occupies a most delightful site, high above the waters of the roaring Aar, which washes the base of the hill on which it stands, commanding a magnificent view of mountain scenery.

All the country around Berne is in a high state of improvement. Everything wears an air of prosperity and thrift. The population are intelligent, manly, independent, and the traveller can not fail to be favorably impressed with the state of society. The country is altogether unlike any other portion of southern Europe. Extensive forests abound. Large and rapid streams

traverse the length and breadth of the land ; and in all the cantons in which Protestantism prevails to any considerable extent, and especially where it predominates, there is a most prosperous and happy state of society. There is a fine cathedral in Berne occupied by Protestants. This, like the cathedral at Geneva, once was in the hands of the Roman Catholics. It has a splendid organ which is played daily for the entertainment of visitors.

STRASBURG, FRANCE, *May 15.* — From Berne to Basle there is one of the finest roads anywhere to be found in Switzerland. It is so well graded, that, although it crosses the Jura Alps, the diligence ride from one city to the other affords a most delightful recreation. The country is as lovely as a garden, and new and delightful scenes are constantly greeting the eye of the traveller.

Posting, by diligence, in Switzerland is carried to a perfection that is nowhere surpassed in Europe. It is conducted under the direct management of the general government. Each route has its hours of departure from, and arrival at certain points, and the railroad cars are scarcely more punctual. At the moment of departure, the driver cracks his whip, and away the great diligence, with coupe, interior, and top seats, affording accommodations for twelve or fifteen persons, goes thundering along, drawn by superior horses, at the rate of seven or eight miles per hour ; furnishing as delightful a mode of conveyance for a single day, or for a night's journey, as could be desired.

Basle, which we saw for an hour or two this morning, is an old city of twenty-eight thousand inhabitants. It has a large university, with about five hundred students at this time, and a cathedral whose tower is next in height to that of Freyburg — this latter having

the highest tower in Switzerland. There are some interesting things connected with the great Reformation, which are associated with Basle ; but these belong more properly to the pen of the historian than to the mere passing tourist.

Switzerland is a fine country. The people, especially in the Protestant cantons, are cheerful and happy. They enjoy freedom of conscience and civil liberty ; and where these prevail, under a well-regulated government, the grass grows, the fields are productive, bread is plentiful, and the people wear cheerful smiles, and can look you full in the face. Switzerland is a bright spot among the more despotic governments of Europe, and its influence is felt all over the continent. Public enterprise is marching forward here with a steady and rapid stride. Railroads are penetrating the mountain fastnesses ; telegraphic wires are weaving a web over the land ; the resources of the country are daily developing ; education is advancing ; general intelligence spreading, and everything gives promise of a glorious future for the land of Tell. I left Switzerland with reluctance. It is a delightful place of sojourn to the European traveller.

The route from Basle to Strasburg is by railroad, lying along the fruitful and beautiful valley of the Rhine. We made the trip this morning in four hours, on the French side, including a detention on the French frontier, of some time for the examination of the baggage of all the passengers by the train. The valley is from fifteen to thirty miles wide, and is bounded on both sides by mountains of considerable elevation ; on the highest summits of which, castles are seen from the cars, as the traveller flies along over a fine road, that stretches midway through the valley.

On our arrival at Strasburg, we immediately set out to see the cathedral, with its curious clock and lofty spire—the highest in the world; being four hundred and sixty-eight feet above the pavement; which is a few feet higher than the dome of Saint Peter's at Rome; twenty-four feet higher than the great pyramid of Egypt, and one hundred and forty feet higher than the dome of Saint Paul's at London. "This masterpiece of airy, open work," as it is called in the guide-book, was designed by *Erwin* of Steinbach. All his original plans are carefully preserved in the house which he occupied near the cathedral. The work was but half completed when he died; one of his sons, however, was able to take up the work according to his father's plans, but death cut him off while the work was yet incomplete, whereupon it was taken in hand by Sabina, a daughter of the architect, and prosecuted for some time, but she did not see it finished. The whole family died while the grand superstructure was yet incomplete, and their remains were deposited in the cathedral, over which the great spire continued to rise, to its present stupendous height as a monument to this family of architects. The spire was commenced in 1318, but not completed until 1439, which was four hundred and twenty-four years after the church itself was commenced.

The spire is not difficult of ascent, but the view from the top scarcely compensates for the fatigue incurred in mounting so high. A permit from the mayor of the city is necessary to gain admission to the spire itself, and then the visiter must be attended by one of the watchmen who is kept upon the platform about two thirds of the way up, to watch for fires in the city, as a guide, and to prevent one from committing suicide by

jumping off. Our party failed to secure the necessary ticket of admission to the spire, not knowing that such a form was necessary until it was too late—so we did not ascend more than about three hundred and fifty feet. I regretted our failure to gain the highest point, as I always go to the top, where there is a way of ascent. In this instance our disappointment arose from the oversight of our guide, who did not know that we wished to go higher than the platform, this being the point beyond which but few ascend.

In looking down upon the roofs of the houses, covered with tiles, presenting a dingy, antiquated appearance, our attention was arrested by the nests of the storks, a number of which are about Strasburg, built upon the tops of the chimneys.

From the cathedral and the house of the architect, Erwin, which is close by, we next visited the church of Saint Thomas, appropriated to the use of a Protestant congregation, which is noted especially for the splendid monument of Marshal Saxe, which it contains. This beautiful piece of sculpture is the work of Pigalle; and was erected to the memory of Saxe by Louis XV. In this church there are also shown the bodies of the Count Nassan Saarwerden and his daughter, still in a remarkable state of preservation, after the lapse of more than a century. The flesh and clothes are nearly as they were when committed to the tomb. The remainder of the time spent in Strasburg, has been occupied in visiting the shops and public places.

Strasburg, though in the French territory, is essentially German. There is a population of about seventy thousand, a large majority of whom seem to be Germans. The German language, customs, and manners, prevail, and in the restaurants and cafés quite as

much beer is consumed as is usual in similar establishments in Germany. At least, I should think so, from what I have seen during the last hour, since I have been writing in a café at the railroad station, waiting for the departure of the omnibus which is to carry us across the Rhine, some four or five miles, to Kehl, where we are to take the train at seven o'clock this evening for Baden-Baden.

There are about as many Protestants as Roman Catholics in Strasburg, which is an interesting fact. In several places recently visited in Switzerland, and now in this part of France, upon the borders of Germany, we find old Catholic churches and cathedrals used by Protestants for religious services. This change can be traced back to the times of the Reformation, when Luther, Zwingle, Ecolampadius, Erasmus, and Melancthon preached another gospel through all this country than that promulgated by the Romish priesthood.

BADEN-BADEN — *Same date.* — Leaving the old city of Strasburg, with its rusty-colored tile-roofs, and motley population, we traversed a level road, over a flat section of the valley skirting the Rhine, for three or four miles — crossed the river on a bridge supported by boats — entered the customhouse on the Germany side of the river — had our trunks opened and partially examined; I say partially, for, on learning that we were *Americans*, the officers very courteously closed our trunks, remarking that all was right, and did not subject us to the inconvenience of repacking, which is so often imposed on travellers in Europe by these customhouse examinations. About eight o'clock to-night we reached a point where we left the main railroad down the valley of the Rhine, and turned out toward the mountains and hill country that border the

eastern side of the valley. In a few minutes we were entering Baden-Baden, the place of hot baths, gambling, and all sorts of fashionable dissipation, during the summer months especially. In the gas-light it presented a most brilliant and picturesque appearance. It has the reputation of being one of the most beautiful and lovely spots on the Rhine. To-morrow I shall see for myself. We are at the Hotel d'Angleterre, which is a neat, clean hotel, and my window is again above a stream that passes through the town—its music is on the night-winds, and lulls me to repose after a day of fatigue.

CHAPTER XXII.

BADEN-BADEN, HEIDELBERG, FRANKFORT, AND WEISBADEN.

Baden-Baden and its Environs.—Hot Springs.—Ronge-et-Noir.—Females Gambling.—New Castle.—A Hot Bath.—Old Castle on the Mountains.—From Baden-Baden to Heidelberg.—Ride up the Neckar.—Wolf's Spring.—Heidelberg Castle.—Views.—From Heidelberg to Frankfort.—Face of the Country.—Drives about Frankfort.—Sights.—From Frankfort to Weisbaden.—Gambling.—Hot Springs.—Grounds.—Splendid Mausoleum of the Wife of the Duke of Nassau.

BADEN-BADEN, *May 16*.—This place is called *Baden-Baden*, to distinguish it from other towns of the same name in Switzerland, Austria, and in other parts of Germany. The weather continues rainy and disagreeable, and my views of Baden and its environs to-day, have been under many disadvantages, but I have seen enough to convince me that it is one of the most attractive and beautiful places, so far as location and scenery are concerned, anywhere met with in European travel. It is completely embosomed in hills and mountains which are covered from base to summit with the lofty pine of dark foliage, which has given the name of the "Black Forest" to the range of mountains stretching for many miles southward on the borders of the valley of the Rhine. In addition to the singularly-beautiful natural scenery with which Baden-Baden is environed, landscape gardening and architecture have enhanced every view and given a charm to every prospect. The most delightful promenades are afforded along the hill-

sides, on handsomely-graded paths, arched with the dark and impenetrable masses of pine boughs, and studded with clustering clumps of lilac, now in full bloom; or fringed with flowers trained along the margin of the path. In a few minutes' walk, one can pass out from the bustle of the streets and the shops, and the throngs that fill the more public promenades about the conversation and gambling saloons, and near the baths and water-drinking apartments, and bury himself in the perfect solitude of the silent deep forest, where he may give himself up to musing and day-dreaming, undisturbed by a living, human being. Here and there, one like himself may lounge upon a rustic bench, or pause beside some woodland fountain, or stretch himself upon the green turf, or glide noiselessly along the deeply-shaded path; but the influence of the sombre, quiet forest of dark pines, and the never-ceasing murmur of waterfalls, shed an influence around that seals the lip in silence, or attunes it to soft and smothered accents, and clothes the feet with wool, so that scarce an echo or a footfall disturbs the repose or breaks in upon the meditations of the rambler, who has strolled but ten minutes from the noisy, cheerful bustling crowds in the streets and public walks of Baden-Baden.

The *Hot Springs*, furnishing baths and water for invalids, and to which valuable medicinal properties have been ascribed, burst out from the base of a hill in the northern part of the town, and diffuse a genial warmth in winter, and an almost insupportable heat in summer, through the whole of the section in which they issue from the ground, which has been the occasion of calling all this part of Baden-Baden by the name of "*Hell*." And one would think from the steam issuing all around, as the old wagoner said when he dipped his bucket in one

of the hot springs of Virginia, not knowing anything of its temperature, "that hell was not far off." But Baden-Baden, gives other, and I think less questionable proofs of its proximity to hell, than those furnished by its hot springs which stew, and smoke, and send up their clouds of vapor and steam in the town. Any one who will visit its gambling saloons as I did to-day, and witness the utter heartlessness with which men and women take each other's money, without any equivalent, will not want further proof that a satanic influence reigns hereabouts to a fearful extent.

Baden-Baden is now frequented by blacklegs and women of easy morals in large numbers, who spend a great deal of their time at the *rouge-et-noir* and *roulette* tables. These tables are in elegant saloons adjoining the splendid and brilliant conversation hall, and are open from eleven o'clock in the morning till a late hour of the night. Everybody is allowed to walk in and witness the gambling. None but those who are betting are allowed to be seated; mere spectators stand around and look on. Everything is quiet; nothing is heard—not a word or a whisper scarcely, save the voice of the man who presides, whose business it is to turn the wheel, put the ball in motion, and announce the number and color of the little box in which the ball stops after being put in motion. The wheel is turning, the ball is put in motion round a circle, and in twenty seconds, perhaps less, it stops; and during that brief interval the persons betting put down their florins, francs, napoleons, or other coin as the case may be, and in less time than I have written these lines, the result is announced, and the money raked in by the table or pushed aside to the winner. There is no excitement; no hurry. No one seems to be particularly anxious as

to the result : no frown marks defeat ; no smile attends success. And this is kept up here for five or six months of the year, without a day's intermission.

Some idea of the amount of money that changes hands here during the season in gambling, may be inferred from the fact, that the gambling tables and saloons are rented by a company of speculators, who pay for the exclusive privilege of opening gambling-rooms, from thirty to forty thousand dollars annually, and agree to spend, in addition to this sum, *one hundred thousand dollars* on the public walks and buildings !

While I was standing by the table to-day, looking on, a couple of females walked into the room where the gambling was going on, and as deliberately took their seats as if they were sitting down to a meal. One of them was at least forty-five or fifty years of age ; the other not so old, and in *deep black*. The elder lady of the two pulled out a note which she reached to a banker, who gave her the change for it in napoleons, five-franc pieces, and in the silver currency of the country. She instantly commenced betting ; tossing her money upon the numbers on which she bet with singular adroitness, and witnessing the result with no manifested solicitude whatever. The first two or three bets she won ; then for some time the luck was against her, and whole handfuls of her money was raked in by the table. She drew out more notes and converted them into specie, and kept up the game. Sometimes she would win largely, for she bet high, then again her luck would turn ; but it seemed to me that she was alike indifferent whether she gained or lost. When I left she was still at the table betting away, while her lady friend in black, occasionally threw down a florin, or a five-franc piece as a sort of amusement ; but she was evidently an

inexperienced hand, and she did not witness the result with the same coolness as her more experienced neighbor by her side.

There are some objects of interest and curiosity about Baden-Baden. Just on an *eminence* overlooking the Hot Springs, is situated the *new castle*, as it is called, of the grand duke of Baden. It is not a new building, though called the new castle; it is only relatively new. The old castle stood on the summit of a mountain, a mile or more from the present castle. It is now a wild and picturesque ruin, perched upon the crest of the mountain, and is visited by nearly all the travellers who stop at this place. The new castle is four hundred years old, and occupies the site on which an old prison, in some way connected with the old baronial castle, formerly stood.

The present palace is not particularly interesting, in any way, of itself. It is a plain, substantial castle, with an open court in front. Its walls are six or eight feet thick, and it has the usual number of halls, ante-rooms, bed-chambers, ball-rooms, conversation-saloons, and dining-apartments, found in most of the royal palaces in this country. The paintings which decorate the walls are confined principally to the portraits of the long line of ancestry of the present grand duke.

This chateau is used partly as a summer-residence by the royal family; the winter residence being at Carlsruhe. But that which renders this castle an object of interest to travellers is the fact that it contains dark and mysterious prisons under its walls, which are supposed to have been used for the confinement and punishment of persons offensive to the lord of the old castle. I, and one of my fellow-travellers, under the guidance of the castellan, explored these dungeons this

morning. They are divided into many apartments, and remind one very much of the catacombs, under the church of Saint Sebastian, near Rome. The only light that could by possibility reach these gloomy cells was through a shaft, that came down through the castle. It still remains, and it is said the prisoners, were blindfolded and let down by a windlass through this shaft. But the large majority of the dungeons was without a solitary ray of light. The prisoners were put in, and a large stone door, near a foot in thickness, bolted and barred, and weighing from twelve hundred to two thousand pounds, was closed upon them, and there they were left to darkness and the most fearful apprehensions as to the future. Few that entered ever saw the daylight, again. There were torture-rooms, and the hooks and rings of horrid machinery are still in the walls. There was a subterranean passage from the old castle on the mountain to these dungeons, which must have been more than a mile in length, through which a tribunal entered an apartment of the prisons and conducted the trials of the accused. The stone benches on which the tribunal sat and the seat of the president of the council still remain. Those who were condemned to death, it would seem, were not apprized of the sentence pronounced upon them; but were conducted into a passage, at one end of which was an image of the Virgin in a niche in the wall. The criminal was desired to approach and kiss the image. This a Catholic would not be reluctant to do; but on approaching the image, he put his foot on a secret trap which suddenly sunk beneath him, and precipitated him a hundred feet or more into a deep pit, where he fell upon a piece of machinery of hellish ingenuity, constructed with wheels, armed with knives and lances,

which was put in motion by the fall of the criminal, and soon cut the unfortunate victim into mincemeat, never to be seen, never heard of again. This piece of machinery was accidentally discovered in later years by the falling of a dog into this pit. In the attempt to rescue the dog, the rusty knives, and lances, and the broken wheels, together with the rags of clothes, and the bones of criminals, were discovered. This dark, deep pit, was very appropriately called an *oubliette*, and the punishment was called "*Baiser de la Vierge*."

There are the remains, in a nearly perfect state, of an old Roman bath, adjoining these dungeons under the castle. It is known that the Romans had knowledge of these hot springs, and had their baths here, and a town called *Civitas Aurelia Aquensis*.

Speaking of the baths. I and my friend B. this afternoon enjoyed the luxury of a hot, steam, or vapor bath; the bath-room being over one of the hot springs, where the vapor and steam issue at a temperature 54° Reaumur. An old man was our attendant, and put us through on the most approved scale. We were about an hour going through the whole operation. First we were put in the bath-room, filled with the hot and almost suffocating steam, and kept there until the perspiration ran from every pore in perfect torrents; then we were put under a cold shower-bath, and drenched for one minute; the old man requiring us to turn up our faces, and catch the cold water in our open mouths. Then we must take the steam again for five minutes; and then the cold shower-bath a minute, all in the same apartment, where the heat was a little below the boiling point. Then we were whipped with a handful of small twigs, from head to heel; then stretched out like dead hogs under the scalding operation, and rubbed with a

stiff brush and soap-suds; then under the cold shower-bath again for another minute, then the steam-bath again for five minutes, when we were let out into another apartment, and wrapped in linen sheets, and left at liberty to walk about and cool off; after which we were well rubbed down, and permitted to dress and go out. I enjoyed it very much; my friend, I think, rather regarded it as too much of a good thing.

Among other things to-day, we went up to the old castle on the mountain, some two miles from the town. At the foot of the ascent we mounted each a donkey, the laziest animals I ever saw. For with all the whipping we could lay upon them we could not get them out of a walk. Our conductors, two or three small boys, did their utmost to encourage them into a brisk walk or trot; but it could not be done. But for the name of the thing, it would have been easier, more pleasant, and much more expeditious, to have taken it a foot; but we were in for it, and we made the best we could of it.

The ascent was by a good path up the mountain, under the dark pines that clothe all the hills in this region bordering on the "Black Forest." The ruins are truly grand. Standing upon the highest point of the mountain rock, covering a large space with its walls, courts, and extensive apartments, and battlemented towers. Old pine-trees are growing out of the walls, and standing in the ancient halls of the majestic, baronial pile. We explored its ruins; had a fine view of the surrounding country with the town at our feet, and returned not a little gratified with our visit.

WEISBADEN, *Germany*, May 18.—Yesterday morning, at an early hour, we left Baden-Baden by rail for Heidelberg, about fifty miles distant, on the road to Frankfort. The country over which we travelled, had

nothing to attract attention, apart from its agriculture, and the general appearance of productiveness which must strike every one in passing through this portion of the valley of the Rhine. We passed Carlsruhe, the seat of the principal palace of the duke of the grand duchy of Baden, and several other towns of considerable importance, and arrived at Heidelberg about eleven o'clock in the forenoon. We immediately took a carriage for a drive about the town and its environs, embracing in the tour of course, the ruins of the castle, which form the great object of attraction to the visiter. We passed the University, which now has five or six hundred students. The buildings are by no means prepossessing. The institution has had great celebrity, and at present is favored with a most able and accomplished board of instruction. It has a library numbering one hundred and twenty thousand volumes, besides some very valuable manuscripts, among which are Luther's translation of Isaiah; his Exhortation to Prayer against the Turks, and a copy of the Heidelberg Catechism annotated by his hand.

We passed on through the whole extent of the city, which is principally on one street, about three miles in length, and emerged from the confines of the houses, upon a beautiful road lying immediately along on the banks of the Neckar, a noble stream that comes down from the mountains, and sweeps out into the plain of the Rhine, from the narrow pass into which it is crowded by the high hills that border and bound its course.

Just on the outskirts of the city, there stands a house by the roadside, on the walls of which there are marks with the dates, showing the height of the water, at the time of the greatest floods in the river, for the last hundred years or more. The highest water-mark bears

date December, 1784. Pursuing our course we directly began to bear off from the Neckar, and ascend the hill on the southern side. A half-hour's drive brought us to a house of entertainment, situated in a quiet nook, overshadowed with tall trees, and upon the brink of a noisy mountain stream, whose silvery waters made constant music in its rapid descent to the Neckar. Hard by, there is a clear bold spring, the waters of which are as cold as if they issued from an ice-house; from this spring near which the enchantress Jetta, according to the commonly-received tradition, was torn to pieces by a she-wolf, the place takes the name of *Wolf's Brunnen*. The proprietor of the inn, has devoted himself to raising and fattening mountain trout, which he constantly keeps on hand in great abundance, for the use of visitors who may favor him with a call, and which he has served up at a moment's notice. I had the pleasure of visiting the ponds, three or four in number, one or two of which are at least forty yards across; and I speak in bounds when I say that there were thousands of trout in these ponds. The proprietor has them fed as regularly as a poultry-man feeds his chickens, and I regarded it as a very great amusement and pleasure to see them fed; and to witness the adroitness with which they seized their food, and hastened off to enjoy it alone; not alone, for the trout that got a small dead fish, which was thrown into the pond as food, was instantly pursued by a hundred more, and required to share his portion with his companions. Some of these trout are very large, measuring eighteen inches or two feet in length, and are as fat as a Strasburg goose after the stuffing and cramming process carried on there, upon these fowls, to such an amazing extent. We ordered a trout for a lunch, and in a few moments it was

slaughtered and served up on a table under the trees in the yard. It was most savory and delicious, and I and my friend who accompanied me in this delightful drive, did ample justice to the repast spread before us.

Departing from Woll's Brunnen, we ascended a high hill on our way back to the old castle, which occupies the rocky brow of a mountain promontory that runs close up to the Neckar, and juts over the town. When we reached the highest part of the elevation along which the road runs to the castle, we enjoyed one of the most splendid prospects that is anywhere to be met with, bordering the valley of the Rhine.

We had a fine view of the Neckar for several miles up toward its mountain source, with scattered villages and country farmhouses along its banks. The hills arose on each side, crowned with forests, while the lower slopes were covered with vineyards, and gardens down to the water's edge. Looking toward the valley of the Rhine, the bold stream was seen hastening by the city, and under the arches of the elegant bridge that springs across from shore to shore, with its statuary and other architectural decorations; and still on beyond, till it glittered like a silver thread, stretched along upon the flat level plain that extended to the Rhine.

But a few moments' drive brought us to the ruins of the castle. This is a stupendous pile; many parts of the castle building being still nearly perfect.

An intelligent female guide showed us through, conversing all the time about America and American authors. She was perfectly familiar with Longfellow's poems, and was thoroughly acquainted with Prescott's History of America. She pointed out the different apartments, and described their uses, and gave us the history, pointing out, and descanting on the finest views

as seen from different windows, battlements, and towers. She conducted us to the wine-cellar, and showed us the two great wine-casks, still perfectly sound, and I dare say water-tight. / The largest of these casks called *the Tun* of Heidelberg, holds eight hundred hogsheads, or two hundred and eighty thousand bottles!

The history of this castle has so often been given by travellers that it would be worse than a useless consumption of time to narrate it here. "It is highly interesting," say the guides, "for its varied fortunes, its picturesque situation, its vastness, and the relics of architectural magnificence, which it still displays, after having been three times burnt and having ten times experienced the horrors of war. Its final ruin, however, did not arise from those causes, but after the greater part of the building had been restored to its former splendor in 1718-'20; it was set on fire by lightning in 1764, since which time it has never been rebuilt or tenanted. It is at present only a collection of red stone walls, and has remained roofless for nearly a century."

Descending the hill by a steep path leading to the town we passed two young Bavarian princesses, mounted on donkeys, returning from a visit to the castle. We drove across the bridge to get a view of the castle hanging on the rocky steep, as seen from the other side of the Neckar, which our intelligent female-guide told us was the finest view of this interesting ruin that could be obtained. In this we found her taste was equal to her intelligence; for nothing could be finer than the picture presented from the further bank of the river. The higher mountains in the background; the forest-crowned hill-tops adjacent to that on which the castle stands; the trees and shrubbery of the castle-gardens; the beetling front of the rocky steep below

the castle-walls; the crumbling towers and broken arches; the ivy-clothed battlements, and the naked buttresses—all stood out to view, as seen from this point of observation.

But it was time to leave for Frankfort on the Main; so we hastened to the railroad station, and in two hours' time, we had passed over another stretch of fifty miles of the level valley of the Rhine, and were at the depot in Frankfort.

This is a beautiful city, wearing a modern aspect, and I doubt not is a delightful place of residence. It has not many objects of attraction to a mere casual visiter. The statue of Goethe, the great German poet and author, who was born in this city, which occupies a conspicuous position on a public square, is a fine piece of work, and is well worth seeing. There is also a very celebrated piece of sculpture in the garden of Mr. Bethman—an *Ariadne* by *Daunecker*, which always claims a visit from the traveller.

The drives around the city are most charming. A wide, beautiful road almost entirely encircles the city, bordered with the most lovely walks, embowered in shrubbery, with elegant villas and suburban country-seats scattered along, displaying great taste in the arrangement of the grounds; the distribution of statuary; the location of the ornamental houses, and in all that constitutes true beauty in a villa. A very fine style of work in buck-horn is executed here. It is wrought into brooches, ear-rings, bracelets, and various other ornaments, which are very handsome, and display great skill in their execution. They are said to be made entirely by hand, with the aid of small knives, and delicate instruments. Very fine specimens of Bohemian glass are also abundant here. We only had time to

look at some of the shops containing these works, and to drive about the city for an hour or two, before the time arrived for us to leave for Weisbaden, the place at which I now write.

The road from Frankfort to this place lies through one of the finest wine districts on the Rhine. The face of the country is beautiful. Mountains are in sight all the way. The railroad approaches the river just opposite to the city of Mayence, which with its domes, towers, and church-steeples, bathed in the light of the setting sun, presented a fine appearance as we approached it on yesterday evening. Here a branch of the road turns off at nearly right angles and runs out a few miles into the hill country to this city.

Weisbaden, like Baden-Baden, is a great watering place. Here, as at that fashionable and gay resort, we found men and women, thronging the gilded saloons of the *Kursaal*, and busily engaged in trying "to solve the mysteries of *rouge et noir*." It is amazing to see what amounts of money are won and lost at this fashionable style of gambling, especially at this place and at Baden-Baden. I saw a man take a whole handful of Napoleons, worth about four dollars each, and throw them down, without counting them, as a stake upon a color, and in less than fifteen seconds, they were either raked in by the table, or pushed aside to him with the amount doubled. Sometimes he would win rapidly for awhile, and then hundreds of dollars would slip away from him in a few moments. He was about the only person, of the hundreds—men and women—whom I saw engaged in this gaming, that betrayed the least degree of excitement.

It is the *ton* to gamble here. Everybody is expected to take a hand; and especially on Sunday afternoon,

when the public gardens, adjoining the Kursaal or gambling saloon, are crowded with visitors, and the splendid band discoursing sweet music from the balcony above the door; and the fountain in front throws its jet of water from seventy to a hundred feet in the air; and when the beauty, intelligence, and fashion of Weisbaden, and the surrounding country, together with the numerous visitors to the place from abroad, are promenading the beautiful grounds, and pressing around the gambling tables in the brilliant and gay saloons. I saw mothers and their daughters; fathers and their sons; young men and maidens; old men with gray hairs and old women with *dyed* hair, all engaged in betting; and always maintaining a quietness and gravity that utterly surprised me. No one was complimented on his success, and none jeered or sympathized with in their losses. It was all performed in such a cool, business-like manner, that I wondered any one should be fascinated by it.

The hot springs of this place are very much like those at Baden-Baden, and the baths pretty much the same. There are fourteen springs here, quite as hot as those at Baden-Baden, from which the steam rises in clouds, and in which eggs can be easily cooked in a few moments. These waters are extensively used, both internally and for bathing purposes, as a remedy for various forms of disease. During the last season there were more than thirty thousand visitors to this place.

Weisbaden is a pretty city of itself, with a population of seventeen thousand. It is the seat of the palace of the duke of the duchy of Nassau, and he expends large amounts of money on the grounds and public buildings annually, in order to render it attractive and inviting to visitors. There are walks and drives extending for miles in every direction from the city,

which lead into the most rural and charming spots, and from which lovely landscapes and agreeable views are spread out to the eye. The scenery is not so bold and grand as that about Baden-Baden, but it is scarcely less attractive, as it combines so many elements of beauty in its landscapes.

A walk of fifteen minutes from the western confines of the town, conducts one by a retired path to one of the most interesting and beautiful objects anywhere to be seen in Europe. It is the magnificent mausoleum, in the form of a most splendid and gorgeous Greek chapel, built by the present duke of Nassau as a place of depository for the remains of his first wife, who was a Russian princess. It is one of the most superb things in its way that has ever been reared, and was erected at an expense of more than a million of dollars. It stands upon a lofty elevation, at the head of a valley, commanding a view of the town, and all the country around, for many miles beyond the Rhine. The exterior walls, are of a fine building material found in the country; the interior, from top to bottom is lined with various kinds of the most elegantly polished marble and precious stones. The floor is of marble of various colors white, black, and variegated, laid down in a tessellated style, and polished as smooth as glass. The windows are of elegant stained glass; and the paintings and frescoes are executed in the finest style. In an apartment prepared for the purpose is a recumbent marble effigy of the princess, executed by Hopfgarten, which is a magnificent piece of sculpture. The whole structure is surmounted with three beautiful domes, gilt with gold, and after the style of the Greek churches in Constantinople. Altogether it is a superb and splendid piece of architecture, with the most tasteful and expensive decorations.

CHAPTER XXIII.

COLOGNE — ANTWERP — BRUSSELS.

Biebrich. — Palace and Gardens. — Passage down the Rhine. — Scenery. — Cathedral in Cologne. — The City. — Paintings. — Eau de Cologne. — Bridge of Boats. — From Cologne to Antwerp. — Face of the Country. — Aix la Chapelle. — Customhouse. — Railroad. — Scenery by the Way. — Liege. — Manufactures. — Sir Walter Scott's Quentin Durward. — Lonvain. — Antwerp. — Cathedral. — Rubens' Descent from the Cross. — St. Paul's. — Calvary. — Museum. — Artists. — From Antwerp to Brussels. — Mechlin. — Vilvorde. — Brussels. — Visit to Battle-Fields of Waterloo. — Anecdotes of Sargeant Mundy. — Cathedral in Brussels. — Zoological Gardens. — Mr. L'Atlier de Wiertz the Artist. — Brussels Lace. — Process of Manufacture — Value.

COLOGNE, *May 19.* — The place of sweet scents of course, as this is the headquarters of *eau de Cologne*, and of all sorts of scents, if Coleridge is good authority on such matters. From the little I have seen I am inclined to think that the great poet is quite as good authority on questions of *scent*, as on questions of *taste*.

We left Wiesbaden this morning at an early hour, and rode down to Biebrich, the place at which we were to take the steamboat, at nine o'clock, for the passage down the Rhine.

Biebrich is the seat of the summer-palace of the Duke of Nassau, and the garden and park are on a

magnificent scale. We spent an hour or more, walking over these delightful grounds, where we met with more to charm and please, than in any villa, or royal promenade, that we have thus far met with in Europe. Everything is upon a splendid scale, and in very decidedly fine taste. The park must embrace, at least, one hundred acres, every part of which is laid off in the finest style, and every turn of the winding paths open some new and lovely prospect to the eye. Snowy statuary glancing out from the deep green of the embowering trees; quiet lakes sleeping in beauty, or broken into playful circles by the majestic swans that sported upon their waters; mimic castles, with mote, and bridge, and tower; artificial cascades, pouring over rugged rocks; bowers of trellis-work, overrun with vines; rippling streams, spanned by rustic bridges, and flowers of every hue, in endless variety, formed but a part of the numberless objects that were combined in the picture sketches that lay before us, in the bright and cheerful sunshine of the early morning that succeeded a stormy night.

The passage down the Rhine, from Biebrich which is but a few miles below Mayence, to Cologne, embraces all of that portion of this noble and renowned river which is regarded by travellers as the most interesting and worthy of notice. It is in itself, perhaps, all that tourists have represented it to be, in point of grandeur and picturesque beauty; but, apart from its ruined castles and the historic associations that cluster around the time-honored architectural piles that crown almost every crag and rocky promontory upon its shores, there are many rivers in America that far surpass it, in my humble judgment, in point of sublimity, grandeur, extent, and beauty of natural scenery. If the James

river, in Virginia, from Richmond to Covington, a distance of nearly three hundred miles, had on its hill-tops, and rocky steeps, and lofty mountains, the same old castle-walls, gray with time and mantled with ivy—the same ancient fortresses, and towers, and battlements—the same cities, and towns, and villages; and if every skirt of level ground upon the banks, and every sunny slope rising from the water's edge, was brought under the same culture and planted with vines; and every precipitous steep was terraced; or built up with parapets from base to summit, as is the case upon the Rhine—it would be far more magnificent and attractive; for it would far exceed it in extent, grandeur, beauty, and every other element which has gained for the Rhine the fame which it enjoys as the most picturesque, grand, and romantic river in the world. I repeat, it is the history, not the superior adjacent and bordering scenery, which has acquired for the Rhine its boundless and matchless fame.

May 20.—That which most engages the attention of the stranger in Cologne is the great cathedral, which, though unfinished, is projected upon a scale so grand, and is, as far as completed, so magnificent, that it is fully entitled to the rank which it holds, as one of the first objects of interest in Europe, in the way of church architecture. It has been more than five hundred years since this splendid edifice was commenced, and should it be carried out to its full and perfect completion, on the plan projected, it will be the finest and purest piece of Gothic architecture in the form of a cathedral on the continent. At present; the work is prosecuted with some degree of vigor and despatch; but a century will probably elapse before the edifice is finished. It is said that it will be completed

in the space of the next twenty years; but this is not at all probable. It will require an immense amount of money to carry out the plan of the building in all its details. Very large appropriations are annually made at this time by the present king of Prussia for the furtherance of this great work; but it is estimated that it will require at least three millions of dollars yet to finish the building. Between the years 1824 and 1842, nearly two hundred thousand dollars were expended in repairs of the portions of the edifice first finished; and it will now require large expenditures to replace the decayed and decaying stone from the Drachenfels, by another of a sounder and more enduring texture. The entire length of the body of the church is five hundred and eleven feet, the width two hundred and thirty one; and the height of the towers, when finished, will be five hundred and eleven feet—the height being equal to the length.

I stood in this great edifice on this evening, and heard strains of music from the powerful organ, sustained by a thousand voices, all rolling in solemn, majestic grandeur through the vast cathedral, that made my heart tremble with the most intense emotion. It was a great church festival, and an immense concourse was attracted to the church. When I entered, a priest was delivering a most earnest and animated discourse. The people were standing—for it is an exceedingly rare thing to meet with seats in Roman catholic churches, in Europe—and listening with unusually deep attention. When the discourse was ended the music commenced, and I do not remember anywhere else to have seen so many of the congregation join in the singing. It is wonderful what an effect sublime and imposing architecture has upon one's mind in a place of religious worship, where

the pealing notes of the organ, combining with thousands of human voices, reverberate through high soaring arches, and among the giant columns, and along the resounding walls of a vast cathedral.

Cologné is a large city of ninety thousand inhabitants, standing principally on the left bank of the Rhine, which at this place runs nearly in a north direction. It has some fine public buildings, and some tolerably handsome streets, but for the most part it is unprepossessing, and certainly is the most intolerably offensive place to the olfactories that I have seen in Europe. It has had this reputation for many years, and I can not believe that it has improved materially in this regard. It would take all the *eau de Cologne* that has ever been manufactured in the city to make it agreeable to the smell.

It has the honor of having been the birthplace and the residence of several great artists, and in its churches, which are numerous, and in the private galleries of some of its wealthy citizens, there are preserved some of the finest paintings by Vandyke, Rembrandt, and Rubens. The Crucifixion by Rubens in the church of Saint Peter, has been regarded as one of the finest paintings in the world; but has been so much injured by the climate and impaired by other causes, that scarcely any one realizes his expectations in seeing it for the first time. I think the copy of the same picture by Rubens himself, found in the private gallery of a distinguished architect of Cologne, whose name has escaped me, is far more perfect, and every way equal to the painting in Saint Peter's. In this private gallery, which is generously thrown open to visitors, there are also several of Vandyke's and Rembrandt's best pictures.

The Cologne water manufactured in this city has gained the name of being the finest in the world ; and the name which is seen on all the bottles nearly that are sold has been assumed by a number of manufacturers. This name is something like the wood of the true cross, it can be multiplied to any extent which circumstances may demand. There is a bridge of boats, or more properly a bridge *on* boats, connecting the two parts of the city, which lie on the two sides of the Rhine. The weather has been bad since I have been in this city, and my impressions are by no means agreeable. Two days are quite sufficient for Cologne.

ANTWERP, *May 21*.—We left Cologne by rail yesterday at one o'clock, and a delightful ride of eight hours over a most interesting portion of country, brought us to this large and important city.

Leaving the banks of the Rhine, the road stretches across the valley in the direction of Aix la Chapelle, which lies at a distance of forty-three miles, nearly south west from Cologne. On this route there is but little that attracts attention, except the dark soil, which seems to be under an exceedingly fine system of cultivation, and which produces wheat, rye, corn, and all the other crops of the country, in great abundance. Aix la Chapelle has a population of more than fifty thousand and is pretty extensively engaged in the manufacture of cloth. Recently an extensive and important manufacture of looking-glasses has been put in operation here, by a French company. But the place is chiefly noted for its warm springs. It is the birth-place, as it is generally believed, of Charlemagne, and it is certain he died here in 814 ; and to him the city is chiefly indebted for its importance. It has been the scene of several very important church councils, and

also of great congresses of belligerent nations, at which peace treaties have been formed. But every one at all acquainted with history is familiar with the highly important and interesting events connected with Aix la Chapelle.

From Aix la Chapelle to Malines, a distance of one hundred miles, the whole face of the country presents a different aspect from that of the valley of the Rhine. The railroad penetrates a wild mountainous region, and the eye is regaled and delighted with the shifting scenes which are constantly bursting upon the vision, in the onward progress of the snorting steam-horse that carries the thundering train through this highly picturesque and interesting section of the country. Between Aix la Chapelle and Verviers, we pass out of Prussia into Belgium, and at Verviers pass the customhouse with the usual examinations of luggage. But here we met with a gentlemanly set of officers, who did their business in a most polite and respectful manner, and on learning that we were Americans, travelling for pleasure and to gain information, they scarcely displaced an article in our well-packed trunks.

Verviers is a thrifty manufacturing town, of thirty thousand inhabitants, and occupies a very handsome and agreeable situation on the Vesdre, a river the water of which is said to possess properties which fit it admirably for dyeing purposes. The cloths manufactured here have the character of being better, as second-rate fabrics, than those of England or France, and are exported in large quantities to America and Italy. From these looms the Belgian army is clothed.

Leaving Verviers the railroad lies along the course of the Vesdre, a winding stream, walled in with high hills, that approach the little valley, through which the

clear cool waters seek an outlet from their imprisonment in rugged steepes, and promontories, presenting all the angles and curves of geometry. It would seem that a bold engineer had chosen this line for a road, to demonstrate the triumphs of human skill, and to show that nature has no barriers or impediments too formidable for the genius of man. So tortuous is the stream, and so numerous the ridges pierced by tunnels, the road has been compared to a needle run through a corkscrew. Between Verviers and Liege, a distance of thirty-four miles, there are nineteen tunnels and about the same number of bridges; and along the whole route there are scattered in rapid succession, manufacturing towns and pleasant villages, with most delightful villas, surrounded with gardens and pleasure-grounds, and lovely walks, interspersing the hills and valleys, which give a charming and romantic appearance to the face of the country. The approach to Liege presents a magnificent landscape. It is situated in a valley, begirt with hills of grand and graceful outline, at the junction of the Ourthe and Meuse, which bear their tribute of waters to the British channel. It is altogether a manufacturing town of one hundred thousand inhabitants, and produces firearms equal in quality and at cheaper rates than even England or France. It is indeed the great armory of Belgium. Nor is it without its highly-interesting literary and historical recollections. It has been the scene of frequent bloody revolutions, in the efforts made by the people struggling for freedom from the despotic power of the bishops, who in the tenth century were raised to the rank of sovereign and independent princes by the German emperors. This oppressive power, however, was not entirely broken until the time of the French invasion in 1794.

Sir Walter Scott's "Quentin Durward" contains a glowing description of the principal events connected with these protracted struggles. It is one of that great novelist's most truthful romances. And although he had never seen Liege, his descriptions of localities are singularly accurate; so much so that it is hard to believe he had not actually seen them with his own eyes.

From Liege, the train of cars is drawn up an inclined plane of two miles in length, by two stationary engines of eighty-horse power; and from the highest point of this inclined plane, looking back, there is presented one of the most grand and magnificent landscapes that anywhere greets the eye of the traveller over the great lines of railroad through this part of Europe.

The road hence to Malines, and from Malines to Antwerp lies through the finest agricultural district of Belgium. The soil is extremely fine, and the agricultural products most abundant. And there is scarcely a town or village on the whole route that has not an interesting history of its own. I must mention *Louvain*. It is a city of very ancient origin. Its foundation has been attributed to Julius Cæsar. There are the remains of a celebrated old castle here, in which, it is said, Edward IH. of England lived for one year, and that the Emperor Charles V. was brought up in it.

Just outside the walls of this city, the memorable engagement between the Dutch and Belgians took place in August, 1831, during the sanguinary conflicts between these hostile powers. In this battle the Belgians were commanded by Leopold in person; but in the heat of the struggle the Belgians forsook their king and fled, and he narrowly escaped falling into the hands of the prince of Orange.

The Roman Catholic university at this place was suppressed by the French in 1794. It was re-established by the King of Holland in 1817; and since 1836 it has again become the nursing mother of Romish priests for Belgium. It numbers, at present, six or seven hundred students. In the sixteenth century it enjoyed the reputation of being the best university in Europe, and at that time had as many as six thousand students. The city at present only numbers twenty-four thousand inhabitants.

Antwerp has suffered several great reverses of fortune. Its present population is ninety thousand. In the sixteenth century, when it was at the height of its prosperity, it numbered two hundred thousand inhabitants, and was the richest and most powerful commercial city in Europe. It is even now, a splendid-looking place, with its elegant mansions, broad streets, fine parks, squares, walls, boulevards, and public buildings.

It has a cathedral which is a superb piece of architecture, and is enriched with some of the finest pictures, and adorned with the most elaborate and highly-wrought carvings in wood of any church in the Netherlands. Rubens' great masterpiece, *the Descent from the Cross*, which has so long attracted visitors to this church, is now in the hands of an artist for repairs and retouching. It has been out of the church for two or three years, but will be returned to its place in a very short time from the present. But it is to be feared that this great painting, like *the Last Supper*, by Leonardo da Vinci, at Milan, will not be improved by the hand of another. It is a dangerous experiment to submit the painting of a great master, to one of inferior genius, or, even to one of a different style of

genius, if I may so speak, however great, for improvements and repairs. I have seen several that must have been greatly injured, if one half is true that has been said in praise of them before they were retouched. The Last Supper is almost entirely ruined. It is to be feared that the Descent from the Cross will not be materially improved. But I am no artist—no critic. This cathedral is five hundred feet long, and two hundred and fifty feet wide, with a steeple four hundred and three feet high; one of the loftiest in the world.

I and my party, according to established custom in such cases, ascended as high as there is any means of ascent. There is a fine chime of bells in this church-tower, which plays some beautiful snatches from different operas, every half-quarter of an hour. This is all done by the machinery of the clock. There are other churches in this old city which are very fine; but to one who has visited the cathedrals and churches of Italy, there is nothing to attract particular notice.

There is a curious piece of work adjoining the church of Saint Paul, which is worthy of notice. It is a representation of Calvary. This is well-described in Murray's Guide: "An artificial eminence raised against the walls of the church, covered with slag or rock work, and planted with statues of saints, angels, prophets, and patriarchs. On the summit is the crucifixion, and at the bottom is a grotto, copied or imitated, it is said, from the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem. On entering it the body of Christ is seen encircled with vestments of silk and muslin; while on the face of the rock, near the entrance, are attached boards carved and painted to represent the glowing flames of purgatory, in the midst of which appear a number of faces, bearing the expression of agony, and intended to remind the spec-

tator of the suffering of the souls of the wicked in that place of torment."

I was pleased with my visit to the museum or academy of painting. It has a number of the best paintings by Rubens, Vandyke, Rembrandt, Jordaens, and other masters of high repute.

The house occupied by Rubens, and in which he died, is pointed out to visitors. He was born in Cologne, but died in this city, and his remains are interred in the church of Saint Jacques, where a marble slab, let into the pavement, records his epitaph. There is a fine statue of Rubens, also, in the centre of a park in the very heart of the city. Vandyke, Teniers, Jordaens, and the remarkable Quentin Matsys, to say nothing of others of high repute, were all born in Antwerp or its neighborhood; and the churches, as well as the academy of painting, contain a great many of the best pieces from these men, of whom the city is proud.

BRUSSELS, *May 21*.—As I rode over the delightful country this evening, lying between Antwerp and this brilliant and beautiful city, I could not but remark how much a bright sky and unclouded sunshine added to the loveliness of the scenery and landscapes that present themselves to the eye of the traveller. To-day is the first really fine day we have enjoyed since we entered Switzerland by the Simplon on the morning of the 6th instant. We have had occasional snatches of sunshine, and a few patches now and then of blue sky; but, for the most part during that whole period, the heavens have been shrouded in murky clouds, and the face of nature veiled in dismal gloom. During the whole of our tour through Switzerland there were only a few brief hours at a time in which the clouds were lifted from the face and summits of the great Alpine ranges,

or the sunshine fell upon the bosom of the lakes of this wild and romantic land. A few glimpses of Mont Blanc, Jungfrau, and others of the cloud-cleaving peaks of the Alpine ranges, were all that we enjoyed. To-day the genial sunshine came down on the green earth, and everything wore a cheerful and happy air and expression.

The town of Malines or Mechlin is midway between Antwerp and Brussels. It is the point of departure from which four railroads ramify through Belgium. It is situated on the Dyle, and has a population of about thirty thousand inhabitants. This is the place at which the *Mechlin lace*, which has made such a noise in the *beau monde*, is manufactured. It is also distinguished as being the birthplace of Ernest Count Mansfield, the celebrated leader in the thirty years' war, of Michael Coexis, the scholar and imitator of Raphael, and of Dodonaeus, the botanist.

Between Malines and Brussels there is a beautiful little town called Vilvorde. It is celebrated in the history of the modern translations of the Bible, as the place at which Tindal, the translator of the Scriptures into the English language, suffered martyrdom as a heretic in 1536, being strangled at a stake and then burnt outside the town. A penitentiary now stands on the site of his prison.

The approach to Brussels is fine. The city presents a new, bright, and cheerful appearance. A few random strolls about its public grounds, and elegant streets have favorably impressed me as to the general beauty of the city. It resembles Paris in many respects, and is not improperly called, "little Paris." From all that I can see and learn, it bears a strong resemblance to that mistress of fashion, folly, and licentiousness, in other regards than in its outward appearance. To-morrow we

shall visit the battle-field of Waterloo, and for the present, at a late hour of the night, I resign my pen for the slumber which begins to hang lead upon my eyelids.

BRUSSELS, *May 22*.—To-day I visited the battle-field of Waterloo, lying about twelve miles southeast of this city. There was a small party of us in company, composed of English, French, and Americans. The ride by stage-coach occupied two hours. On leaving the city the road was filled for a mile or so, with children from five to ten or twelve years of age, who ran by the coach, and turned somersets, and performed various other antics to attract attention, keeping up a clamorous begging all the time. Some stood on their heads until the coach nearly ran over them, in order to attract attention and thereby get a few pennies. Besides these dirty ragged little children, there was another and more deserving class of beggars, who importuned us for alms. They were the blind; several of whom led by little girls, ran by the coach and urged us in piteous accents, by the love of God, to give them something.

We passed the forest of *Soigne*, which is crowded for a few miles with a species of beech-tree, very tall, and as straight as the mountain pines of Switzerland. Nothing else worthy of notice attracted attention, until we passed through the village of Waterloo, where the house was pointed out in which Lord Raglan, who was wounded in the battle, had his arm amputated; and the house also, in which the late Marquis of Anglesea had his leg taken off. This leg was carefully buried in the yard, by the man whose family still occupies the house, and the boot which was on the leg is still preserved, and the family derives large revenue annually from the exhibition of the boot, which is shown to visitors at a franc per head.

At the little hotel near the battle-field we were courteously greeted by Sergeant Mundy, who himself, was in the hottest of the engagement, and who took our party in hand as guide, to conduct us over the field, and point out all the localities occupied by the French and the English with their allies, respectively, and to describe and explain to us all that was of most interest, connected with the fierce and hard-fought battle of that day, which has exerted a more powerful and decisive influence upon the fortunes of Europe for the last forty-two years, than any other event in the annals of modern European history. Sergeant Mundy is more than sixty years of age, and although he received wounds on the field of Waterloo which have crippled him to some extent, he still walks as briskly as a young man of twenty, and descants upon the scenes of the battle on the 19th of June, 1814, with all the enthusiasm, zest, and animation of a youthful warrior just from the field of carnage, with his laurels green upon his ardent brow. He never tires in repeating his story. It is always fresh and new. The same anecdotes are related in the same place and connection, and the same compliments paid to the bravery, daring and heroism of the French soldiery, in every tour he makes of the field, with his interested auditors crowding around him. The Sergeant points out the different points occupied by the seventh hussars, to which he belonged, at different hours of the day, and in the critical moments of that hotly-contested field.

At one point in the tour he stops, and says, on this wise: "Gentlemen and ladies, I have often heard blustering young men, who have been in battles, say, that they gloried in being in the thickest of the fight, and were fond of the music of bullets whistling around them ;

and that they never felt so well, as when they were most exposed to the fire of the enemy ; but gentlemen, I am free to say that when our regiment was ordered from that hill yonder" (pointing to the elevation on which his regiment was stationed), "where the shot from the French batteries were fast thinning our ranks, to descend into that valley" (pointing to the spot), "where the bullets went over our heads, that was the most pleasant part of the day to *me*."

At another point he stops and points out the place where the "old guards" were required to lie under the brow of a hill, waiting for the command of the chief officer of the day, to join in the bloody struggle. He relates that the duke of Wellington frequently passed near these soldiers lying on the ground, where they were frequently visited by shells from the enemy's mortars. On one occasion as he passed along, he states that an old soldier called out to the duke, and said: "How long are we to remain here? Are we to lie still and be murdered?" The duke waved a silence, and promised them some work worthy of their swords, at a proper time. The decisive moment finally arrived. The French in solid phalanx were rising the hill, and pressing up to the mouths of the cannons, just in the rear of which the "guards" were lying. The battle seemed to be turning in favor of the enemy: just then, when within a few paces of the guns, the old duke is reported to have said, "*Up, guards, and at 'em!*" The slaughter was awful; and that onset of "the guards" turned the fortunes of that day. Soon Blucher was upon the field with fifteen thousand Prussians, attacking the French upon the right flank and rear; and the going down of the sun of that day, after hours of the most desperate conflict, witnessed the flight of Bona-

parte from the field, and the retreat of the French legions from a bloody contest in which they displayed signal valor and bravery, but lost the day, by one of those *accidents* of war, as they are called, which no human foresight could ward off. It is very certain that the French were not defeated by cowardice or for want of heroism.

It is related by Sergeant Mundy, and is a matter of history, that while the English troops were in the little orchard, as it is called, surrounded by a brick wall, and were shooting through port-holes broken in the wall, the French actually pressed up to the muzzles of the muskets, and tried to wrench them out of the hands of their enemies. But all these things are matters of history, and the world has long ago made up its verdict on this great battle. It is nevertheless exceedingly interesting to pass over the field, and hear Sergeant Mundy describe the events of the day. Some of them are amusing; others are most deeply moving, and touching.

He relates an anecdote of one of the old peasants who had charge of the poultry and pigs at Hougoumont, which was midway between the two armies on the eve of the battle. Under the directions of the duke of Wellington, the garden-walls, adjoining the dwellings, and just now alluded to, were prepared with port-holes, and everything was put in readiness about the grounds; for the duke intended to occupy that point. The peasants were advised of what was to take place on the approaching day, and were requested to abandon the premises, which they all did forthwith, except the old woman referred to, who had the charge just mentioned. She did not seem fully to comprehend what was going on. She saw them all leave. She sat awhile in silence, and was again urged to depart. - She said, "No:

they are all gone now ; and if I go away, who will take care of the poultry and the pigs ?” She remained ; and strange to say, though, the house was riddled over her head, and the hottest part of the protracted struggle was around the house in which she was seated, no damage befell her. But she was often heard to say that, as she sat there alone and prayed, all day, with the bullets and cannon-balls tearing everything in pieces around her, she often wished she had left with the other members of the household the night before. She often told this story, said Sergeant Mundy, and for telling it received many a franc from visitors.

There is no end to the relics offered for sale to visitors here. They multiply like the wood of the true cross. Bullets, buckles, hilts of swords, eagles, and a thousand other things are offered for sale to visitors, by persons who say they have ploughed them up upon the field of Waterloo. Some are, indeed, real relics ; but the great mass are made to order, and buried at convenient places, to supply the demand.

There is an immense mound on this field, which is two hundred and forty feet high, and sixteen hundred and eighty feet in circumference, which was raised by the Belgian government as a monument to the prince of Orange, who was wounded on this spot. It is surmounted with the Belgic Lion, and forms a most prominent object, which may be seen at a considerable distance over the surrounding country.

On our return to Brussels the coachman, who was a man of some information, told us a great many traditional stories connected with the battle of Waterloo. Among others he related that the cook, who was ordered, by the duke of Wellington, to prepare dinner for him on the day of the battle, at the house which he oc-

cupied in the village of Waterloo, was frequently urged to fly for his life. He was told by persons who ran by him that the French were slaying everything before them, and that it would cost him his life to remain. But he steadfastly refused; and said that his master had often told him to prepare his dinner for him, and he had never disappointed him yet; and that he should hold on, and have the dinner as directed. The duke did dine there, but it was a little after his usual hour. Bonaparte was to have taken his dinner at Brussels that evening; in this he was sadly disappointed. Sergeant Mundy humorously remarked that he got benighted on his way, and failed to meet his engagement.

BRUSSELS, *May 23*.—This whole day has been devoted to the objects worthy of notice in Brussels. Its cathedral, which has the most elaborately-wrought piece of ornamental woodwork, for a pulpit in the world: its churches, museum, town-hall, with a superb tower, armory, and zoological gardens. These latter are really worth visiting. The gardens, as grounds, are in themselves most beautiful and interesting. They embrace a fine variety of surface, with lake and mound and hill and valley, all decked with shrubs and flowers, and crowned with trees, and chequered with walks, and winding ways. Then, for an institution so young, it has an extensive variety of animals and birds and fowls, some exceedingly curious and rare.

But nothing interested me so much in Brussels as the chateau of Mr. L'Atlier de Wiertz, which stands outside the walls of the city, and not remote from the zoological gardens. Mr. Wiertz is a rare genius. He is an artist who paints after no models, no copies, except such as he creates in his own most wonderful imagination. He never *finishes* anything. His castle,

which is built after his own device, is a huge, misshapen, strange-looking establishment. The walls are not complete. The pillars and towers are but half finished. The roof looks as though it had been partly consumed by fire, and patched up again. The outer walls are partly stuccoed, but not entire. The grounds about the castle differ from all others I have seen. There are incomplete pieces of statuary scattered among the shrubbery and flowers, and shaded by strangely-trimmed trees. The man himself is a curiosity. He is a German by birth, but has been residing for some time at Brussels; and the ground on which his castle is built, was given to him by the government, as a compliment to his genius, and to prevent his removal from the city. He never goes out in company, and it is a rare occurrence that he is ever seen, even by those who visit his gallery of paintings. He has constructed a most extensive apartment in his unique castle, as a gallery for the exhibition of the rare productions of his pencil. It is lighted from the roof; occupies the ground floor; has fine elevation, and is admirably well adapted to its purposes. Our party was received by a slatternly dressed servant-girl, who admitted us to the gallery, and received the little fee of admittance, only a half-franc for each person; that done, she retired, and we saw no one besides, except a glimpse which we caught of Wiertz himself, who was engaged in planting some flowers or shrubs, on our entrance into the enclosure around his castle. But he did not remain for us to see him again. His paintings are altogether unlike anything else in the world. They are the creations of his own sublime genius, projected upon an immense scale, and executed, as I think, with wonderful skill and ability. It would be fruitless to attempt to describe them. For

example, he has three large paintings intended to represent man in three stages: one living; the next in the expiring gasp of death; the third, one moment after death. And such pictures! They startle and surprise the beholder.

Then he has paintings concealed behind a framework of boards and paper, which are to be seen only through small apertures which he has prepared, so as to exhibit the painting with the best effect. Looking into one of these places, there is seen a man buried in a coffin, raising up the lid, and thrusting out one hand, and presenting a most ghastly and horrid appearance. It is so natural that one is shocked, and almost involuntarily shrieks out in dismay at the startling scene. Looking through another hole there is seen a young female, peeping out through a half-opened door, and so true to life was this picture that every one of our party, each in his turn, shrunk back, as from the presence of a girl not suitably attired to receive company. Then, the paintings are so soft—so like flesh and blood. They are wonders in their way.

Mr. Wiertz has a book in this gallery for the registration of the names of those who honor his paintings with a visit, and for the written opinions of each person respecting the merit of his works. Every one is at full liberty to write what he pleases in praise or condemnation of his pictures.

He does not admit that any of his paintings are finished. In some respects they are not complete. He does not offer anything for sale. All are kept on exhibition, and the gallery is open to visitors from nine o'clock in the morning, until four in the afternoon.

I was, perhaps, nearly as much interested in the manufacturing of Brussels lace, as with the paintings

and genius of Mr. Wiertz. I was admitted to a large establishment where this article, which stands so high in the fashionable world, is made; and had the satisfaction of witnessing the operation, by which it is produced. The work is wholly wrought by hand, without the aid of any machinery whatever. The operatives are females—some of them considerably advanced in years. The process is extremely tedious. Some of them are engaged for more than a year at a time upon a piece of lace for a single handkerchief; indeed, in some instances, it would require a lifetime for *one* person to make the lace that is used in one handkerchief. There are some styles of lace, in the making of which, as many as a thousand spools of thread are used at one time. I saw one of the females at work on a piece of ordinary Mechlin lace, in which she used three hundred spools. Habit has enabled those who work at this business to use the spools with wonderful skill and dexterity. The thread is spun of a fine quality of flax, and the best quality is literally worth its weight in gold. It is spun by females in the surrounding country, and in order to produce the finest thread it is necessary for the work to be done in rooms, into which but little light is admitted. The absence of light draws the attention more closely and constantly to the work, and this contributes to the production of a finer and more even thread. A great deal of the lace that is sold in Brussels, and called Brussels lace, is made by females scattered through the country, who work at their respective homes and sell the products of their labor to the merchants in Brussels who deal in this article. A great deal is made in and around Antwerp which is quite as good as that produced in and about Brussels. Indeed it is all sold as Brussels lace.

There were handkerchiefs in the manufacturing establishment which I visited to-day, which are held at from five hundred to a thousand dollars each — wholesale prices — and even at these enormous prices, it is difficult to keep on hand a sufficient supply to meet the growing demand.

After witnessing the process of making this expensive article, now so much used by ladies of fashion, I am not surprised that it sells so high in our country. For, by the time the merchant gets it to America, and pays the duty on the article, and puts on, say, even fifty per cent. profit, which is not a large per cent. for goods of this class, it must necessarily amount to a high price to the last purchaser.

CHAPTER XXIV.

PARIS AGAIN.

Paris.—Its Influence.—Religious Aspects.—Amusements.—The Sabbath.—Sevres.—Porcelain.—Versailles.—Gardens.—Le Grand Trianon.—Le Petit Trianon.—Queen Antoinette's Apartments.—Villa Grounds.—Palace.—Galleries of Paintings.—Grand Review on the Champs de Mars by the Emperor in Person.—Saint Denis.—Drive to Saint Cloud through the Bois de Bologne.—Palace of the Luxembourg.—Paintings.—Hotel de Cluny.—Its Curiosities.—French Habits and Customs.—Champs Elysées.—Sports and Amusements.—Public Gardens.—Chateau des Fleurs.—Jardin Mabille.—Jardin d'Hiver.—Excursion to Fontainebleau.—Its Palace and Forests.—Jardin des Plantes.—Palais de l'Industrie.—Cattle Show.—Panthéon.—Parisian Politeness.—Review on leaving Paris.

PARIS, *May* 26.—At Paris again ; and I am inclined to think that I return to this city better qualified to study it, and in some sort to comprehend it in all its relations and bearings than when I was here in the month of March on my way to Italy. That the influence of Paris is felt all over Europe there can be no doubt ; and if this influence were for the moral and religious improvement of the continent it would be a most pleasing reflection. If Paris had a sanctified press, and through the unnumbered channels by which she is diffusing a moral poison, she were sending out the streams of a pure and purifying literature, and disseminating a healthful tone of morality, it would, indeed, be a subject of the most devout gratitude. But the reverse of this is true. Her press is most licentious,

and the natural instincts of poor, fallen humanity is the only recognised standard of morals among the masses of the people. Hence the influence of Paris is almost omnipotent for evil. She is the acknowledged mistress of fashion; and Paris styles; Paris hats, gloves, and bonnets; Paris boots, slippers, and stockings; Paris attitudes, bows, and manners; Paris cafés, restaurants, and shops; in a word, everything *a la Paris* is the *ton* in all parts of Europe. Brussels, for example, which is one of the most brilliant, and beautiful cities met with on the continent, imitates Paris in everything; so much so, that it is called *little Paris*. Milan, though lying beyond the Alps, feels and acknowledges the influence of this city; and even Geneva—quiet, almost puritanical Geneva—is beginning to ape this the headquarters of frivolity, amusement, licentiousness, and infidelity. Would to God I could say that the Atlantic ocean had formed a boundary beyond which the poisonous and corrupting influence had not found its way! But it is too obvious that our own country has caught the infection, and it is to be feared that the rancorous virus will spread like a contagious disease, until the country-places as well as the cities will fester and rot under the ravages of the malignant disorder. Nothing but well-intrenched Bible morality will form a successful barrier to the progress of the contagion. Thousands of Americans are now visiting Paris, and too many of them carry back the infection to their own homes, and to the circles of their influence, in our own happy land.

I feel sad, and my heart grows sick and faint, when I seriously contemplate the aspect of things religiously in this city. What hope is there for a place like this, where the Sabbath is universally desecrated; where the

people live in cafés and play-houses; where nearly one half the births are out of the bonds of wedlock; where pictorial representations of all conceivable uncleanness and licentiousness meet the eye at every step, in the shop-windows and public squares; where the females are so lost to all sense of shame, modesty, and chastity, as to exhibit themselves in a way offensive to every sentiment of delicacy and decorum; where the Bible is scarcely known, and where the idea of an experimental piety is ridiculed? What hope for the spiritual regeneration of such a place? The Sabbath which is designed to turn the mind from the world, and lift the heart above the business and filth of the world into a higher region, and impress it with God and with things spiritual and eternal, is here wholly perverted, and is the great day for worldly amusements, and enjoyments. The theatres and opera-houses are not only open, but crowded to excess. The public gardens and promenades are filled with pleasure-seekers. Public amusements are carried on in the presence of thousands of spectators, of all classes, in the way of racing, gambling, shooting, dancing, riding, acting plays, singing comic songs, and doing everything else that human ingenuity can devise for sport, amusement, and pleasure.

May 27.—This morning I ran down first to Sevres, where I saw the finest specimens of the porcelain produced at the celebrated government manufactory located in this town. These specimens kept on exhibition, in a sort of museum connected with the establishment, consist of magnificent vases, splendid paintings on porcelain, superb table ware, and various curious and beautiful articles, which are held at most enormous prices. About one hundred and sixty of the best artists, whose services can be commanded by the government, are kept

constantly employed in painting vases, and copying the finest and most celebrated pictures of the old masters upon this delicate and frail material. Some pieces are got up in the finest taste, and upon a most princely scale, as presents for kings and queens, and other distinguished personages, connected with the various royal families of the different governments of Europe. These costly presents are found all over the continent, in the palaces of royalty, and in the private galleries, and museums of gentlemen of wealth and distinction.

From Sevres to Versailles, the seat of one of the largest, perhaps the very largest, royal palace in Europe. It is eighteen hundred feet in length, with a corresponding breadth and elevation, comprising an endless number of apartments, and contains the most extensive gallery of paintings in the world. The Vatican far surpasses it in statuary, but is not equal to it in paintings. The grounds connected with the palace are very extensive; and really, as I walked for hours over these apparently boundless parks, adorned with an almost endless number of pieces of statuary, sparkling with fountains, and comprising such a variety of interesting objects, I felt a little regret that I had so completely exhausted the whole vocabulary of *superlatives*, in my attempts to describe other places of great beauty and attractiveness previously seen; for I plainly saw that it would be necessary to repeat, multiply, and combine all that I could command, to compose any adequate description in language, of these transcendently beautiful, grand, picturesque, and elaborate palace gardens and parks. They are upon a scale so vast and magnificent, that it would withal, require a volume to describe them, with the fountains, statuary, jets, vistas, views, lakes, and all that appertains to them.

Bordering the park on the south there are two cottage-like buildings called *Le Grand Trianon* and *Le Petit Trianon*. The former was built by Louis XIV. for Madame de Maintenon. It has been occupied successively by the kings and queens of France. The Emperor Napoleon the First, resided here with Josephine, and the apartments are pointed out by the guides which were occupied by the empress at the time of her divorce from the emperor. On the occasion of the late visit of Queen Victoria and Prince Albert to Paris, certain apartments in the *Grand Trianon* were fitted up in a most gorgeous and expensive style for their reception and accommodation while at Versailles. There are some good paintings and several fine pieces of statuary in the different apartments of these buildings. The garden adjoining the trianon is laid out in a style similar to that adjoining the royal palace, and is ornamented with fountains, and a fine cascade in Carrara marble.

The *Petit Trianon* is on a smaller scale; and is interesting, especially on account of its containing the favorite apartments of Queen Marie Antoinette. The garden of this villa—for each of the trianons forms a separate villa, is laid out on a large scale *à l'Anglaise*, and has a considerable lake, on the borders of which Marie Antoinette had erected, after her own taste, a Swiss village, which still presents a most picturesque appearance. There are several thatched cottages, an old mill, with bridges across the outlets to the water, and everything that the best skill and taste could combine in a lovely village, embosomed in trees, bordering a sweet little lake. The paths winding through the grounds of this villa, conduct one under clustering vines; beneath the shadow of moss-covered rocks; through dark and hidden grottoes; upon the margin of purling streams;

beside little cascades that leap into the lake ; by tasteful temples in the deep forest, and along the shores of a quiet, glassy-surfaced sheet of water, where the white bosom of the swan, the snowy cottages, the stately trees, and the bending skies, are as distinctly reflected as from a mirror, presenting a most enchanting picture to the eye.

The royal palace, as before observed, contains the largest collection of paintings in the world. A great many apartments of large dimensions are devoted to historical paintings on a very large scale. These commemorate the principal battles connected with French history, running through many bygone centuries. Then there are large apartments devoted to portraits, others to busts and statues, and still others, in large numbers to views of royal residences, marine pictures, and tombs. One could spend a month in these galleries constantly seeing something new and interesting. I spent but a part of one day in them, and hence I only have a recollection of what passed before my eyes, similar to that which one retains of a beautiful country, with splendid landscapes, through which he has passed on a railroad car, at the rate of fifty miles an hour. It is my present purpose to devote another day to these paintings and statuary.

On returning to the city, and passing the Champs de Mars, I witnessed a splendid review, by the emperor in person, of the imperial guards and other French troops, amounting to some forty thousand soldiers. The *Zouaves*, as they are called, with a Turkish style of costume and uniform, presented a very foreign and strange appearance among the other troops.

May 28.—To-day I paid a visit to Saint Denis, to see the tombs of the French kings, in the old cathedral

of that place. This town is only a few miles from the city, on the north, and always claims a visit from the traveller who stops any length of time in Paris. It has nothing to entitle it to this notice, apart from the church which shelters the old place of sepulture of the long line of French kings and princes down to the time of the breaking out of the French revolution in 1792. The church is at present undergoing thorough and extensive repairs and improvements under the direction of the present emperor.

The afternoon was spent in a drive to Saint Cloud, the seat of another royal palace of the French kings, and a favorite seat of the reigning emperor Napoleon, the Third. The palace-grounds are extensive and very beautiful. The drive from Paris to Saint Cloud is through the Bois de Boulogne, than which there is not a more delightful drive in Europe. The Bois de Boulogne is a perfect scene of enchantment. Its lakes, islands, and rural scenes, intersected with walks, presenting endless variety, all combine to make it a fairy-like picture, which must render it a favorite resort of every one who can steal away from the city to its quiet and lovely shades. I can think of nothing more charming than this spot must be in mid-summer. It is thronged every afternoon by many thousands of visitors. It lies but a few miles out of the western gate of Paris, and affords a drive, embracing the whole extent of its grounds and artificial lakes of eight or ten miles; and then it is so delightful to alight from the carriage, and ramble among the forests, and around the lakes, or take a little excursion in a boat to the islands, where pleasant bowers and summer-houses invite to enjoyment and repose. These lakes have been formed in the last three or four years; and constant improvements are

carried on, by which the forests are designed to be made more and still more inviting. From some of the points bordering the lakes, there are most magnificent landscapes presented to the eye, embracing wooded hill-tops ; deep, dreamy valleys ; glimpses of distant towns and villages, with towers, spires, and domes rising above the green foliage of the trees, and a thousand other objects that give to the views a fascination from which one is reluctant to turn the eye.

May 29. — A visit to the *Palais du Luxembourg* and the *Hotel de Cluny*. The palace of Luxembourg is a large and well-constructed edifice, and is interesting, apart from its history, mainly for its gallery of paintings by living artists, some of which are really superb. I admire modern paintings. They have beauties and attractions to my uninstructed eye, that I am often incapable of perceiving in old paintings, which have made a great noise in the world. The garden of the palace is on a large scale, and is ornamented with a great many pieces of statuary. Altogether my visit to the Luxembourg was interesting ; and yet, the visiter, who has seen a great many palaces and galleries, would not lose much if he were to omit it in his sight-seeing.

The *Hotel de Cluny* is a curious establishment, and is one of the places where one gets more than he contracts for ; or, more than is promised in the bill. It is an old building, now used as a museum of rare curiosities, which takes its name from the fact that the original building on the spot was commenced by the abbot of Cluny. It contains a vast museum of *national antiquities*, such as are nowhere else to be seen in Paris. These consist of vases, furniture, tapestry, sacred utensils, crosses, remarkable specimens of stained

glass, relievoes, mosaics, military accoutrements, with a most valuable collection of objects of art of the middle ages, together with various other articles which the state of morals in France have rendered necessary, that delicacy will not allow me to mention. This museum is well worth visiting.

May 30.—The French, especially, of Paris, could not live without amusements. They seek but little of their enjoyment in the domestic circle; indeed, it is but too evident that the ties which arise from the family relations, are very slack and loose in Paris. The French, it has well been said, have no word for *home*, and they are without the home sentiments, feeling, and associations. The theatre, opera, public gardens, out-door amusements, occupy all their time that is not devoted to their respective avocations in life. Such is the demand for novelties in the way of amusements, that the inventive geniuses of the most skilful are constantly taxed to contrive something new; and anything that has the charm of novelty will pay well, for a season at least, on the Champs Elysées. Grown-up men and women are often seen entering, with the most perfect zest and glee, upon the amusements of children: riding hobby-horses, shooting with the cross-bow at little images with pipes in their mouths, or standing for hours to look at mimic theatres, where puppets are made to dance, and little foolish exhibitions are going on; or sitting out at night in a damp atmosphere, without any covering, to listen to females, in the gay attire of the stage, sing comic songs, or waltz with men in a style altogether repugnant to every sentiment of common decency. Educated as these Parisians are, and accustomed as they have been, to these sources of enjoyment, the public amusements alluded to may be

regarded as a sort of safety-valve that prevents explosion. Shut up the theatres and opera-houses, close the cafés and restaurants on Sunday, deprive the people of their amusements on the Champs Elysées, and pass a law requiring the observance of the Sabbath as a day of rest and religious worship—and there would be an outbreak in Paris in twenty-four hours. Napoleon the Third, with all his popularity, could not prevent it. I am not surprised that the Parisians, with their fondness for amusements, love Paris, and that they look back to it from all lands where they travel, with a devotion and longing, like that of the Jews in their exile from Jerusalem.

Everything has been done that human ingenuity can devise to render public gardens and other places of amusement attractive and fascinating. The *Chateau des Fleurs*, for example, when lighted up at night, is like a fairy scene; nothing could be more beautiful. It encloses an area of at least two or three acres, in the centre of which is an open space, in front of the platform for the orchestra, like a summer thrashing-floor for dancing. Around this there are arranged flower-plots and clumps of shrubbery, over-arched with embowering trees of beautiful foliage, in the midst of which are little bowers of trellis-work, and alcoves, with lattice blinds, and sweet gravel-walks creeping in every direction among these enchanted grounds; and when illuminated at night, with thousands of gas-lights twinkling like stars among the grass, and sparkling like resplendent diamonds in the flower-plots, or dancing like brilliant fire-flies among the dark foliage of the trees, the scene presented is one of indescribable loveliness. Then the strains of delightful music that float out upon the breath of a calm summer-evening, and

wander through these bewitchingly beautiful flower-halls, adds another element of attraction. And besides all these, there are pistol-galleries, billiard-saloons, card-tables, and a score of other places of amusement, all embraced in the *Chateau des Fleurs*. It is not wonderful, then, that a place of so much beauty, and with so many sources of amusement, should attract immense crowds of the gay, sportive, frivolous, pleasure-seeking men and women of Paris. The *Jardin Mabille* is even more splendid and brilliant than the *Chateau des Fleurs*; and the *Jardin d'Hiver*, though somewhat different, is not a whit behind either. These public gardens are visited by all classes of the community; and the evenings are spent in dancing, gaming, and in those amusements which gratify a sensual and depraved taste and debase the mind. The cafés, too, many of them, have their attractions in the way of music, comic songs, low plays, and dancing. And even out-of-doors, on the Champs Elysées, there is an almost endless variety of exhibitions adapted to the demands of the vitiated taste of the lower classes of the motley mixture of the Parisian population.

June 3.—To-day has been spent in a visit to Fontainebleau. This favorite seat of the emperor, with its most extensive forests, and royal hunting-grounds lies about forty miles from Paris, on the line of the railroad leading to Lyons. By an express-train one can go down in an hour, from nine till ten o'clock, and spend the day in the forests, about the palace and palace-gardens, and return in the evening to Paris. To an American, who all his life has been accustomed to deep and almost boundless forests, there is nothing of particular interest in the forests of Fontainebleau; and it is amusing to him to mark the gravity with which the coachman, who

acts as guide in the drive through the woods, will drive round an oak-tree, three or four feet in diameter, and a century old, and discourse upon its grandeur and antiquity. At a point, some three miles from the town of Fontainebleau, upon the back skirts of the forest, there are some objects of historical interest worthy of attention. The visiter is conducted to a wild and rugged valley, walled in with rocks, and presenting a picture of desolate grandeur. Here there is pointed out the celebrated dripping rock, the cavern of the brigands, the hermitage of Franchard, a very deep well, and divers other things in the same line, hardly worth naming.

The palace itself repays a visit. It has a large number of splendidly-furnished apartments, and a fine collection of paintings. The gardens and grounds are perfectly enchanting, and the artificial lake that reposes in beauty beneath the palace-windows abounds with fish of enormous size that may be seen in any quantity, at any time, sporting in the bright clear waters.

June 4.—This morning was devoted to a second visit to the Jardin des Plantes. It contains at present a very large number of animals, and a pleasing variety of plants. The grounds are beautifully diversified, and everything is arranged in a most attractive style. There are extensive museums connected with the gardens, containing the skeleton remains of all sorts of animals, birds, fishes, and serpents, and the frame work of all the races of the human family, together with large physiological museums, containing representations in wax of the muscular, arterial, venous, fibrous, and nervous departments of the human body. There are other rooms devoted to fossils, some of which are curious and rare, and still others, containing extensive

cabinets of minerals, and a thousand other things too tedious to enumerate. This large and interesting garden, with its animals, museums, plants, and inviting shades, is supported by the government at a great expense, and everything is thrown open to the public, free of any expense, like all the other public institutions, galleries, and objects of attraction in Paris. The policy of the government in relation to everything of the sort, is exceedingly liberal; and one interesting feature connected with this whole matter is, that while the populace are admitted to all these public gardens, galleries, et cetera, there is never the slightest depredation committed on anything. Not a flower is plucked, not a twig is broken, and no unguarded foot presses the green-sward that carpets all the spaces intervening between the walks, or crushes a spire of grass that fringes the paths winding through the charming grounds. Indeed, this is true of all Europe. Every one admitted to public places seems to conduct himself as a guardian of the public property. This is as it should be.

The Palais de l'Industrie in the Champs Elysées is occupied at this time by one of the most numerous, varied, and valuable collections of animals ever congregated in an agricultural exhibition. Great expectations have been excited in the public mind in reference to this fair or exhibition; and it seems every way to have met the previously-created anticipation. The great crystal palace is admirably suited to this exhibition. Nothing of the sort could be finer than a view presented from one of the galleries of this grand and splendid building, as I saw it to-day. The palace consists of a hollow, glass-roofed square, which has been converted since the grand exhibition of the World's Fair last year, into a beautiful garden, with grass-plots of

turf, tall evergreen trees, and beds of rhododendrons, roses, geraniums, and other brilliant-colored flowers, forming a horticultural and floricultural exhibition of great beauty and loveliness. In the midst of the verdure and flowers, there are three elegant fountains in full play, with statuary in bronze and marble, glancing out from the partial concealment of the surrounding shrubbery and trees, and to add a new element of attractiveness, there are two lofty aviaries, filled with birds of the most gorgeous and brilliant plumage, and their merry notes make music with the tinkling sound of the crystal waters that patter the rim of marble basins, and scatter a diamond spray upon the delicately-painted flowers-leaves that bloom around. On the pillars supporting the nave the flags of the various nations exhibiting are arranged; each pair of pillars being linked together with garlands of leaves and flowers; while from the roof are suspended bannerets of red, blue, green, and peach color, bordered with gold stripes, and covered with golden bees representing the imperial author of the exhibition.

Under the galleries stalls are arranged for the animals, where more than a thousand head of cattle, from various countries, are on exhibition. Outside the building there is an almost endless number of sheep, pigs, goats, poultry, and rabbits, arranged in temporary marquees; while still beyond are all sorts of agricultural implements and machinery, for agricultural purposes, that defies enumeration or description.

This grand exhibition was opened with pomp, parade, and ceremony, on *Sunday* last. It will continue for some weeks. It of course, attracts immense crowds of the hard-handed yeomanry of the country to the capital; and I enjoyed the costumes, manners, and general ap-

pearance of the exhibitors and spectators quite as much as I did the animals and articles on exhibition.

June 5.—To-day has been spent in making arrangements to leave the city, and a sort of farewell round to some places of interest in Paris. I had not before visited the Pantheon, which is one of the finest pieces of architecture in the city or on the continent. It is a church, and among the tombs, in its underground apartments, there are two that attracted my attention very especially, namely, those of Voltaire and Rousseau.

Paris has many things to please and delight one, and not a few to excite the most profound disgust. There is an immense deal of glitter, show, and outside. But Paris is a painted sepulchre. It appears beautiful without. Every attention is paid to politeness and etiquette; but after all, it is but a show of politeness. There is no hospitality; and under all the outward exhibitions of courtesy and attention, there is a strong and powerful vein of *selfishness* that will now and then show itself, despite all the efforts to conceal it. Then Paris is corrupt, immoral, and licentious, to the core. The whole population is a mass of moral putrefaction. The grossest sins are regarded in the light of mere foibles, and that which would for ever blast and ruin character in England or America, is passed over in Paris as scarcely an impropriety of conduct, and is not allowed, in any way, to affect one's position in society.

The French, of Paris especially, dress most tastefully. The females in the shops and the clerk at his desk, the grisette in a public garden and the accomplished lady in an evening drive or morning promenade, all display the finest taste in the color, styles, and adaptation of their apparel to their age, stature, complexion, and occupation, that can well be conceived of.

But I must leave Paris. It is a world in itself. I have seen it and learned something of it, and I shall part from it without regret on leaving, and yet pleased that I have enjoyed the privilege of seeing this wonderful city for myself.

CHAPTER XXV.

RETURN TO LONDON.

From Paris to Southampton by Rouen and Havre. — Day spent on the Isle of Wight. — Cowes. — Newport. — Carisbrooke Castle. — Arreton. — Dairyman's Daughter's Grave. — The Dairyman's Cottage. — Brading. — Parkhurst Prison. — From Southampton to London. — Sunday in London. — Dr. John Cumming. — Old City Road Wesleyan Chapel. — Cemetery. — Tower of London. — London Docks. — Tunnel. — Visit to Greenwich. — Return to London on the Thames.

LONDON, *June 7*. — We left Paris on yesterday morning, and ran down by rail, in two hours to Rouen, the old capitol of Saxony, where three or four hours were given to its cathedral, churches, Hotel de Ville, Palace of Justice, and other places usually seen by visitors to this city. It would be but a repetition of what has been said of other public buildings, of a similar character, to attempt any description of these several edifices and their uses. I pass them by, and take the cars at four o'clock in the afternoon, and hasten on to Havre, where we arrive at seven o'clock, and give four hours, till eleven o'clock at night, to aimless rambles about this important seaport town. It is a thriving city. The tide rises and falls fifteen feet, leaving the vessels of all sizes and descriptions keeled over, or sunk in the mud at low-water. Very large, and fine new docks are in progress of construction, and every im-

provement is going on that the place requires, to add to the convenience and safety of the growing commerce of the city. A passage of nine hours across the channel landed us in Southampton this morning at eight o'clock. Once more I was on English soil, and that which struck me as most strange, strange as it may appear, was the sound of the English language, spoken by cabmen, porters, waiters at hotels, and by the children in the streets. On entering a restaurant for breakfast, I found myself beginning, "*Garçon, déjeuner pour quatre,*" etc.

At as early an hour as practicable our party took one of the boats plying between Southampton and Cowes, on the isle of Wight, and in a little more than an hour we were driving at a rapid rate over the beautiful roads that traverse this delightful island. At a distance of five miles we passed through the town of Newport which is situated near the centre of the island, and a mile beyond reached the ruins of the castle of Carisbrooke, which forms one of the most attractive objects to be seen in the southern part of England. The early history of this castle reaches many centuries back, probably to a period, "ere the rude canoe of the Cymri or the Roman galley touched the shores of the island, and when the eminences around were clothed with the entanglement of a vast primeval forest." The ruins crown the eminence of a rocky hill, and the decaying walls, almost entirely covered with ivy, and overrun with grass and rank weeds, above which the naked old towers, hoary with years, lift their venerable heads, present a spectacle to the eye which is very striking and picturesque. The view from the crumbling towers over the gate of entrance on the west side, is very beautiful. There is nothing grand; nothing very wild in the landscape, but it embraces undulating fields

and meadow lands, with encircling hills and patches of green forest-trees and fruitful gardens, interspersed with country-seats and pretty villages, with church spires peeping above the luxuriant foliage, and glancing streams and beautifully-graded roads winding in every direction among the pleasant scenery of the island.

Within the enclosure of these old castle-walls there is a well of great depth, which yields in abundance, clear cold water to refresh the thirsty visiter; and it is elevated by a process that so much amuses the person waiting for the cooling draught, that he forgets his thirst until the "iron-bound bucket" is at the well's mouth, with its limpid treasures. The bucket is let down by means of a large tread-wheel, attached to a shaft, some eighteen inches in diameter, from around which the rope slowly unwinds as the bucket descends, until it sends back a reverberating echo from the hidden depths below, announcing that it is filled and ready for ascent. Just then, without a word spoken, a lazy, sleepy-looking donkey, that has been standing in the corner of the well-house, in a sort of dreamy mood, turns about, and deliberately steps into the wheel, which he puts in motion, and, with a steady step, occasionally making an angry kick at the youth who now and then gives him a cut with a whip, which seems to be a part of the performance, he, in due time, brings the bucket to the top; when he as deliberately steps out with his own accord, and soon takes his position in the corner, where he falls again into his dreamy moods, until his services are called into requisition by another company of visitors, who must see this feat of donkeyism as one of the principal acts in the bill.

The drive from Carisbrooke to Arreton is very de-

lightful, lying over a smooth and charming road, that passes through an interesting portion of the island.

Arreton is principally noted for its old parish church in which the Dairyman's Daughter worshipped, and for the burying-ground adjacent to the church in which her remains were interred, and where the gravestone, with its well-known inscription, stands among the green grass, marking the spot of her repose. This humble grave of a poor and obscure woman attracts now quite as many visitors as the proud monumental piles that distinguish the tombs of the greatest statesmen and military chieftains that have ever lived. Elizabeth Walbridge will live in the memory of the Christian world, while true religion has an altar, and sincere piety a votive offering.

As I sat upon her tomb, and read the inscription on her gravestone, I thought how little this poor pious girl ever dreamed, while she was pursuing her round of daily duties, that she was making up the materials of a life that would attract visitors to her last resting-place, and to the scenes of her childhood, long years after her body had mouldered to dust! But such is the influence of true moral excellence. It builds a monument more solid than granite and more durable than brass. The works of one's hands may disappear—the footprints left upon the shifting sands that lie in the path of one's round of daily duties may vanish—the house in which one has lived may fall into ruins—but the influence of the example of one's life survives the passing away of that which is perishable, and lives on and on, through the successive generations of men, reproducing itself through the rolling centuries of time, and assuming a glorious immortality in the saintly forms of the redeemed in the climes of glory to live for ever.

At the distance of a mile and a half from the village of Arreton, still stands the little thatched cottage in which the good Dairyman lived. Here we were shown an old Bible of the Walbridge family, containing the register of the births and deaths of several members of the family. I copied the following: "Elizabeth Walbridge, daughter of Joseph and Elizabeth Walbridge, was born July 29th, 1770, was baptized August 12th, 1770, and died May 3d, 1801."

The cottage is a sweet little spot, with a neat enclosure, set with shrubbery and flowers, and surrounded with fruit-trees. Just across the road from the cottage, is a small Wesleyan chapel. I suppose this scarcely dates back to the time of the Dairyman's Daughter; and yet I am not certain that it does not.

A few miles south of Arreton is Brading, which was for a number of years the seat of the Rev. Legh Richmond's ministry and pastoral labors. During his residence here he wrote the Historical Tracts, which have been so widely circulated, and so generally read by Christians of all religious persuasions. In reading the affecting "Annals of the Poor," as portrayed by the graphic pen of this most interesting writer, one scarcely knows which most to admire, the earnest simple piety of the writer, or the godly lives of the subjects of his brief biographical sketches. Near the town of Brading is the abode of "the young cottager," and in the churchyard is the gravestone with the inscription:—

"Jane, the young cottager, lies buried here."

But the sun is descending the western sky, and the shadows of the evening are lengthening over the plains, and I must away from the isle of Wight; not that I have exhausted its objects of attraction, for it would require

many days to do this, but I am to sleep in London to-night, which is a hundred miles distant.

Between Newport and Cowes, returning, we pass a comparatively new building, of large proportions, and numerous apartments, standing upon an eminence, with pleasant grounds sloping around it, which, while it is pleasant to the eye, is mournful in its objects and purposes. It is the Parkhurst prison or *General Penitentiary for Juvenile Offenders*. Youths, and even children from five or six years of age, up to fifteen, who are guilty of punishable crimes, are confined here, and put under a course of tuition and training in reference to future usefulness as members of society. At present, there are over seven hundred lads in this institution.

“On their first admittance they receive a sound education, under a system peculiar to the prison discipline, every endeavor being at the same time used to instil the principles of religion and repentance. They are afterward selected for the various trades of tailors, shoemakers, carpenters, agricultural laborers,” &c., &c.

Nearer to Cowes, one has a fine view of the royal residence, called the Osborn House, at which the queen and Prince Albert, with the royal household spend much of their time in the summer season. It occupies a commanding site, and with its park and gardens forms a lovely place.

A little steamboat, in the space of an hour, places us on the long pier at Southampton, and ere the long summer twilight, which lingers upon the horizon, and diffuses a mellow tint upon the whole northern sky till ten o'clock in the evening, has faded away, we are at the great Waterloo station, on the banks of the Thames, and in a few moments more are at a comfortable hotel in the West End of London.

June 9.—Yesterday-morning (Sunday) I attended divine service at the Scotch chapel, fronting the Drury Lane theatre, where I heard a most excellent sermon from the Rev. John Cumming, D. D., who is just now the most attractive pulpit orator in the great metropolis. His church was crowded to suffocation. Very many persons remained standing during the whole of the services.

Dr. Cumming is not a large man, but is exceedingly prepossessing in his personal appearance. He has an intellectual expression, which illuminates his face. He wears spectacles which conceal his eyes. His manner is easy and graceful; his style captivating.

He is producing more books at this time, than any man living. Alexander Dumas, under an urgent press for a handful Napoleons to keep him out of the hands of his clamorous creditors, never got out a volume with more despatch than has Dr. Cumming in some instances. I stop not to pass any comments on the writings of this popular divine, or indulge in any strictures on some of his peculiar views as set forth in his volumes on the interpretation, and application of prophecy. He wields the pen of a ready writer. His style is certainly fresh and fascinating; and while persons may differ with him in many of the views which he sets forth, they will nevertheless be interested in his manner of presenting them. He is diffuse as a writer; in fact, his books are made up of his extempore pulpit lectures, sermons, and prelections, taken down at the time of delivery by an expert stenographer—for he is a very rapid and fluent speaker, and afterward revised by his own hand and sent to the press.

Dr. Cumming is a bold, fearless, and independent minister of the gospel. He denounces fashionable sins

in no measured terms, and inveighs outright against the popular vices of the times.

In the evening I worshipped at the Old City Road, Wesleyan chapel, where Mr. Wesley preached in his day ; and at the close of the service rambled through the burying-ground in the rear of the church, and paused at the tombs of John Wesley, Dr. Adam Clarke, Richard Watson, Joseph Benson, and other worthies, whose names are associated with the history of Methodism. These were great and good men, and being dead, they yet speak.

To-day has been spent in a visit to the Tower of London, with its almost endless variety of attractive objects ; to the London docks and vaults, which it would require a volume to describe ; to the Thames tunnel, and down the Thames to Greenwich, where I visited the observatory, and returned again by steamboat, to the suspension-bridge, not far from Charing-Cross ; and then, fatigued with the labors of a long summer-day, sought my room, to make a hasty and imperfect record of what I had seen.

The Tower of London, as it is called, is, first of all, a great museum, containing an almost innumerable collection of firearms, cutlasses, spears, swords, cuirasses, bows and arrows, and all the weapons of warfare used for many centuries past in England, together with complete sets of armor, and a thousand other things, the naming of which would form a dry and tiresome catalogue to a mere reader. The visiter is also shown the apartments occupied by Sir Walter Raleigh, during his long confinement as a prisoner in the Tower, and in which he wrote several of his most interesting works. The room into which he was admitted by day was visited and cheered by sunlight ; the dungeon in which he

slept by night was surrounded by rock walls of great thickness, and was unvisited by a solitary glimmer of light. In another part of this extensive building are the apartments in which various other distinguished personages were confined, for weary months and years, among whom were Robert Dudley and Lady Jane Grey. The spot where the last-mentioned was beheaded is pointed out, in the open court of the tower, though it is questionable whether this is indeed the identical spot. A large number of touching lines and sentences traced upon the walls of the dungeons by different prisoners, with their initials or names in full, has been collected and inserted in the face of the walls of one apartment, where all may be seen together.

I copy the following as mere specimens :—

“The more suffering for Christ in this world—the more glory with Christ in the next. Thou hast crowned him with honor and glory, O Lord! In memory everlasting he will be just.—A. RUNDELL, June 22nd, 1587.”

“Since fortune hath chosen that my hope should go to the wind to complain, I wish the time were destroyed; my planet being ever sad and unpropitious.—WILLIAM TYREL, 1541.”

“By the painful passage let us pass to the pleasant port.—THOMAS ROOPER.”

“THOMAS BAWDEUIN, 1585, Jvly. — As vertve maketh life; so sin cawseth death.”

“In God is my hope.—PAGE.”

There are not less than ninety of these inscriptions on the walls, many of which are accompanied with striking devices. The above are copied as mere samples.

In one apartment of the Tower the royal jewels are

kept, and visitors are allowed to see these, under the guidance of a female keeper, who explains the objects and uses of the various pieces, and gives a short history of each. These are all preserved under a large glass case, surrounded by a strong iron railing; and here are seen the gem-bespangled crown of Queen Victoria, which is worth hundreds of thousands of dollars, and the crown of the prince of Wales, together with the magnificent gold candelabra and massive gold vases, used on great state occasions; and among other things of great value there is shown the world-renowned Koh-i-noor, the largest diamond known in existence. It forms the central stone in a heavy bracelet. It is estimated at millions of dollars; but really it looks but little different from a fine piece of cut crystal. Of course it is a diamond, and is the representative of millions, but a piece of cut-glass would look very nearly as well.

The London docks with their vaults occupy a very large space, extending for miles on the left bank of the Thames. These docks and vaults have been so frequently described that it would be a useless consumption of the reader's time to enter into any minuteness of detail in these random sketches. In order to gain admittance to the immense under-ground vaults, which are the depositories of spices, indigo, teas, wines, and everything else in the whole line of commercial traffic, one must first procure a letter from a well-known merchant or banker in the city, addressed to the superintendent of the docks and vaults, who, on the presentation of such letter will issue a ticket of admittance, and this will secure the services of a conductor who will point out everything which is worth seeing.

From the docks it is but a short walk to the cele-

brated Thames tunnel, which is twelve hundred feet long, extending from side to side of the river, at a sufficient depth below the water to insure safety and avoid inconvenience. The tunnel, on entering it, presents a most brilliant and beautiful spectacle. It is lighted with gas from one end to the other, and the recesses between the two passages are filled with shops, for the sale of toys and fancy articles—with cafés and refectories and places of amusement, the whole exhibiting "a scene of gayety, animation, and beauty, that resembles some enchanted grotto. I was particularly struck with an organ which occupied one of the recesses, and which was played by steam. A neat little engine put in motion by alcohol, kept it in constant operation, and the music, reverberating along the far-reaching arches of the tunnel, was most romantic and delightful.

From a pier near the entrance of the tunnel, we took one of the small steamboats that are ever plying up and down the Thames—from the suspension-bridge, not far below the new parliament buildings, down the river as far as Greenwich and beyond—and made an excursion to Greenwich, which stands on the right bank of the river, some three or four miles below the tunnel.

This town is distinguished especially as being the seat of the royal astronomical observatory, which occupies the summit of a hill, from which a fine view of the Thames, of London, and all the surrounding country, is obtained. The observatory is surrounded by a large and delightful park, which is set with old, wide-spreading trees, beneath which are pleasant gravel-walks and conveniently-arranged seats, while a carpet-like sod covers all the ground. On the crown of

the hill surrounding the observatory, we found scores of persons with spy-glasses, microscopes, prisms, telescopes, and other optical instruments, each one offering you *a look* for a penny.

The return up the river was delightful. The sun was going down, and the cooling breezes of the expiring day were bracing and refreshing. The bosom of the river was covered with vessels of every size, with outspread canvass, following the wake of tow-boats driven forward by steam; while the long, narrow, arrowy steamers, bearing hundreds and thousands of passengers, were shooting by each other in rapid succession, presenting a most lively and cheerful picture. The forest of masts, crowding the docks on the right, and the shipyards, where many thousands of laborers were engaged in constructing vessels, on the left—the bridges that span the river at every few hundred yards in front, and the majestic ships at anchor along the way, with the numberless smaller craft in motion on the water—all combined to form a spectacle of many elements of interest and gratification. The tide was at its height. Our boat sped along like a bird, skimming the waters. Passing under the bridges, the top of the smoke-stack was gracefully lowered, by some slight manipulations, apparently making an act of obeisance to the long, sweeping arches above, and then resuming its upright position, which it maintained until the boat shot beneath the span of another arch. Presently the long curves of the suspension-bridge met the eye, with the turrets and towers of the new parliament buildings rising against the golden horizon beyond, and in a few moments our little boat, after describing a circle, by which its head was again turned down the river, came along side a floating

pier, in the middle of the stream, from which we ascended, by a winding stairway, to the bridge above, and soon were threading the streets, across the Strand, by Charing-cross, toward Leicester square, where, at the Sablonière, we found repose from the day of wearisome sight-seeing, and where I now conclude an imperfect outline of what I have seen during the day.

CHAPTER XXVI.

LONDON AND ITS VICINITY.

Zoological Gardens. — Royal Exchange. — Dr. Melville's Tuesday Lecture. — Sydenham. — Grounds and Palace. — British Museum. — Richmond. — Wesleyan Theological School. — Methodism in Great Britain. — Queen Victoria and the Royal Family. — Ascot Races. — An Evening at Mr. Haldane's. — Dr. Merle d'Aubigné. — Visit to Windsor Castle, Parks, and Lakes. — Craubrook Tower.

June 10.—The objects worthy of the attention of a visiter, in and around London, are numerous. It requires several weeks to see everything that justly claims attention, to any advantage. This morning was devoted to the Zoological Gardens, which are very extensive, and contain a very large variety of plants, and the largest collection of living animals in the world. There is scarcely anything that lives or moves on the land, in the waters, or in the air, that may not be seen here. Animals of every clime, from the majestic elephant, to the most insignificant reptile; birds of every feather, from the gigantic ostrich that can carry a man on its back and run like a racehorse, down to the little humming-bird of golden plumage; fish of every fin, and monsters of the deep, with the most horrid serpents, and, in a word, "everything that hath life." They amply repay a visit. The Regent Park, which adjoins the Zoological Gardens, is extensive, and forms one of those most delightful spots, shaded with trees and carpeted with grass, which has very appropriately been called

the lungs of London. These parks, including Hyde Park, the Kensington Gardens, St. James's Park, &c., are all open to the public ; and in the afternoon, as the evening draws on, are covered with nurses and children and thousands of persons walking for recreation ; and in several of them there are large flocks of sheep, browsing upon the green grass, and reposing in the shade of the glossy-foliaged trees that are scattered over the grounds. These parks embrace a large space in the heart of London, and one may walk more than two miles on the grass, across Hyde Park and the Kensington gardens, taking them in their greatest extent.

A stretch of five miles through the crowded parts of London, set us down at the Royal Exchange, which is regarded as the central part of the great metropolis. From this as a radiating point, the outer limits of what is called London, can not be reached in any direction, under four miles, and, in some directions not under seven miles. This is the centre of the banking establishments. They are numerous, and on every hand, and at every turn, the jingle of sovereigns and the clatter of iron-safe doors, is heard. But it is Tuesday, and at eleven o'clock in the morning, if you will step into the church just in the rear of the Bank of England, you may hear the celebrated Dr. Melville deliver a fine lecture to a crowded house of attentive listeners. Men have closed their ledgers and safes, and turned away from their desks and counting-houses, and here, in this house of worship, with the roar and din of commerce in their ears, are devoutly attending the worship of Almighty God. Here we have a practical comment on the text—"Diligent in business, serving the Lord."

A walk of twenty minutes puts us across London Bridge—everybody has heard of London Bridge—

and brings us by a short turn down the river, to the railroad station, where we take the cars, and, in twelve or fourteen minutes' time, we are at Sydenham, eight miles distant, which is now the seat of the great crystal palace.

Nothing could be more beautiful and elegant than this splendid establishment, with its encircling gardens, fountains, ornamental arcades, and lovely walks.

After the close of the World's Fair held in this most splendid crystal palace it was removed from Hyde Park in London to Sydenham, where it has been re-erected on a very beautiful and commanding site, with additions, alterations, and improvements, and set off with all the adornments that nature and art can supply, to render it attractive and inviting. The building itself is by far the most splendid establishment of the sort in existence. It is far superior, both as to extent and architecture, to the crystal palace of New York or that of Paris or Munich. Indeed, no one who has not seen it can form any adequate conception of its grandeur and magnificence. The entire length of this superb edifice was originally eighteen hundred and forty-eight feet and its width four hundred and eight, covering an area of eighteen acres of ground. The semi-circular ribs of the transept are seventy feet in span, with an elevation of one hundred and eighty feet. This sublime crystal vaulting presents a spectacle of rare beauty, elegance, and majesty. Nearly one million of superficial feet are included in the whole extent of glass.

The removal of this great palace to Sydenham was a prodigious work; and the entire structure, as it now stands out in bold and prominent relief, with the addition of its extensive wings, flanking towers of great height, and semi-circular roof of the nave as well as of the transept, looks like some magic creation; so light

and airy ; so beautiful and symmetrical in its proportions ; so simple, and yet so sublime !

In its re-erection for its present purposes, in its new position, "the projectors found it necessary to make such modifications and improvements as were suggested by the difference between a temporary receiving-house for the world's industrial wealth, and a permanent palace of art and education, intended for the use of mankind long after its original founders should have passed away. Not only, however, have increased strength and durability been considered, but beauty and artistic effect have come in for a due share of attention. The difference of general aspect, between the present palace and its predecessor, is visible at a glance. In the parent edifice, the external appearance, although grand, was monotonous ; the long flat roof was broken by only one transept, and the want of an elevation proportionate to the great length of the building was certainly displeasing. In the Sydenham palace, an arched roof covers the nave—raising it forty-four feet higher than the nave in Hyde Park—and three transepts are introduced into the structure instead of one, the centre transept towering into the air, and forming a hall to the palace of surpassing brilliancy and lightness. A further improvement is the formation of recesses, twenty-four feet deep, in the garden fronts of all the transepts. These throw fine shadows, and take away from the continuous surface of plain glass walls : while the whole, general arrangement of the exterior—the roofs of the side-aisles rising step-like to the circular roof of the nave, the interposition of low square towers at the junction of the nave and transepts, the open galleries toward the garden front, the long wings stretching forth on either side, produce a play of light and shade, and

break the building into parts, which, without in any way detracting from the grandeur and simplicity of the whole construction, or causing the parts themselves to appear mean or small, present a variety of surface that charms and fully satisfies the eye.

“Unity in architecture is one of the most requisite and agreeable of its qualities; and certainly no building possesses it in a greater degree than the crystal palace. Its design is most simple: one portion corresponds with another; there is no introduction of needless ornament: a simplicity of treatment reigns throughout. Nor is this unity confined to the building. It characterizes the contents of the glass structure, and prevails in the grounds. All the component parts of the exhibition blend, yet all are distinct: and the effect of the admirable and harmonious arrangement is, that all confusion in the vast establishment, within and without, is avoided. ‘The mighty maze’ has not only its plan, but a plan of the most lucid and instructive kind, and the visiter is enabled to examine every court, whether artistic or industrial; every object, whether of nature or of art, in regular order; so that, as in a well-arranged book, he may proceed from subject to subject at his discretion, and derive useful information without the trouble and vexation of working his way through a labyrinth.

“All the materials employed in the exhibition of 1851, with the exception of the glass on the whole roof, and the framing of the transept-roof, have been used in the construction of the crystal palace. The general principle of construction, therefore, is identical in the two buildings. The modifications that have taken place, and the reasons that have led to them, have already been stated. Two difficulties, however, which were un-

known in Hyde Park, had to be provided against at Sydenham, viz., the loose nature of the soil, and the sloping character of the ground. Means were taken to overcome these difficulties at the very outset of the work. The disadvantage of soil was repaired by the introduction of masses of concrete and brickwork under each column, in order to secure breadth of base and stability of structure. The slanting ground was seized by Sir Joseph Paxton with his usual sagacity, in order to be converted from an obstacle into a positive advantage. The ground ran rapidly down toward the garden, and Sir Joseph accordingly constructed a lower or basement story toward the garden front, by means of which not only increased space was gained, but a higher elevation secured to the whole building, and the noblest possible view. The lower story is sufficiently large to serve as a department for the exhibition of machinery in motion, and a very interesting exhibition of agricultural implements, which important branches of science and human industry will thus be contemplated apart from other objects. Behind this space, toward the interior of the building, is a capacious horizontal brick shaft, twenty-four feet wide, extending the whole length of the building, and denominated 'Sir Joseph Paxton's Tunnel.' Leading out of this tunnel are the furnaces and boilers connected with the heating apparatus, together with brick recesses for the stowage of coke. The tunnel itself is connected with the railway, and is used as a roadway for bringing into, and taking from, the palace all objects of art and of industry; an arrangement that leaves the main floor of the building independent of all such operations. Behind the tunnel, and toward the west, the declivity of the ground is met by means of brick piers of the heights necessary to

raise the foundation pieces of the columns to the level at which they rest on the summit of the hill.

“The building consists, above the basement floor, of a grand central nave, two side aisles, two main galleries, three transepts, and two wings. It will be remembered, that in Hyde Park an imposing effect was secured by the mere repetition of a column and a girder which, although striking and simple, was certainly monotonous; and, moreover, in consequence of the great length of the building, the columns and girders succeeded one another so rapidly that the eye had no means of measuring the actual length. At Sydenham pairs of columns and girders are advanced eight feet into the nave at every seventy-two feet, thus breaking the uniform straight line, and enabling the eye to measure and appreciate the distance.

“The building above the level of the floor is entirely of iron and glass, with the exception of a portion at the west front, which is panelled with wood. The whole length of the main building is sixteen hundred and eight feet, and the wings five hundred and seventy-four feet each, making a length of twenty-seven hundred and fifty-six feet, which with the seven hundred and twenty feet in the colonnade, leading from the railway station to the wings, gives a total length of thirty-four hundred and seventy-six feet; or nearly three quarters of a mile of ground covered with a transparent roof of glass.

“Visitors are fond of reverting to the old building in Hyde Park, and of comparing it with the present structure; in order to help the comparison, we furnish, side by side, the exact measurements of the two buildings; from which it will be seen that either building exceeds the other, in some of its proportions.

CRYSTAL PALACE AT SYDENHAM.			EXHIBITION BUILDING IN HYDE PARK.		
	ft.	in.		ft.	in.
Length	1,608	0	Length	1,848	0
Greatest width	384	0	Greatest width	456	0
General width	312	0	General width	408	0
Area, including wings	603,072	0	Area	798,912	0
Height of nave from ground-floor	110	3	Height of nave from ground-floor	64	9
Height of centre transept from ground-floor	174	3	Height of transept from ground-floor	102	2
Height of centre transept from basement	197	10			
Area of galleries	261,568	0	Area of galleries	233,856	0

“ Though not exactly in the direction of the cardinal points, the two ends of the building are generally called north and south, and the two fronts east and west. The roof, from end to end, is on the Paxton ridge-and-furrow system, and the glass employed in the roof is one thirteenth of an inch in thickness (twenty-one ounces per foot). The discharge of the rain-water is effected by gutters, whence the water is conveyed down the inside of the columns, at the base of which are the necessary outlets leading to the main-drains of the building. The first gallery is gained from the ground-floor by means of flights of stairs about twenty-three feet high; eight such flights being distributed over the building. This gallery is twenty-four feet wide, and devoted to the exhibition of articles of industry. The upper gallery is eight feet wide, extending like the other, round the building; it is gained from the lower gallery, by spiral staircases, of which there are eight. The greater number of these staircases are divided into two flights, each flight being twenty feet high; but in the centre transept the two staircases contain four flights of the same altitude. Round this upper gallery, at the very summit of the nave and transepts, as well as round the ground-

floor of the building, are placed louvres, or ventilators, made of galvanized iron. By the opening or closing of these louvres—a service readily performed—the temperature of the crystal palace is so regulated that on the hottest day of summer, the dry parching heat mounts to the roof to be dismissed, while a pure and invigorating supply is introduced at the floor in its place, giving new life to the thirsty plant and fresh vigor to man. The coolness thus obtained within the palace will be sought in vain on such a summer's day outside the edifice.

“The total length of columns employed in the construction of the main buildings and wings would extend, if laid in a straight line, to a distance of sixteen miles and a quarter. The total weight of iron used in the main building and wings amounts to ninety-six hundred and forty-one tons, seventeen cwts., one quarter. The superficial quantity of glass used is twenty-five acres; and weighs five hundred tons; if the panes were laid side by side, they would extend to a distance of forty-eight miles; if end to end, to the almost incredible length of two hundred and forty-two miles. To complete our statistics, we have further to add that the quantity of bolts and rivets distributed over the main structure and wings weighs one hundred and seventy-five tons, one cwt., one quarter; that the nails hammered into the palace increase its weight by one hundred and three tons, six cwt., and that the amount of brick-work in the main building and wings is fifteen thousand three hundred and ninety-one cubic yards.

“From the end of the south wing to the crystal palace railway-station, as above indicated, is a colonnade seven hundred and twenty feet long, seventeen feet wide, and eighteen feet high. It possesses a superficial area of

fifteen thousand five hundred feet, and the quantity of iron employed in this covered passage is sixty tons ; of glass thirty thousand superficial feet."

An immense amount of labor and expense has been bestowed upon the grounds surrounding the palace. Huge monsters, such as are found only in fossils, have been sculptured from large masses of rock, and lie scattered along the margin of artificial lakes and streams ; with here and there a prodigious bear, or some other uncouth animal of unnatural proportions, occupying the more elevated points of ground. These are on the outskirts of the park, while the inner ranges are decorated with fountains, encircled in rockbuilt basins, from the midst of which, on suitable occasions, hundreds of jets, of various sizes and of different elevation, are made to play their sparkling waters in the air. These jets were put in operation for a short time this afternoon, and the spectacle was most lovely. The sun was shining in cloudless splendor, and as the winds scattered the spray like the rain-drops of an April shower in the sunshine, and sprinkled the gorgeous flowers and blooming shrubs that fringed the basins, the aerial tints of the rainbow played upon the misty veil that half concealed the view, and bespangled the pearly drops with prismatic hues of extreme delicacy and loveliness. Next week some additional jets, of greater volume and elevation, supplied with water from reservoirs in the lofty towers flanking the palace, are to be opened with imposing ceremonies in the presence of her majesty Queen Victoria. These reservoirs in the towers are filled by forcing pumps put in motion by machinery in the lower part of the building ; the jets supplied by them will only be put in

play on special occasions, for the entertainment of distinguished visitors, or on great state occasions.

June 11.—The British Museum occupied the whole of the forenoon of this day, which only allowed time for a comparatively hurried survey of the different apartments of this most extensive establishment, by far the most universal and complete of its sort in the world. Any one of the rooms, of which there are a large number, would require many days to study its collections to advantage; and a mere catalogue of the various objects would afford but little gratification or interest to a reader. The Egyptian antiquities—the Nineveh marbles, collected by the indefatigable labors of Layard, the Elgin marbles, obtained by the Earl of Elgin from Greece, furnishing the finest models of Grecian art, the Phigalian marbles, found in the temple of Apollo Epicurus, built on Mount Coty lion at a little distance from the ancient city of Phigalia in Arcadia, and the Townley collection, embracing all periods of art, except the most ancient—in themselves supply studies for whole weeks and months. Then the galleries devoted to zoology, mineralogy, and geology, to say nothing of thousands of other things not included in the collections above mentioned, are absolutely inexhaustible. But nothing interested me more, among the antiquities brought to light in modern times, than the Rosetta stone, which occupies a conspicuous place in the saloon of Egyptian antiquities.

The library of printed books contained in one of the apartments of the British Museum, consists of more than four hundred and sixty thousand volumes. The earliest printed Bible, in fact the earliest printed book known, called the Mazarine Bible, is in this library. It is supposed to have been issued from the press of Gut-

tenberg and Faust, at Mayence; about the year 1455. It also contains the first book printed with a date, and the first example of printing in colors; also the first edition of the first Greek classic printed; the first edition of Homer, printed at Florence in 1488; and of Virgil, printed at Venice in 1501. But enough of dry details.

This afternoon, one of the most lovely that England ever saw, we made a delightful excursion to Richmond, about ten miles above London on the Thames. This is a pretty town of about one hundred thousand inhabitants, and is noted for the beauty of the surrounding scenery. The view from the Richmond hill is regarded as the very finest anywhere to be obtained in the neighborhood of London. The "Star and Garter Hotel," occupies a commanding site, and the views from its windows have been rendered classic by Pope, and Thomson, and Horace Walpole. The Richmond Park is regarded as one of the most handsome of the royal domains, and is a place of great resort for the Londoners. It is eight miles in circuit, and contains two thousand two hundred and fifty-three acres.

A Wesleyan Methodist theological seminary is located at this place, and stands upon a beautiful site near the Royal Park. The campus and grounds surrounding the college are exceedingly beautiful, and the view from the roof of the college buildings unsurpassed by that obtained from any other part of Richmond hill. The institution seems to be answering the designs of its founders; and though regarded by some, at the time of its establishment, as an innovation on Methodist usage, the opposition has passed away, and it now receives the countenance and favor of the entire body, clergy and laity, of the Wesleyan connection in England.

There is another institution of the same grade and character located at Didsby, near Manchester; which is also well-sustained, and, like the Richmond college, meets the wishes and aims of its founders.

From the Rev. Thomas Jackson, the venerable president of the Richmond college, I learned that Methodism in Great Britain, is at this time, in a more flourishing and prosperous condition than it has been for several years past.

The Wesleyan Methodists in Great Britain, occupy a position which is different from that occupied by the great body of Dissenters in England. They have their own chapels; and are Dissenters in fact, but they do not array themselves against the establishment. They use the morning service of the Church of England, in all the principal chapels in the larger towns and cities, and conform, to a very considerable extent, to the modes of worship of that church.

From the Rev. William Arthur, author of the "Successful Merchant," who is at present the secretary of the Wesleyan Missionary Society, I learned that the Wesleyan body were never doing better in their missionary operations. The sum of one hundred and nineteen thousand pounds sterling was raised last year, by the Wesleyans, for missionary purposes, and that, too, without any large bequests, or unusually large donations by individuals.

The "pew system" prevails almost universally in the Methodist houses of worship, and organs are in use in all the larger chapels.

The evening was closing in when we left Richmond on the hill; and amid all the gorgeous glories and beauties of a rich summer sunset, in a land of gardens and lovely landscapes, we entered the great metrop-

olis and sought repose from another day of exhausting sight-seeing.

June 14.—The last two or three days have been spent in random strolls about the city, and in occasional visits to points of interest in the vicinity. I have seen the queen and all the royal household, and many of the titled aristocracy of the land. But after all, they are but poor, frail human beings, who, stripped of their titles and thrown out among the masses of the people, would attract no attention whatever, either by the superiority of their talents or the elegance and beauty of their persons. Prince Albert is a fine-looking man, of easy and graceful manners. Queen Victoria is rather a plain-looking woman, not by any means handsome in person, and not overdone with native dignity. She is, no doubt, a sensible woman; and while she does nothing great, she does no harm. She is a fine disciplinarian in her own family, so it is said; and in this regard sets an example for the mothers of the kingdom, every way worthy of imitation.

Some of my readers will be a little surprised, when I inform them that I went to the Ascot races to see the queen and her royal guests, now at Windsor castle. No previous opportunity occurring in which I could see her majesty, without going to the theatre; and learning from the papers that she would ride round the course, with a splendid *cortège*, made up of distinguished dignitaries of the realm and of royal visitors from abroad, *before* the races commenced, I thought I might venture to run out and take a look, as no other occasion might occur, in which to gratify a reasonable curiosity. My visit, therefore, was to see the queen and not the races; and having gratified

my republican curiosity, and gathered up materials for a page in my journal, I returned to London.

The *cortège* was splendid and imposing. The long line of carriages was preceded by the queen's huntsmen and outriders, in gay and showy livery. There were eleven open carriages, five of them drawn by beautiful gray ponies. As the *cortège* approached the stands where the crowd was most dense, and one by one, her majesty, Prince Albert, the prince of Prussia, and the regent of Baden, with the young prince of Wales and the princess, were recognised, loud and simultaneous cheering burst forth from all sides.

The queen seems to be much esteemed by her people, and the whole royal family has a strong hold upon the masses of the population.

The Ascot-Heath raceground presented a gay, animated, and picturesque scene on the morning of my visit. The whole week was devoted to this sport, and the grounds were covered with booths and tents, and the house-tops furnished with seats and accommodations for spectators. Thursday being the day on which the queen was to make her visit, an immense crowd was attracted at an early hour to the course. The space opposite the royal stand was crowded by carriages, filled with ladies, whose rich and many-colored dresses imparted a peculiarly gay aspect to the scene; while all around there were groups of fantastically-attired musicians and bands of jugglers, and companies of gipsies in their peculiar costumes, singing and dancing and offering various articles for sale; while further back were rows of stalls and booths for the sale of refreshments, with gay banners floating above them; and still farther back canopies spread for the concealment of various animals, which were on ex-

hibition; and still beyond, pistol galleries and spaces staked off for archery, and a hundred other sorts of sport, such as were novel to me. But gambling was the order of the day. Everybody was anxious to bet. Sportsmen had their books and pencils in hand, ready to take down each bet, that could be got, on certain horses, for certain races during the day, and when I left, the excitement was growing high, and the tumult and din of the bustling throng was rising up like the roar of the ocean or the murmuring sound of an oncoming tempest in a distant forest.

A few days ago I had the pleasure and honor of spending an evening with a select company of gentlemen and ladies of mark, at Mr. Haldane's, author of the "Two Haldanes," in Westbourn terrace. The principal guest was the distinguished and celebrated Dr. Merle d'Aubigné of Geneva, now in England for the purpose of gathering up material for the sixth volume, now in hand, of his great history of the Reformation. There were present on the occasion, a number of authors and editors, not unknown to fame, and several distinguished divines, with admirals and, I scarcely know who besides, and a fine assemblage of the West-end ladies. Dr. Merle d'Aubigné entertained the company with a most interesting account of the state of religion on the continent, especially in France and Switzerland, and by detailing a number of touching incidents connected with the late persecutions through which some of the Protestants have been called to pass in those countries, illustrating the fidelity, piety, and devotion of those humble and oppressed Christians. The Rev. Mr. Arthur followed this conversational address by a fervent and appropriate prayer, and the company, after partaking of a generous repast, parted for the evening. I was

indebted to the Rev. Mr. Arthur for my introduction to this pleasant circle.

To-day has been given to a visit to Windsor Castle, twenty-five miles from London, which is, at this time, the finest and most complete royal residence in England. The parks are the largest and finest in the world. Here, again, I regretted that I had so completely exhausted the vocabulary of superlatives on places, of a similar sort, previously visited. And yet these royal grounds are different, in some respects, from any I have seen.

Windsor Castle has been the principal seat of British royalty for nearly eight centuries. The present castle was founded by William the Conqueror, but was almost entirely rebuilt by Edward III. Saint George's chapel is a fine specimen of florid Gothic architecture. At the east end of the chapel is the royal vault in which are deposited the remains of Edward IV. and his queen; Henry VI., Henry VIII., and Jane Seymour, Charles I., George III., and his queen; George IV., the princess Charlotte, William IV., and his queen. The monument to the princess Charlotte enjoys the reputation of being a fine piece of sculpture. It was in the keep or round tower of this castle, in which James I. of Scotland was confined. The little park which extends on the north and east of the castle is about four miles in circumference, in which is the tree, supposed to be "Herne's oak," immortalized by Shakespeare. The great park is situated on the south side of the castle, and is scarcely less than twenty-five miles in circuit. It presents a pleasing spectacle to the eye, as one traverses its beautiful avenues, and circuitous routes. The trees are numerous, and many of them very large, with spreading tops, scattered irregu-

larly, and in clumps, over the undulating surface, presenting the appearance of a primeval forest, which had been thinned by the hand of time, leaving here and there the monarch oak or the wide-spreading beech-tree, with the smaller and more youthful sons of the forest intervening, all quietly lifting their gorgeous coronals of glossy foliage into the sunlight, and casting their deep, dark shadows upon the velvet-like turf that covers the ground. There are portions of this park which are more densely crowded with trees, and where the dark pine, resembling that of the Black Forest of Germany, and the thick and tangled undergrowth, afford a shelter to the game with which it abounds. In every direction immense herds of deer may be seen, which may be numbered by the hundred; while, at every step, the pheasant or rabbit springs up at your feet—and hastens away into the thicket, or seeks to conceal itself beneath the grass. In a remote portion of the park there is an extensive lake—tortuous in its course, and bordered with trees, among which are seen the golden-crowned laburnum and the Scotch broom with its bright yellow blossoms—called Virginia Water. This lake is three miles in length, and at some points of observation affords as truly picturesque views as are to be obtained in any of the artificial grounds of Europe. At the eastern extremity of the Virginia Water there is an outlet, by a stream that steals away into the deep woods, and at a point where it makes a sudden turn there is an artificial cascade, where the foaming waters leap down the face of rugged rocks, with a wild and tumultuous roar, and then glide away as noiselessly through the sombre forest below as they approach the precipice above—forming altogether a sweet little picture, which once seen is transferred to the halls of memory, where

it lives among the beauteous things that the traveller loves to cherish and recall long after the sensible image has passed from the eye.

The cottages of the gamekeepers, and of the superintendents of the grounds, are situated at those points where they combine most beautifully with the surrounding scenery, and add to the effect of some of the finest views. Under the guidance of Mr. Gilliat, a merchant prince of London, and whose elegant country-seat is adjoining the royal Windsor Park, and who withal is a most intelligent and accomplished gentleman, I was conducted to the Cranbourne Tower, which stands near the site of an old castle, from the top of which there is obtained a charming prospect of as diversified and beautiful a district of country as can be commanded from any point of observation within thirty miles of London. It is pleasant to meet with a gentleman, bordering on sixty years of age, who retains the vigor and freshness of youth, and enjoys, with a sort of poetic enthusiasm, all that is attractive and beautiful in natural scenery; and, who seizes, with rapture, upon all the points and features which give effect to a landscape. Such a gentleman is Mr. J. K. Gilliat, whose hospitalities I have shared during my short visit to the country, and whose companionship I enjoyed, with that of his most estimable and accomplished lady, in my drives about the castle and royal grounds to-day. His seat is called "Fern Hill," a sweet and charming spot it is, with all that ample means, under the direction of a refined taste can accomplish, to render it attractive. Here I saw something of private life in an elegant English family. It recalled many things that I had read, descriptive of home scenes, in the good old fatherland. I and my friend Mr. W. dined with this inter-

esting family at half-past six o'clock this afternoon, and at eight o'clock, while the sunlight was still lingering on the turrets and towers of Windsor Castle, we hastened through the grand old park, at the rate of ten miles an hour, and in a few moments were shooting along in the cars, toward London, with the shining waters of the Thames now and then glancing upon the eye, and church spires rising above the rounded, dome-like tops of the trees, and pleasant towns, and beautiful gardens, skirting the way, all fading away in the summer evening twilight, into a soft, dreamy picture, that furnishes materials for night visions, when deep sleep has come down upon the eyelids. Mine are heavy, for the night wears away, and day will soon dawn again.

CHAPTER XXVII.

LONDON, OXFORD, AND STRATFORD ON AVON.

Mr. Binney. — A Visit to the Bank of England. — House of Lords. — House of Commons. — Speck of War. — Parliament Buildings. — Westminster Abbey again. — Excursion to Oxford. — Its Colleges. — Leamington. — Warwick Castle. — Stratford on Avon. — The House in which Shakespeare was Born. — The Church in which he and his Wife are entombed. — Return to London.

June 16. — Yesterday morning I heard a capital sermon from the Rev. Mr. Binney, an independent Presbyterian minister, whose chapel is near London Bridge. His place of worship was crowded. He is a profound man, and differs widely from the Rev. Dr. Cumming, in his style, manner of delivery, and all that pertains to pulpit eloquence. Dr. Cumming is more fascinating in his person, and address, but Mr. Binney is man of more intellectual force and power. He reasons closely; but he is so earnest, so direct, and so thoroughly evangelical withal, that he rivets the attention, and makes a powerful and lasting impression upon the minds of his hearers. Dr. Cumming pleases and interests for the time, but his sermons, I should think, do not stick by one as do the Rev. Mr. Binney's.

This morning, I and my party were admitted to the Bank of England, by a ticket obtained from the Hon. Mr. Dallas, our resident American ambassador in Great

Britain. There is great formality in admitting visitors to this institution. On the presentation of a ticket from any of the ambassadors, or of a letter of introduction from any of the well-known bankers of the city, a ticket is issued by the duly-authorized officer of the bank, granting permission to visit the different parts of the establishment. This ticket is obtained by an intermediate officer, who places it in the hands of an intelligent guide, under whose instruction the visiter is shown through all the different apartments of the entire building; the guide taking care to obtain the signature of the principal officers to the ticket, as he passes from room to room.

We were first shown into a large room, where one hundred and thirty clerks are constantly employed, from day to day, in counting and registering bank-notes that are redeemed by the bank; a note never being issued but once. In this office, as they pass through the hands of these clerks, the right-hand corner of each note is torn off, and the denomination of the note punched out, whereupon it is registered, and then packed away in a box with others of the same denomination, taken in on the same date. From thirty to forty thousand separate and distinct notes pass through the hands of these clerks daily. The boxes containing them are safely stored away, and remain on hand for the space of ten years and one month, when the notes are taken from the box, and burnt to ashes in a place provided for this consumption in a court of the bank. Thus, on the first Monday of every month about forty millions of pounds sterling, or say, two hundred millions of dollars are consumed. There are forty thousand boxes of these notes constantly on hand; and our guide informed us that any one particular note, contained in any one

of these forty thousand boxes, could be found in five minutes' time, if any occasion arose for the identification of the note. Such is the system and accuracy with which this department of the business is conducted.

We were shown into the apartments in which the bank-notes are printed. This is now done by electrotype; and two or three presses are constantly employed turning off, each, about nine thousand notes per hour. There are, besides these, six compositors and several presses employed in executing the printing for the banking purposes alone. Everything used by the bank, except the paper alone, is manufactured on the premises. The paper for the bank-notes is manufactured at Hampshire; but the moulds in which it is made, are kept locked up by the bank. When a new supply of paper is wanted, the moulds are sent to the paper-mill; the paper is made all of clean new linen, and packed up in boxes, under lock and key, and, with the moulds, is forwarded to the bank. But it would require a whole chapter to go into any minuteness of detail.

We were shown into one apartment, where all the gold, sovereigns and half-sovereigns, that pass through the bank, are weighed; and those which fall, by the smallest amount, below the standard weight, are thrown out and marked, so as to prevent further circulation, until they are passed through the mint and come out in new coin. This process of weighing is by an ingeniously-contrived piece of machinery, which performs its work with accuracy and despatch, without the eye or hand of any one, further than to keep a supply in the receiving box of the weighing machine.

In the cashier's room we were shown the notes ready to go into circulation, signed, and every way the true representatives of money. The polite and obliging

cashier very courteously placed a small bundle of notes in my hand, which I could very easily have put in my coat-pocket, the value of which was one million of pounds sterling, or about five millions of dollars. He showed no inclination, however, to insist on my retaining it when I was retiring from his room. There were, besides the notes, several millions of pounds sterling in this one apartment in gold. We were also conducted into the rooms where foreign specie is received, and where it is weighed and put up in bags for exportation to the East Indies and other parts of the British dominions. We were informed that on Wednesday of last week *eighty-five tons* of gold and silver were received at one time !

June 18. — Yesterday evening I visited the House of Lords, and heard a poor speech from a peer of the realm. The business of this department of the national legislative body seems to be conducted with considerable formality. The lord-chancellor occupies a seat on the woolsack with the mace by him, while the house is in session ; on the adjournment the mace is taken up and carried out of the hall and deposited in another apartment. I saw nothing in the House of Lords or in the business transacted that is worthy of note.

This evening I visited the House of Commons, and here I found a much larger number of members, and more animation and talent among the speakers. There is evidently more ability in this branch of Parliament than in the House of Lords. Lord John Russell, though now decidedly unpopular, and D'Israeli, are both men of talent. Last night they both made well-timed speeches on the American question as it is called. The dismissal of Mr. Crampton, her majesty's minister at Washington, has created a good deal of excitement

in the country. This matter is viewed in different lights by different parties, and it has already elicited some warm speeches in parliament, and some spirited, and rather bad-tempered editorials in "The Times." Other newspapers view the subject in a different light, and fully justify the United States government in the dismissal of her majesty's minister, inasmuch as he had become *personally* offensive to the government, and do not think that the dismissal, under the circumstances, furnishes any just ground for the suspension of diplomatic relations between the two governments. The present aspect of the question, and the modified tone of the leading journals, for the last few days, clearly indicate that nothing serious is likely to grow out of this matter. The "speck of war" will vanish, and we shall soon have a clear horizon again.

The new parliament buildings when entirely completed must rank among the finest public edifices of the sort in the world. The extent of the edifice and the style of architecture can not fail to attract the attention of the visiter to London; and when viewed from the other side of the Thames, or from a boat on the river, the spectacle is really imposing and sublime. The two towers situated at the opposite ends are not yet finished. They will be very high and in good taste.

The old Westminster Abbey stands near the parliament buildings, and both on account of its history and its architecture, and considered as the burial-place of the most distinguished personages who have figured in British history, it is deserving of notice. It is a huge, gloomy, antiquated pile, with dark walls and hoary towers, spread out over a large area, and skirted with time-honored cloisters, and surrounded with the tombs

of the long-buried dead. It excites a sort of awe, whether surveyed from without its walls, or standing beneath the groined and fretted vaults and arches of the interior ; whether rambling through the cloisters, paved and lined with sepulchral stones, wearing the half-defaced epitaphs of a forgotten generation, or pausing beside the monuments and reading the inscriptions that perpetuate the memory of the kings and queens, the orators and statesmen, the poets and artists, the philosophers and scholars, whose remains are interred within. The high arches ; the elaborate fret-work of some of the chapels ; the stained glass of the windows ; the long, gloomy aisles ; the marble tombs and monumental busts ; the snowy statuary ; the twilight shadows that hang over all, in the silent, solemn old abbey—are all well adapted to impress the mind and affect the heart ; and one who is at all thoughtful can not visit this vast temple, and linger for awhile among its instructive memorials, without deriving useful lessons from the mournful epitaph ; the mute statue ; the suggestive monument ; the mouldering gravestone, and the fading, perishing memorials of the eminent dead. Nothing can be more solemn and impressive than to linger in this gloomy old abbey till the twilight hour, and then creep along its pavement when naught is heard save the solitary echo of your own footstep and the dirge-like chime of the bells in the church-tower.

June 19.—If the reader please we will take a little excursion and run out a little from the metropolis and return again, after a short absence. From our hotel on Leicester square, we will take a cab and pass up Regent street, and Oxford street, and half a dozen more, bearing out toward the West End until we reach the “ Paddington railway station,” which is a sort of

crystal palace of incredible extent. Here we will take a second-class ticket for Oxford, in an express-train. We enter the coach. It is not as comfortable as one might desire. The seats are without cushions. The coach is wide, and the seats long enough to accommodate six persons. This fronts another of the same length, and both are full. There is a nurse, and four very interesting little children, who have just paid their first visit to London, and they are talking very sweetly of what they have seen: the British Museum; Zoological Gardens; Madame Toussard's waxwork gallery; the Royal Academy of Arts, and various other places; and are showing the toys which they have bought, and the little presents they have received; and are going home to tell mother and father and all the servants of the household a thousand things which they have seen and heard.

But we are clear of the station, and are shooting out into the country. What beautiful fields and gardens and cottages and green trees and matted turf are around us! Here is a little artificial lake, and there a winding stream, and yonder a splendid mansion on the hill top, and there a lovely country residence peeping out from the clustering trees in that quiet dell. We have a succession of garden-like farms on each hand, and away we go at the rate of forty or fifty miles the hour. We have passed Reading, with its more than twenty thousand inhabitants, and now we have halted at the Oxford station. Old Oxford, the seat of learning. Let us take a "fly" and fly round a little. We enter the town. It is situated on a flat level plain, on the banks of a small stream, and contains about thirty thousand inhabitants, exclusive of the students which generally number several thousands. Here is Christ's

Church College, with an immense library, and a large dining-room. Adjoining this college is the cathedral — old, and not particularly attractive. We pass on, not far distant, by All Souls' College, and next the University College, and then Queen's College, and next Magdalen College. Here we will drive across a bridge that leads over the Therwald, into the country, on the borders of which is a beautiful botanical garden, and down its banks, under the dark green boughs of the wide encircling trees, there is a most delightful walk, extending for more than a mile. But we return and pause before New College. Here we will descend and walk through the open court, and into the gardens in the rear of the college buildings. Here we find a rural and inviting spot, shut out from the noise of the busy, stirring streets, with secluded walks and pleasant grounds for recreation and enjoyment. But we are on our route again. There is Oriel College; yonder Jesus College, and not far distant Lincoln College. Here we pass through an open court, and under the shadow of the great Bodleian Library; and then here is Exeter, and Saint John's, and Trinity, and Worcester colleges, and several others; altogether seventeen; and three or four halls, which are colleges without the name, simply because they are not endowed.

Let us back to the railway station, and take the train for Warwick, for we must see Warwick Castle, and go to Stratford on Avon before night. Oxford is sixty-three miles from London; Warwick is one hundred and six miles. The train is a little behind time, so it will but travel the faster. We are going nearly a mile a minute. We have passed Leamington, and now in five minutes we are at Warwick, the principal town in the central part of Warwickshire. Let us take a carriage

for Stratford on Avon, requiring our driver to stop an hour at Warwick Castle, which is directly on the route, and just on the outskirts of the town. We stop at the outer gate, and are admitted by the porter, who is anxious to show us into a room containing a sort of museum made up of a collection of articles in some way connected with the Guy of Warwick. Here is an immense sword; a piece of chain armor; a walking stick about eight feet long; the horns of some animals slain by the said Guy of Warwick, and a copper punch bowl, or porridge bowl, that would hold about one hundred gallons. An old woman points out the several articles, tells their history, and closes by raking the edge of the copper punch bowl, which gives out a sound that grates harshly on the ears, and but for its being a part of the performance, one had just as lief not hear it. Let us walk up the winding way, cut through rock and overhung with trees. There are the castle-walls, and rising high in the air, there are the gray summits of the old towers. The mote around the walls is dry. We pass under an archway, through walls of great thickness, and stand in front of the castle, which is in a fine state of repair, and is at present the residence of the earl of Warwick. The earl and his family are absent, but the porter admits us, and an intelligent and courteous female shows us through the entire castle. In the hall we find the walls lined with swords and guns and armor, and broad antlers over the doors; and deep recess windows, from which lovely views are obtained up and down the Avon, on the banks of which the castle stands. Then we pass through a long succession of elegantly-furnished apartments, in which are pointed out to us magnificent and costly pieces of furniture, each having its own history, pleasingly narrated by our fair

guide, and full of interest. The walls of each apartment are lined with fine paintings from the best masters. Here are elegant portraits by Rubens, Titian, and Vandyke, and splendid landscapes from other accomplished artists. At the farther end of the castle we look out upon a lovely park and grounds, where there are some of the finest cedars in the world. But we can not stop for the detail. Let us out into the grounds. We pass outside the castle-walls, beneath an arched gateway, and winding over a lovely lawn for a few hundred yards, we come to the conservatory, in which, among the plants and fragrant flowers we find the world-renowned "Warwick vase," found in Hadrian's Villa, near Tivoli, and first presented to George III. by Sir William Hamilton; and by George III., to the earl of Warwick. It is a marble vase of immense size, and is a fine piece of workmanship.

We return beneath the shadows of the old towers, with their battlements, and by the ivy-mantled walls of the castle, and hasten to our carriage at the outer gate, where we mount and start again for Stratford on Avon. The distance is eight miles. Our course is southward over a beautiful road, and through a portion of country that presents the appearance of a succession of finely-cultivated gardens. The sweet-scented hawthorn, with its white clusters of blossoms, forms hedges along every inch of the way. Old oaks and elms stand all along the road-side. Bean-fields and clover lots, with the growing wheat, and rye, and beans, greet the eye in every direction. It is a most delightful drive across the country. But here is Stratford. We stop at the Shakespeare hotel, and as the sun is low, and early in the morning we must leave for London, we will immediately go in search of the house in which the great

poet was born. It is a low, small dwelling, with a rock floor, occupied during the day by a family who admits visitors to the three principal apartments ; asks you to record your name ; receives whatever you are disposed to give ; offers to sell you prints representing the dwelling—the room in which Shakespeare was born, and some of his favorite haunts.

Now let us hasten to Trinity Church at the other extremity of the town, and see the tombs of Shakespeare and his wife. They lie side by side in the extreme end of the church, with a bust of Shakespeare on a pedestal, above his tomb, and an epitaph, but it is too dark for us to read it. The sun has gone down, and the church is dark and silent. The great bard now sleeps in undisturbed repose beneath our feet, and his perishable remains have long since mouldered to dust ; but the productions of his mighty mind live on in undecaying beauty and splendor, and will continue to brighten the page of his country's literature, when the hand of time shall have effaced the last letter of his epitaph, and the place of his interment shall be forgotten and unknown.

We return to the hotel ; sleep soundly after a fatiguing day ; rise in the morning early ; pay an enormous bill ; seek the railway-station ; travel sixteen miles to Moreton in a coach drawn by horses ; then get in the express-train, and run a hundred and thirty miles in a little over three hours. We stop at the Euston Square, and a few moments afterward are again at the hotel which we left but a little more than twenty-four hours ago.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

BIRMINGHAM—SHEFFIELD—YORK—LEEDS AND
MANCHESTER.

Leave London.—Leamington.—Kenilworth Castle.—Guy's Cliff.—Birmingham.—Ministers.—Churches.—Manufactures.—From Birmingham to Chatsworth.—Castle, Gardens, etc.—From Chatsworth to Sheffield.—The Town and its Manufactures.—From Sheffield to York.—Cathedral, St. Mary's Abbey, etc.—Leeds.—Manchester.—Liverpool.

BIRMINGHAM, *June* 20.—We bid farewell to London, and again plunge into the country, the beautiful country, with its enchanting scenery; its smiling fields and meadow lands, fragrant with the newly-mown grass; its growing harvests and blooming hedges; its wood-crowned hill-tops and verdant valleys; its parks and gardens, with cottages glancing out from the clustering shade-trees, and stately mansions and castles crowning the rounded summits of the hills that sweep in graceful curves around. We inhale the perfume of flowers and feel our lungs dilate with the fresh country air. How sweet and charming is the country! How merrily the birds sing! How blithe and gay the frolicsome lambs and kids that whiten the pastures skirting the wayside! But we are in an express-train, and a hundred miles have glided by in less than three hours, and we stop at

Leamington, on the route from London to Birmingham. Here, if the reader please, we will descend from the railroad-coach and take a *fly*, and drive across the country five miles north, and take a look at the romantic ruins of Kenilworth Castle. The strip of country intervening is like much that we have seen in all directions around the metropolis, so sweet and lovely that you can scarcely conceive of a solitary feature or element to enhance its beauty. The roads are like nearly all the public highways in England, smooth, firm, and wide, with hedges on each side, and footpaths with the borders lined and carpeted with a soft, luxuriant turf, that yields like velvet beneath the tread.

Kenilworth Castle is situated upon an eminence on the northern limits of a small village called Kenilworth, and like all the ruins of its class may be seen at a considerable distance in every direction. Sir Walter Scott's historical novel, under the title of "Kenilworth" has made almost every reader familiar with this interesting ruin ; for he has happily described it in its present state, as well as in the days when its walls were complete, its towers perfect, and its portals guarded, and when kings and queens were entertained in its elegant and spacious apartments, and courtiers and knights of the garter revelled in its halls. The castle has been kept from going to decay by the care and attention of the present proprietor of the estate. The broken walls and towers are mantled with ivy which clings to them like a vesture, and the open space within the enclosure is ornamented with gardens, and matted with grass, which is shorn down and kept as clean as the carpet of a drawing-room. We creep beneath its half-buried arches into underground apartments, and climb the deeply-worn, spiral stairways into its gray

towers ; we pause upon its battlements to take a survey of the surrounding country, and linger beneath the shade of the ilex, the laburnum, and the cedar, that grow out of the crevices of the walls and spring from the accumulated piles of rubbish, and then retire, with the mind filled with the floating images of a bygone age, which has left its crumbling monuments and dim legendary tales for the present generation.

Let us now take some refreshments at the little inn under the castle-walls, and then drive again to Warwick Castle, stopping by the way to take a peep at "Guy's Cliff," a romantic seat on the banks of the Avon, looking out on a darkly-shaded dell, where the waters of the meandering stream, after turning the mill just yonder among the trees and tumbling over the dam beneath the arches of the slender bridge, silently glide away and lose themselves in the forest below the cliff. We pass the town of Warwick, and drive to the castle, and stroll once more through its grounds, and then return to the station, and take an evening train for Birmingham. The sun is at the summer solstice, and at nine o'clock at *night*, I sit and write at my window in the twilight, without the aid of artificial light.

Birmingham is a large, growing town, of two hundred thousand inhabitants. It is known, the world over, as one of the most thrifty manufacturing places in England. It presents the same dingy, dirty appearance which is everywhere seen in manufacturing towns. It has a large number of dissenting chapels, and some very able ministers of the gospel, among whom is the well-known Rev. John Angell James, a stanch non-conformist, who, for more than fifty years, has resided here, in charge of a church, which has acquired immense strength, wealth, and influence, under his pastoral care.

The Methodists, also, have a strong hold in Birmingham. There is but little, however, in the town, apart from its manufacturing establishments, to attract the attention of a visiter.

YORK, *June 23.*—From Birmingham our route to this place by Barton, which gives Allsop's ale to the whole world, and Derby, thence by another line to Ambergate station, where we take a branch railroad which leads up the valley of the Derwin, by Matlock-Bath, a place of summer resort, situated amidst beautiful scenery, to Rowsley station, the terminus of the road, where we take an omnibus for Chatsworth Castle, the celebrated seat of the duke of Devonshire. This is very justly regarded as one of the finest, if not the very finest seat in the whole of Great Britain. The castle, ornamental grounds, and parks, have so often been described by travellers that it would seem almost superfluous for me to attempt anything of the sort. The palace itself is an extensive and well-arranged building, presenting a striking exterior, though by no means superior to many other edifices of its class which meet the eye of the tourist in Great Britain. That which makes Chatsworth so attractive is, its ornamental grounds and parks and the elegant and refined taste displayed in the paintings and statuary with which the galleries of the palace are supplied. These galleries are very extensive for private collections, and the talent of the best artists and sculptors has been laid under contribution to enrich them with the most choice and elegantly-executed pieces. In the sculpture gallery there are some of the very best and most exquisite productions of Canova, Thorwaldsen, Chantry, Wyatt, and Westmacott. The rooms are spacious and lofty, some of which are hung with elegant tapestry, and

adorned with elaborate, and beautiful carvings in wood, executed by Gibson and Watson. The views opening from some of the windows of the picture galleries, as the visiter is conducted from room to room, are scarcely surpassed by anything in the world; especially that view which commands the full prospect of the water-works and cascades situated on the brow and slope of the wood-crowned hill lying south of the palace. The view from one of the west-windows, taking in a portion of the gardens, with the fountains and ornamental grounds extending along the bank of the quiet stream that glides through the park, with the background of gracefully-rounded hills and forests that bound the landscape, is as lovely as the visions of an enchanting dream.

But now, having descended from the upper apartments, and passed through the sculpture gallery which occupies a ground floor on the south side of the quadrangular court, let us leave the palace buildings by a door leading from the green-house into the gardens, and take a turn in the grounds of unrivalled beauty and loveliness that lie around. Here we find endless variety: trees and shrubs and flowers and grass-plats and fountains, distributed over an endlessly-diversified surface, embracing hill and dale and grotto; rugged steeps and gentle slopes, with winding paths and ornamental bowers; sculptured images in snowy marble or sable bronze; summer alcoves and winter retreats; sparkling jets and placid lakes;—in a word, all that could be desired to gratify the most capricious taste or in any way contribute to the most luxurious ease and refined enjoyment. In one place we meet with a wintry-looking tree, that attracts attention by its leafless limbs and rigid twigs, standing in the midst of surrounding

trees, clothed in the luxuriant green of a rich summer foliage, and our guide steps aside and lays his hand on a secret spring, and suddenly the water issues in curvilinear jets from every twig of the artificial tree, and the scattered drops catching the rainbow tints from the sunbeams adorn, with heaven's own jewelry, the grass, and shrubs, and flowers that lift their heads in the falling shower. A little farther, and our pathway is obstructed by a huge, unsightly rock, which threatens to arrest our progress in this direction; but the slight pressure of a single hand makes it turn on a hidden pivot, and our party proceeds, passing under the shadow of toppling crags, where shining cascades leap from the crevices of the frowning cliffs; and beneath jagged archways of calcareous formations, and by the side of verdurous walls of living green, where the holly and pine, the cypress and rhododendron, the laburnum and seringo, mingle their leaves and blossoms as though all were springing from one parent-stem.

And now the lofty crystal roof of the grand conservatory bursts upon our gaze, lifting its beautiful proportions above the intervening hills and embowering trees. This is a splendid structure, being the first crystal palace that ever was reared. It is three hundred feet long, by one hundred and forty-five feet in breadth, and comprises an area of about one acre, in the midst of which is a carriage-road. This great conservatory is filled with plants from every clime. Here we find especially, a large variety of tropical plants, with their broad fan-like leaves and large fragrant blossoms, among which are scattered the camphor and cinnamon trees and numberless flowering shrubs. The temperature within these glassy walls is always the same, or nearly so, and the atmosphere, loaded as it is with the richest perfume

“of incense-breathing flowers,” is a most delicious luxury to the olfactories and the lungs. This magnificent conservatory was planned and constructed by Joseph Paxton (since of crystal palace notoriety and knighted by the queen), who at that time was the servant of the duke of Devonshire.

Near the entrance to the present Chatsworth buildings there stands the remains of the old Chatsworth House, where Mary Queen of Scots was held as a prisoner for thirteen years, a circumstance, it is said, which causes her name to be given to a suite of apartments in the palace. Hobbes, the philosopher, also spent many of his days at this celebrated seat.

The oramental grounds of Chatsworth alone, comprise an area of one hundred and fifty acres, while the great park, which is stocked with deer and all sorts of game, and has within its limits some delightful drives and points of almost boundless prospect, is twelve or fifteen miles in circumference. The estate of the duke of Devonshire extends for many miles around Chatsworth, the whole extent from north to south being scarcely less than thirty or thirty-five miles.

Having finished our survey of Chatsworth, we stop a short time for some refreshments at the pleasant little hotel situated at one of the gates of entrance to the Park, and then take an open carriage across Bachelor Moors, a distance of fourteen miles to Sheffield. The face of the country is altogether different from that presented in the more southern parts of England. Rock walls take the place of hawthorn hedges; the land is broken and bristling with rocks; long ranges of hills, swelling up into mountains, stretch away in every direction. From some of the highest points the view extends for many leagues over a wild and romantic re-

gion. Not very remote, in an easterly direction, there lie all that remains of "Sherwood Forest," so intimately associated with the name and exploits of Robin Hood; a little farther south is Newstead Abbey, the mansion and estate of the Byron family; and but a few miles farther, Annesly Hall, famous as the birthplace and patrimony of Mary Chaworth, the object of Lord Byron's early and almost idolatrous attachment. In another direction, upon a bold eminence, is Haddon Hall, the seat of the duke of Rutland, presenting one of the best pictures of an ancient baronial residence, anywhere to be found. Farther south, and near the line of railroad over which we passed on our way from Derby, by Mattock Bath, to Chatsworth, is Mayfield, where Moore, in a cottage that still remains, composed "Lalla Rookh," while all around the geologist and mineralogist may enjoy advantages which are afforded by but few other places in England.

Sheffield is encompassed by an amphitheatre of hills, from several points of which fine views are obtained, embracing prospects of considerable variety and beauty. The town itself, like all large manufacturing places, is dingy and rather forbidding. There is but little to engage the attention of the visiter apart from its extensive manufactories of cutlery, Britannia metal, and plated ware. We just take a peep into Rogers's brilliant and richly-supplied show-rooms; glance at the mechanical process of making knives, scissors, razors, needles, etc.; purchase a few small specimens of cutlery, for the little ones at home, and then hasten to the railway station, and book for York, which lies more than fifty miles north of Sheffield. It is ten o'clock in the evening when we arrive at the "Station Hotel," in the good old city of York, and yet, in this high latitude,

the twilight, even at this hour, is sufficiently strong to enable one to read without the aid of any other light. Two or three hours have been occupied in noting these recollections of the day, and I now pause for the repose which is necessary to repair the waste and fatigue of one of the longest days of the year.

YORK, *June 24.*—Beyond the minster, or great cathedral, there is nothing of very special interest to the tourist in York. This celebrated church edifice is so like others of a similar sort which I have seen, when my appetite for sight-seeing was much keener than at present, that it awakened no exciting emotions in my mind, and I must confess that I made a long visit to see it, more for the sake of saying that I had seen it, than from any pleasure which I anticipated in gazing upon the vast pile, ranging through its ample courts, or hearing a guide recount its history, state its dimensions, descant upon its monuments, and enlarge upon its architectural beauties.

York has the reputation of having been founded 938 years before Christ; but little, however, is known of its history until the year 150 of the Christian era, at which time it was one of the greatest Roman stations in the province, having an imperial palace, a tribunal, and a regular government within its walls. Constantine the Great was born in this city in the year 272, and his father Constantius died here in 307. Remains of the old Roman walls, gates, and posterns, are abundant, and in a good state of preservation. The city stands on a small river which divides it into nearly two equal parts, on the great northern railway, about two hundred miles from London, and contains a population of a little more than forty thousand.

The cathedral was founded in 626, and through suc-

ceeding ages has been enlarged, improved, and repaired, until now it stands out, as one of the finest buildings of the sort in the kingdom. It is 524 feet long, 222 feet from north to south in transepts, and 99 feet high. It contains the tombs of a number of archbishops, and of many other distinguished individuals, with curious epitaphs, and coats-of-arms. Besides the cathedral, there are the city castle, originally built by William I., which is now used as a jail, the Yorkshire museum and gardens, in which are the ruins of St. Mary's Abbey, the assembly rooms, and public cemetery, all of which claim a visit from the stranger in York.

LIVERPOOL, *June 25.*—From York to this great commercial emporium, where the roar and din of trade is like the constant murmur of the ocean after a storm, my route was through Leeds, Huddersfield, and Manchester. The road lies through that portion of England, in which manufactures of all sorts are carried on to a far greater extent than in any other part of Great Britain. The passenger on this line, is never out of sight of the tall chimneys, rising, like lofty round towers, from extensive establishments, producing cloths, cotton-goods, cutlery, silks, linens, hosiery, and everything else which the wants, real or imaginary, of the civilized world demand. The whole atmosphere is filled with smoke, and burdened with the hum of machinery, the sound of mechanical instruments in motion, and the heavy rumbling of drays, carts, and other vehicles, bearing goods to the stations where they are forwarded to market, while the tread of the locomotive, the thunder of the long train, and the whistle of the engine, are never silent.

We stopped a few hours at Leeds, where we had the pleasure of witnessing the process of manufacturing

broadcloths, and again at Manchester, where we spent a part of two days, and were again conducted through some of the most extensive cotton manufactories, by polite and intelligent proprietors, who pointed out the whole process of producing cotton goods, from the breaking of the bale of raw material, to the finishing and packing process, when it is ready for market. Apart from the manufactories there is nothing particularly attractive to the stranger in any of the towns in this part of England.

Liverpool has merely been taken in the route from the manufacturing districts to Dublin, which is the next point toward which we are now directing our course. A little mishap, such as all travellers are exposed to, has detained our party longer here, by a few hours, than was designed. Baggage that was forwarded from Derby, and which we were promised should meet us here to-day, has failed to arrive, in consequence of "a *strike*" on the part of some eight hundred clerks, in the employment of the railroad company, which has caused immense confusion, and renders it entirely uncertain when we shall recover our luggage. We went, this morning, in search of it to the great warehouses belonging to the company, and when we surveyed the thousands upon thousands of packages tumbled together in endless confusion, extending for hundreds of yards along a succession of apartments, piled up from floor to ceiling, and were told that our trunks might be under these mountains of goods, or that they might be in some other warehouse in the city, connected with the company, where an equal quantity of goods was heaped up, and where the same disorder reigned, or that they might be at Birkenhead across the river, where thousands of packages were piled up just as they had

been discharged from the train, or, that they might be at some of the intermediate stations between Derby and Liverpool, we gave up the search as fruitless, and resigned ourselves to the misfortune as best we were able, and prepared to leave for Dublin, hoping to find them at a future day.

CHAPTER XXIX.

FROM LIVERPOOL TO DUBLIN: DUBLIN AND THE LAKES OF KILLARNEY. — BELFAST AND THE GIANT'S CAUSEWAY.

From Liverpool to Chester. — From Chester to Bangor. — Conway. — Tubular Bridge. — Holyhead. — Passage across the Channel. — Appearance of the Country. — Dublin. — Saint Patrick's Cathedral. — Filthy District of the City. — Stephen's Green. — Wesleyan Methodist Conference. — Public Monuments. — Streets. — From Dublin to Killarney. — Lakes. — Condition of the People. — Return to Dublin. — Portadown. — Belfast. — Giant's Causeway.

DUBLIN, IRELAND, *June 27.* — The trip from Liverpool has been exceedingly pleasant. The weather has been delightful, and everything favorable to the enjoyment of the scenery and the objects of interest and curiosity by the way.

From Liverpool to the old city of Chester there is nothing worthy of note; at least nothing that falls under the observation of one who runs over the distance in half an hour by an express-train. Indeed, the passenger who takes his seat at Birkenhead just across the Mersey from Liverpool, has barely time fairly to adjust himself, and look out, first on this side and then on that, at the objects that go whirling by him, before the shrill scream of the whistle announces that he is at the station. Chester is a very old city, with singularly-constructed houses, having porticoes running along in front, affording shelter for foot passengers, and reminding one of Bologna and other

Italian cities, where the houses are built on this plan. Moreover, it is a walled city, with gates and other relics of the past, recalling the olden time. The city has a population of nearly thirty thousand, with a cathedral, old castle, a number of churches, and other public buildings. The remains of Matthew Henry, the commentator, and of Parnell, the poet, lie in the Trinity Church.

It is a most beautiful afternoon, and Nature wears her gayest apparel of vivid green, decked with flowers of every hue, and canopied with a clear blue sky. We leave Chester behind, and at the rate of forty or fifty miles per hour we fly westward toward Holyhead, along the coasts of the channel, through one of the most picturesque and romantic regions of Great Britain traversed by a railroad. It will be remembered that we are now in Wales, the whole of which, with very limited exceptions, is a wild, hilly, mountainous, and broken country. At first the country is barely hilly, and in a fine state of cultivation, but as we proceed it grows more and more wild, rocky, and mountainous. The railroad lies upon the brink of the water, while the rugged, bare steeps run up in jutting headlands and hang over the way. These are penetrated by tunnels, or a narrow space is blasted out on the face of the rock, and walled up for the road, through which and over which we dash along at a furious speed, with the canvass-whitened bosom of the channel on our right, and the sun-crowned summits of the mountains towering on our left. The waters flash and dance in the evening breeze, while the hills and crags, with the deep glens and vales intervening, assume all the shifting hues of the kaleidoscope. We pass under the shadow of the walls and towers of old Aberconway, and

through the tubular bridge spanning the river that washes the castle walls, and after running under the hoary brows of a few mountain peaks, and glancing by some cozy, quiet eddies of water, retiring from the channel, and sleeping in the sheltered coves at the foot of the hills, we stop at Bangor, not far from the Menai straits, where we take another conveyance for the great tubular bridge, which is the principal object of attraction on this route.

Bangor occupies a small space in a pleasant little valley, walled in with two rocky ridges, just south of the beautiful bay of Beaumaris. It is but three miles to the Menai or Britannia tubular bridge. This remarkable triumph of modern engineering has been frequently described, and as my own knowledge of such specimens of architecture will not enable me to describe it in adequate and accurate terms, I copy the following description which is from the best authority:

“The hollow rectangular tubes, sustained in their position by no other power than that which they derive from the strength of their materials, and the manner in which these are combined, consist of plates of wrought iron from one half to three fourths of an inch in thickness, firmly riveted together, so as to form a single and continuous structure—one tube (or connected series of tubes) serving for the passage of the up and the other for the down trains. The total length of each line of tube (regarded as a whole) is one thousand five hundred and thirteen feet, which is made up by the union of four separate lengths of tube—two of longer and two of shorter dimensions. The two main lengths of tube, each measuring four hundred and seventy-two feet, pass from towers constructed respectively at high-water mark on the Caernarvon and

Anglesey shores to the Britannia tower — a structure of solid masonry, raised in the middle of the strait to the height of two hundred and ten feet, and based on a little rock formerly covered at high water. The shorter portions of tube connect the land towers on either side with the abutments which terminate the embankments upon which the line of railway is carried, and by which the shores of the strait are approached. The total weight of each tube (regarded as a whole in its entire length), is nearly five hundred tons, and the whole structure is elevated to a height of one hundred feet above the level of the water, so as to admit of the passage of large vessels unimpeded beneath it. In the construction of the tubes and towers as many as fifteen hundred workmen were employed. The tubes were formed on the ground, upon the Caernarvon shore, and afterward floated by means of pontoons, and subsequently raised to the required elevation by the use of powerful hydraulic presses."

From this somewhat elaborate description one might be led to expect a sublime and imposing structure, which would fill the mind with the most overpowering emotions; but such is not the effect. It is rather to be considered as a wonderful piece of engineering and workmanship, and viewed in this light it will meet any reasonable expectation.

The day on which we visited this bridge was one of the warmest ever known at least for several years in this part of the kingdom. The expansion of the material therefore, was as great, if not greater than was ever observed before. In the construction of the bridge, an arrangement has been made for the expansion and contraction of the metal, under all the extremes of heat and cold to which it is exposed. On this day the ex-

pansion was about two and a half inches. Some of my readers, however, may be a little surprised to learn that on this *melting* day, as some were heard to call it, the thermometer stood at eighty-four degrees in the shade! But this was a *hot* day for this part of Great Britain.

Leaving the tubular bridge at sunset, we had a pleasant ride, over a region of country marked by no particular feature of interest, save the almost boundless succession of hills and mountains stretching away to the south, which sunk lower and lower as we approached Holyhead. Snowdon—the monarch peak in all northern Wales, caught and reflected the sunlight, while the gathering shades of the evening settled in pensive beauty and loveliness upon the vales beneath.

We reached Holyhead between nine and ten o'clock at night, but the twilight continued till past eleven. Holyhead contains a population of about six thousand. It is situated on a point of land that extends far out into the channel. "The promontory of the head is an immense precipice, hollowed by the ocean into magnificent caverns, affording shelter to falcon and sea-fowls. In the neighborhood, a harbor of refuge, on a great scale, is in the course of formation." This grand public work affords employment for a large number of workmen.

It was two o'clock at night when we embarked on one of the royal mail steam-packets for Dublin, or rather for Kingstown which is situated on the coast of Ireland, about nine miles from the city of Dublin, from which place the city is reached by railroad. The channel is sixty miles wide at this point, and the pleasant little voyage was made in four and a half hours. The water was as smooth and as quiet as a mountain lake, unruffled by a breeze. After a refreshing nap we awoke to enter

upon our tour of one of the most interesting portions of the British empire. The prospect of the country from the water was charming. The green sod on the slopes rising from the shore, the country residences gleaming in the morning sunshine upon the hill-tops in every direction, and the blue mountain ranges of Wicklow in the background, presented a pleasing view. But the train is waiting, and in less than half an hour we are on a jaunting car, making our way from the railway station to the Imperial hotel in Sackville street, in the splendid city of Dublin.

To-day has been devoted to some drives about this metropolis of the "Emerald isle," and a cursory glance at its principal public edifices, parks and squares, with the elegant monuments to great and distinguished men reared aloft in the streets, all exhibiting the refined taste, public spirit, and indomitable patriotism of the sons of "Erin."

St. Patrick's Cathedral is an old dingy, damp establishment, situated in a filthy, dirty part of the city. It is a huge, irregular, and massive structure, without anything in its architecture worthy of notice. That which interested me most in my visit to its gloomy interior, was the quaint epitaph, on a tablet inserted in the wall, perpetuating the memory of Dean Swift's servant, who, by his own idleness and the dean's wit, was cheated out of his breakfast. The residence of the eccentric dean stands near the cathedral, and not far distant from it is "the queer-looking old house rejoicing in the honor of being the birthplace of Moore," the great Irish poet. But now that we are in this miserable part of Dublin, let us pass round a few squares, for this I did, and looked into the wretched homes of these ragged children, squalid women, and lazy men, for they

swarm around you in the streets, as thick as the frogs of Egypt. Here we meet with offensive huckster shops, and "stalls with putrid eels." The houses are with but little furniture, and look as though they had scarcely ever been swept or whitewashed from the day they became inhabited till the present hour. "How do these people get a living?" inquired I, of an intelligent gentleman who had shown me through the cathedral. "Ah," replied he, with a rich Irish brogue, "that is hard to tell. But many of these boys live by *staling*." Another gentleman replied by saying, "That is the question I myself have been asking, and trying to answer for twenty years; but have never been able to solve the mystery."

A short walk conducts us by what was the bishop's house, now a barracks for soldiers, this part of the city not being sufficiently "*dacent*," as my guide remarked, for the bishop to live in, and directly we emerge into more respectable looking streets, and continuing our walk, we approach "Stephen's Green," one of the most beautiful public squares of the city, and surrounded by the finest class of private residences, and public buildings. Among the public edifices facing this square we may mention the Royal College of Surgeons, the Irish Industrial Museum, and St. Vincent's Hospital. The birthplace of Wellington, and the house which was for many years the residence of the great political leader of Ireland, Daniel O'Connell, are near this square.

The reader must now indulge me in a little digression. Facing this public ground there is a handsome church edifice, called the Wesleyan Methodist centenary chapel. Here I found the Irish Wesleyan Methodist Conference in session, and through the courtesy of the Rev. William Arthur, of London, I enjoyed the

privilege of an introduction to the conference, and an opportunity of witnessing the deliberations of this interesting body of Christian ministers. From the discussions on different subjects I learned a great deal of the religious condition of Ireland, and especially of the present attitude of popery in relation to protestantism.

The past year has been one of increased prosperity among the Wesleyans. Their numbers have considerably augmented ; their missionary collections have improved ; their sphere of ministerial operations has enlarged, and all their educational and benevolent movements have been crowned with a larger measure of success than for some years past. This is equally true with regard to Wesleyan Methodism in all parts of the British Conference. This progress too, in Ireland especially, has been at a time when Romanism never was more vigilant to guard its own members, or more active and energetic in making proselytes. Every advance made by the Wesleyans is watched with extreme jealousy by Catholic priests, and no effort or expense is spared to throw impediments in the way of their success.

I was exceedingly gratified with the warm reception which I met among these ardent and zealous ministers, and highly delighted with the manner in which they transacted their business. In this conference there are many eloquent and able preachers. The old men appear to be full of vigor and zeal, and the young men have girded on the armor for unyielding contest with the "Man of Sin ;" and I am quite sure from the spirit manifested by them that Romanism in Ireland, has no body of combatants to contend with, that threatens more serious detriment to their cause than the Wesleyan Irish Conference. These ministers penetrate every part

of the country ; visit the hovels of the poor ; enter the hamlets and villages ; preach in the streets and highways, and everywhere deal heavy blows on the brazen brow of " the beast."

But to return. Dublin has some streets that vie, in point of breadth, elegance, and beauty, with any to be found in Europe. Sackville street is unsurpassed. Nelson's monument occupies a conspicuous position in this fine street. It is a tall, fluted column, one hundred and twenty-one feet high, standing in front of the general postoffice, which is a handsome building, and is crowned with an admirable statue of the hero of Trafalgar, executed by a native sculptor of the name of Kirk. The pedestal and column are of granite, and the whole is in the finest style of monumental architecture.

The Phoenix Park is a beautiful public ground on the outskirts of the city, and is a place of fashionable resort for a morning drive or evening promenade. The Wellington Testimonial stands near the entrance to this square. It is a quadrangular, truncated obelisk, of Wicklow granite, erected at a cost of one hundred thousand dollars. Inscriptions on the four sides of the obelisk, commemorate the principal battles of the Iron Duke.

Dublin has many fine stores and shops, and a large number of enterprising merchants. The society in the better classes, is refined and intelligent, and the American traveller is treated with the utmost politeness and attention. It is a pleasant place to spend a few days, and affords many objects to gratify the visiter.

LAKES OF KILLARNEY, *June 30.*—The railroad from Dublin to Killarney, a distance of nearly two hundred miles, lies for the most part through a fine agricultural district of Ireland. But on approaching the south

and southwest, where the lakes of Killarney are situated, the soil becomes more rocky and less productive, and the thatched hovels of the half-starving tenants dwindle down to mere mud huts, scarcely fit to shelter a brute in wintry weather. The eye of the traveller is constantly attracted at this season, by the *peat bogs*, where the poor laborers, male and female, are engaged in raising this material and preparing it for use. This is done by cutting out pieces something larger than brickbats, and exposing it to the sun, till the moisture exhales, and it becomes dry and combustible. It makes fine fuel; burning as freely as the best bituminous coal, and emitting heat and flame, and leaving, comparatively, a small residuum of ashes. This material is inexhaustible. It is abundant in all parts of the country. It is amazing to see what immense quantities of it are stored away for future use.

For a number of miles before reaching Killarney the country becomes hilly and even mountainous. Indeed, the whole of the extreme south and southwestern portion of Ireland presents a continued succession of bare rocky hills and bleak mountains, scarcely less wild than Wales or even the highlands of Scotland. The inhabitants are miserably poor; the cattle are small and thin, and everything, except the splendid demesnes of titled and wealthy landholders, presents the air of poverty and suffering. It is said, however, that the thinning out of the dense and overcrowded population by the famine and by emigration is tending to a better state of things in this part of Ireland. The small farms are bought up by agriculturists of capital, who are giving better wages for labor, and improving the cultivation, and in this way leading to a more prosperous condition of the less numerous population.

Killarney is a small town, and is filled with a poor and miserable population. I visited the cathedral on Sunday morning, where there were at least fifteen hundred persons in attendance, and I am sure, of the poorer classes, not one female in twenty had shoes on her feet, and not one in fifty had a bonnet on her head. I never saw a colored congregation in any of the southern states that was half so miserably clad. Indeed there is no comparison, in point of apparel, food, and lodgings, between the poor Irish in the neighborhood of Killarney and the slaves of our southern states. They live on potatoes and *stirup*, or mush made of corn meal, and do not get a meat-dinner more than twice a year, namely at Easter and on Christmas day. This I had from the landed proprietors and from the poor themselves. It is from this region that the great masses of emigrants go to America, and one can scarcely meet a person that has not a child, a brother, or a sister, in America; and every one among the poor who has the remotest prospect of ever being able to command the little sum necessary to defray the expense of a passage in an emigrant ship, looks forward to the time when he is to go to America. Among these very poor people, there are some who are very well informed, and very many who are exceedingly sprightly, and who possess a large share of good common sense. The American feeling is very strong here. Learning that I and my party were Americans, they thronged about us, and asked us many questions about our country; and, when we had mounted a jaunting car, to take a drive around the lovely lakes of Killarney, and over the beautiful demesnes of Mr. Herbert and Lord Kinmare, that border the lakes, a band of these Irishmen struck up "Yankee Doodle," and then took off their hats and gave us a

round of hearty cheers ; crying, "Huzza for the Americans and the land of liberty."

The lakes of Killarney are beautiful. They are surrounded with bare and rocky mountains, and dotted with islands. We drove around them, and enjoyed the finest views from various points on their shores, and from some of the beetling cliffs that towered high above their shining waters. There are three lakes, called the upper, lower, and middle lakes. Returning from a drive around the upper and middle lakes we turned aside to take a look at the Torc cascade. From the main road we ascended a valley by a gravel path, lined with larch, arbutus, holly, and alder, until we reached a wild and romantic spot in the wooded dell, lying under the dark shadow of the Torc mountain, where the foaming and roaring cascade came leaping down a narrow gorge, between precipitous and shelving rocks overgrown with fern and trees, and made that tumultuous, reverberating sound among the overhanging hills that always adds a new and interesting element in the emotion of sublimity awakened by grand and imposing scenery. From this enchanting spot we ascended by a circuitous path to a more elevated point on the brow of the mountain, from which we had one of the finest views in Ireland. The snowy cascade was at our feet, and the music of the ever-dashing waters rose like the distant murmur of the sea upon our ears. The bare summit of Mangerton was in full view ; all the lakes were spread out before us and taken in at a single survey ; the green islands, covered with arbutus, contrasted finely with the dark waters that slept under the shadow of the mountain ; the beautiful Muckross Abbey mansion glittered in the parting sunlight upon the margin of the middle lake ; Lord Kinmare's splendid

mansion appeared in the distance; the ivy-mantled ruins of the old castle on Ross island, and of the Muckross Abbey on Mr. Herbert's demesne could all be easily discerned, while the sun dipped away behind the Dingle, and the hush and twilight of a calm and quiet summer evening came down upon the lovely scene.

But time would fail me to describe in detail the many beautiful pictures that greeted our eyes in our frequent drives around the lakes, across the islands, and over the magnificent estates of Mr. Herbert, member of parliament, and of Lord Kinmare, which embrace the whole of the country for many leagues around the lakes. The poetry of Moore has thrown a fascination and charm around some of the islands and other localities connected with the lakes of Killarney.

We have spent a part of three successive days in our visit to these lakes; the weather has been perfectly charming, and we have been delighted in our rambles and drives, and feel no small degree of reluctance in tearing ourselves away from one of the most inviting localities that it has been our good fortune to visit, thus far, in Great Britain. To-day we shall return to Dublin by the same route over which we travelled in coming down to this part of Ireland, and to-morrow proceed onward by Portadown and Belfast to the Giant's Causeway, which is situated on the northern extremity of the island.

BELFAST, *July 2.*—From the lakes of Killarney we returned to Dublin; thence to Portadown, some forty miles north of Dublin, on the road to Belfast, where we spent a day in the family of Mr. William Paul, an accomplished and intelligent Christian gentleman; thence to this place; and to-day has been occupied in a delightful excursion to the Giant's Causeway, lying

about seventy-five miles north of Belfast. We passed in sight of Lough Neagh, which is the largest lake in Ireland—a glimpse of which we had on yesterday evening between Portadown and Belfast. We found the country in a high state of cultivation. The crops look prosperous. The face of the country and the population present a very different aspect from that which meets the eye in the southern part of Ireland. We reached Port Rush, the terminus of the railroad, about eleven o'clock, and took a jaunting-car for the Causeway, distant about nine miles. Scarcely any one realizes his expectations on first seeing the Causeway; but his wonder and admiration heighten the longer he remains, and the more attentively he studies this wonderful natural curiosity. The guides narrate various interesting legends and traditionary stories, in showing the visiter round, and altogether, I suppose the visit *pays*, but that is as much as can be said. I shall not attempt any description of this wonderful work of Nature, as every child knows something of it, from the often-repeated descriptions contained in our elementary school-books.

At four o'clock in the afternoon we again left Port Rush by rail, and reached Belfast at six. The steam-boat is to leave at eight o'clock this evening for Glasgow, and our party will take passage with a promise of reaching Greenock on the Clyde by four or five o'clock in the morning, from which place we can run up to Glasgow, a distance of about twenty miles, in an hour. Belfast is a place of considerable trade, principally engaged in the manufacture of linen. Regular lines of boats ply from this place to Liverpool as well as to Glasgow. It presents a commercial air, and is said to have a large number of highly-respectable mer-

chants. There are some fine public buildings and a large number of churches. But my sketches and notes are likely to occupy more space than can be comprised in a book of convenient size, and I must compress in a limited range what remains to be said of my travels in Great Britain.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE HIGHLANDS — GLASGOW — EDINBURG — ABBOTSFORD
— ENGLISH LAKES — LIVERPOOL.

From Belfast to Glasgow. — Excursion on Loch Lomond. — Ascent of Ben Lomond. — Glasgow. — From Glasgow to Edinburg. — The City of Edinburg. — Holyrood Palace. — Edinburg Castle, etc. — Visit to Melrose Abbey and Abbotsford. — English Lakes. — Ulleswater. — Wendermere. — The Country around. — Liverpool.

GLASGOW, *July 3.* — A good and comfortable steamer, with a most polite and obliging captain, brought us last night from Belfast to this great and growing city. We left Belfast at eight o'clock in the evening, while the broad, yellow sun, which hung low over the blue mountains, threw a golden flood of light upon the green hills and fields, and kindled into a refulgent blaze the windows of the stately mansions that stood upon the rising ground on our right as we steered out northward toward the channel. A lovelier evening never smiled upon the "Emerald Isle;" and her growing crops and meadow lands, and richly-carpeted hills and valleys, never appeared greener and more beautiful. Ireland is the gem of the sea. In the wide domain of the British empire there is not a more attractive or more productive spot than this island. In nothing have I been so agreeably disappointed as in the face, products, and population of this country. From the crowds of

miserable creatures disgorged from filthy emigrant ships upon our shores from Ireland, Americans too often infer that the whole population, or nearly all, are of this class. It is a great mistake. Dublin is one of the most beautiful cities in Europe, and has a population that, in point of intelligence, refinement, and true politeness, vies with that of any city in Europe; while the country-places are adorned with magnificent residences and parks, and other evidences of a refined and cultivated taste that compare favorably with many of the fairest parts of England. In all the middle and northern portions of Ireland, the tillage is fine and the land yields abundantly. The whole face of the country smiles like a garden, and if the curse of Romanism were removed, which rests like a blighting incubus upon this beautiful and fruitful isle, and the land were more equally distributed among the millions of its inhabitants, there could not be a more desirable place of abode, or a more generally-prosperous and happy people, than in Ireland. As it is, a comparatively small number of rich proprietors hold the land, while the million pay enormous rents for small patches, and with the utmost industry and economy barely make a scanty subsistence. As I stood on the deck of the steamer, at ten o'clock in the evening, and looked back through the silvery twilight upon the green fields and purple mountains of this beautiful island, resting like an emerald upon the bosom of the sea, I felt sad at the thought, that, with almost unparalleled fertility of soil, and with abundant resources of wealth, if properly distributed and developed, here was a people capable of anything, almost hopelessly buried in poverty, and thousands upon thousands irrecoverably plunged in all the errors and gross superstitions of popery.

It was a lovely night. The twilight continued during the whole interval between sunset and sunrise, which was from half-past eight o'clock, P. M., till half-past three, A. M. From three till four o'clock we were passing up the most interesting part of the Clyde, and on each side the scenery was magnificent. The Rhine itself can scarcely boast of more splendid scenery than the Clyde for ten or fifteen miles below Greenock.

At Greenock we took the railroad for Glasgow, a distance of about twenty miles, where we arrived at a little after six o'clock in the morning, and in full time for the seven o'clock boat which bears the passengers down the Clyde to Bowling, for the morning train leading up the valley of the Leven for Loch Lomond and the Highlands. This proved to be a most delightful excursion. Passing from Glasgow Bridge down the Clyde, we had a fine view of the shipping, and especially of the shipbuilding which is carried on to such an immense extent along the borders of this river for several miles below the city. At a distance of twelve or fourteen miles we landed at Bowling on the right bank of the Clyde, where we took the railway, running directly north, about eight miles up the beautiful valley of the Leven to the foot of Loch Lomond. Directly after leaving Bowling we passed Dumbarton Rock and Castle, which present a singular appearance. This rock rises to the height of five hundred and sixty feet, measuring a mile in circumference, terminating in two points of unequal elevation, and is now studded over with houses and batteries. Wallace was confined here for some time, previous to his being sent to England. The large two-handed sword, said to have belonged to this hero is still preserved and shown at this castle. On reaching the landing we took our passage on the steamer

destined for the northern extremity of the lake. There was a large number of passengers. In the language of the tourist's guide :—

“A sail of thirty-two miles is now before the traveller, which, for variety and beauty of scenery, is not surpassed in Europe. The lovely reposes at the feet of the sublime, and the enchantment of Italy, is, as it were, united with Alpine magnificence. As the steamer glides along, the scene is ever changing, and ever producing new combinations; the varied beauty and grandeur of which keep the mind in a state of ecstasy during the whole trip. There is the fairy islet and the shining bay—the healthy slope and the gray gaunt precipice—the fertile fields and the rocky glen—the shepherd's shielding and the lordly mansion—the sylvan knoll and the storm-scarred mountain—in the most bewitching and picturesque variety. Everywhere the scenery teems with historical associations of Rob Roy and Robert de Bruce. It is the land of heroic deeds and heroes' graves, calling to memory the daring deeds of the past, and delighting the eye with the most fascinating manifestations of the beautiful and sublime.”

Our party made the acquaintance of an intelligent Scotchman, who proposed to accompany us to the top of Ben Lomond provided we felt inclined to make the excursion. We accepted his offer, and on reaching the landing near the foot of this mountain which rises immediately from the right shore as we ascend the lake, we left the boat, and engaged a sufficient number of ponies for the accommodation of our party, and employing a guide to conduct us, we commenced the ascent. These sure-footed, compact, well-built animals carried us at a rapid gait up the mountain. The summit was about six miles distant, and at an elevation of

more than three thousand feet above the level of the lake. Higher and higher we ascended, the circumference of the horizon extending at every advance. The air was clear and dry, and all the peaks and crags of the mountains, in every direction, were distinctly defined against the blue sky, which was without a cloud.

The scenery increased in grandeur the higher we mounted, until at last we reached the highest point, which we found perfectly bare, affording an unobstructed view of all the surrounding country in every direction. Five lakes lay almost directly under the eye. Loch Lomond could be traced from its southern border where we took the boat, to its extreme northern limit, the whole length being more than thirty miles. Loch Long lay beyond, while on the same side with us, Loch Katrine, the scene of Scott's *Lady of the Lake*, wound its sinuous course along the bases of the heather-crowned hills and under the rocky heights of the overhanging mountains, and still away to the east of our point of observation two other small lakes were distinctly visible. Ben Lewis and Ben Nevis, and divers others of the large family of *Bens*, were in full view. Stirling Castle and Edinburg Castle, nearly forty miles distant, could be distinctly seen. It was a grand and glorious view from this the highest point among the highlands of Scotland.

We descended much pleased with our excursion, in time to take the next boat for the upper end of the lake. As we approached the northern extremity the scenery became more and more wild and imposing. Looking ahead the lake seemed to be lost among "the dusky and retreating mountains." Finally we reached a point where it terminated in a contracted strip of water, so narrow that the boat in turning round actually

bridged it from side to side. We had passed in rapid succession, Rob Roy's Cave, the Pulpit Rock, and the Glen of Inveruglass. High mountains, rugged hills, and cascades, were around us.

As we returned the day declined. The shadows of the mountains stretched across the lake, and the frowning precipices and toppling crags were all as distinctly seen in the glassy bosom of the unruffled waters, as standing out against the evening sky. The southern extremity of the lake widens out, and the mountains gradually sink into graceful hills, which slope down to the water's edge.

Loch Lomond presents in its northern portion all the grandeur and sublimity of the wildest parts of Lake Como, and in its southern division all the beauty and loveliness of Lake Maggiore. I have not the space to go into any particulars in a description of the matchless lakes and the unrivalled highlands of Scotland. No traveller has ever yet adequately described the grandeur, sublimity, and beauty, combined in this most picturesque portion of the land of Burns and Sir Walter Scott.

Glasgow is a splendid city. It has grown up with almost unparalleled rapidity in the last twenty-five years. It has a substantial and massive appearance. The population is now nearly equal to that of New York, and portions of the city are quite as elegant as any part of that great emporium.

EDINBURG, *July 5.*—The country between Glasgow and Edinburg is in a very high state of cultivation. There is on the whole line of the railroad a succession of beautiful farms. The crops consist principally of oats, wheat, barley, rye, and potatoes. We passed on this route the ruins of Linlithgow palace, which has

the honor of having been the birthplace of Mary Queen of Scots. The railroad enters Edinburg at the foot of the hill on which the castle stands, and the station-house is near the splendid monument of Sir Walter Scott.

The new part of Edinburg is really splendid. The houses are in the most elegant and tasteful style of architecture, and the general appearance of this part of the city is attractive and beautiful.

"In panoramic splendor," to use the language of another, "the site of this city is generally admitted to be unequalled by any capital in Europe, and the prospect from the elevated points of the city and neighborhood is of singular beauty and grandeur. The noble estuary of the Forth, expanding from river into ocean—the solitary grandeur of Arthur's seat—the varied park and woodland scenery which enrich the southward prospect—the pastoral acclivities of the neighboring Pentland hills, and the more shadowy splendors of Lamermoor, the Ochils and Grampians—form some of the features of a landscape combining, in one vast expanse, the richest elements of the beautiful and sublime."

There are very many elegant public buildings in Edinburg, and some beautiful streets. It is distinguished for its institutions of learning, its literary taste and refinement, its monuments, its able divines, its high houses, and its castle. Holyrood palace claims our first notice. But we shall only stop to look into this ancient residence of Scottish royalty; to glance at the bed of Queen Mary; to peep into the closet where the murderers of Rizzio surprised their victim; to pass through the outer apartment where the stains on the floor are said to have been made by his blood; to range through the large picture gallery lined with the portraits of one hundred and six Scottish kings in

a horrid style of execution, and then descend to the ruins of the old abbey, and ramble among the tombs of departed royalty.

Next we ascend the hill, in an opposite extreme of the city, and pay a short visit to the Castle of Edinburgh. This occupies a high and commanding position. From the top of the castle hill we have a fine view of the city, and of all the surrounding country for many miles in extent. Here we are chiefly interested in the Scottish regalia, the crown, the sceptre, and the sword of state; the room where Queen Mary gave birth to James VI., in whom the crowns of England and Scotland were united; the great piece of artillery called Mons Meg, made of thick iron bars in 1486, and which is twenty inches diameter in the bore. It burst while firing a salute to the duke of York. So say the guides.

This morning we took an early train, and ran down to Abbotsford, and Melrose Abbey, about forty miles distant from Edinburgh. The ruins of Melrose Abbey consist in the remains of a large church and the surrounding cloisters of the old abbey, the whole of which was originally in a most ornate and magnificent style of architecture. It is now mantled in ivy; and while we were rambling through its long-deserted apartments, the rooks were cawing above us among the dilapidated turrets and towers, and the smaller birds of gayer plumage and more musical note, were twittering and singing as they flew from one cluster of delicately-chiselled flowers to another, which peep out from the mantling vines that invest the decaying walls. These ruins, in the moonlight, are said to present a most picturesque appearance; we saw them in the light of a clear sky in the early part of the day.

Abbotsford, the celebrated seat, for so many years,

of the great master-magician Sir Walter Scott, lies about three miles west of Melrose. It occupies a place on the banks of the Tweed, which winds through a lovely landscape in the rear of this strange-looking building, and does not seem to conform to the rules of any one style of architecture. It is situated in a valley, at the foot of a wooded hill that rises on the south, and immediately in front of the house. It is surrounded by walls which are entered by an arched gateway. The building is distinguished by its castellated turrets, and irregular, projecting windows. It is built of blue whinstone, with sandstone doorways, windows, cornices, and ornaments. Altogether it is a curious-looking dwelling. At present it is undergoing repairs, and a large addition to it, at the west end, is in process of construction. It is at present occupied by Walter Scott Lockhart, a grandson of the poet.

The main door of entrance in front is surmounted by a huge pair of stag's horns. This conducts us into a hall filled with curiosities, chiefly of ancient and warlike kind, arranged along the walls. It is also ornamented with elegant carvings in wood. From this hall we pass into Sir Walter's study. It contains a writing-table, a plain arm-chair covered with leather, and a few books. This study opens into the splendid library apartment, which contains about twenty thousand volumes. The view from the back windows of the library is lovely. Here we find a fine bust of Sir Walter himself by Chantrey, and also a bust of Shakespeare, together with a portrait of the poet's eldest son, and a silver urn presented by Lord Byron.

Next we pass into the drawingroom; thence into the armory, filled with warlike instruments and other curiosities. Here we find the musket used by Rob Roy,

and the pistols which belonged to Napoleon, found in his carriage after the battle of Waterloo. Adjoining this apartment is the dining-room, which contains a fine collection of pictures. In this apartment Sir Walter breathed his last on the 21st September, 1832, after his return from Italy. Beyond the dining-room there is a small parlor, which is ornamented with a fine collection of drawings by Turner, Callcott, Blore, and other artists—"the original designs for the Provincial Antiquities of Scotland."

Dryburg Abbey stands not very remote from Melrose, and here Sir Walter Scott was buried beside the remains of his ancestors and his wife.

LIVERPOOL, *July 10*.—From Edinburg our party came down into the lake district of England, lying midway between Edinburg and this city. Here we spent a few days, but the weather turned out to be unfavorable for the enjoyment of the lake scenery. Ulleswater, which lies ten miles north of Wendermere, and about the same distance from Derwentwater on the west, is a beautiful lake, about nine miles in length, and from a half to three quarters of a mile in width. It is entirely embosomed among high hills and mountains, and may be regarded as one of the most lovely and attractive of the English lakes. We approached this pretty sheet of water from Penrith on the north, and spent the Sabbath at a pleasant little hotel at the head of the lake. On leaving for Wendermere, our road lay along the brink of the water, to Patterdale, which is situated at the southern extremity of Ulleswater, where we exchanged our open car for a close carriage, and a pair of fresh horses, and started through a drenching rain for Ambleside, which is situated near the head or northern extremity of Lake Wendermere. The extreme

inclemency of the weather kept us within doors, for the most part, and while we were surrounded by the homes of poets, and girt about with enchanting scenery, we were cut off from the enjoyment by the deluging torrents of rain that came down without cessation. Rydal and Grasmere lakes lie but a short distance from Ambleside, and the home of Wordsworth, "a lovely cottage-like building," as Mrs. Hemans calls it, "almost hidden by a profusion of roses and ivy," and the "Dove's nest," where Mrs. Hemans herself temporarily resided, are within a short walk of this quiet little town. All around were the resorts of Coleridge, Southey, Wordsworth, and other celebrated poets and authors; and there is scarcely a nook or dell, a country seat or rural hamlet, a mountain top, or a hidden glen, a shady retreat on the shores of the lake, or a moss-covered rock by the woodland stream, that has not been made the subject of a poem.

Had the weather been favorable, it would have afforded me an unspeakable gratification to have spent a week in this region, but as the mountains were covered with clouds, and a murky gloom rested upon the lakes, I soon became tired and hastened away to Liverpool.

On leaving Ambleside, our route for some distance was along the borders of Lake Windermere. The scenery bordering this, the largest of the English lakes, becomes less and less grand and imposing, as one proceeds from its northern boundaries, where it is overshadowed by mountains that press upon its shore, toward the southern limit where it becomes narrow, and loses the attractive framework which so much enhances the beauty of a lake. It is about eleven miles in length, and its bosom is diversified with a number of islands which enliven and beautify its surface.

From what I have seen of the lakes of England I do not think they are to be compared with the lochs of Scotland. Loch Lomond and Loch Katrine are not surpassed by any lakes in Europe. I love to think of them as I saw them from the top of Ben Lomond, and as they greeted my eyes when I glided over their waters. Old Scotland's hills, and heather, and gem-like sheets of shining waters, basking in the brilliant sunlight of long summer-days, will not soon be forgotten by me. How I should like to repeat my visits, and linger long in summer-time among the highlands?

Liverpool is not without its objects of interest to the traveller. Its docks, extending for five miles, packed and crammed with ships from every port in the world, is a curiosity and a wonder. The warehouses, with their mountains of bales and boxes, are well worth visiting. St. George's Hall, with its immense apartments and great organ, is deserving of attention. The town-hall, the exchange buildings, and the customhouse, are all splendid public edifices. Saint James's cemetery, which was once a quarry of red stone, and is deeply excavated below the streets, is a curiosity. The Zoological Gardens repay a visit. Liverpool contains a population of about four hundred thousand, and is *one* of the first, if not *the first*, commercial city on the globe.

But I must close my random sketches and notes of travel. I have written often in great haste, and paid perhaps too little attention to my composition. In a few days I shall take passage for New York, on the steamship Persia, on which our party came out in the winter. My health is greatly improved, and I and my companions in travel, to whom I am greatly indebted for much of my comfort and enjoyment since I have been abroad, have occasion to feel grateful to the kind Providence

which has thus far preserved us from any accident, or painful occurrence, in all our journeyings by land and sea. I shall not soon forget the courteous, polite, and obliging dispositions of the young gentlemen who have accompanied me. They have contributed largely to the pleasure of my tour.

CHAPTER XXXI.

CONCLUSION.

American Tourists in Europe. — Objects which most Interest them. — Sources of Information. — Natural Scenery Compared with American Scenery. — Mountain Scenery in Switzerland. — Landscapes in Italy. — Skies and Sunsets in Italy compared with those Presented in America. — English Tourists. — The Fine Arts. — Criticisms, etc. — Night on the Ocean.

THE American tourist in Europe, who travels to increase his stores of knowledge and to widen the area of scientific research, will find an ample field and inexhaustible resources of information. France, with a liberality that is perfectly amazing, has established in Paris, schools of the highest grade in every department of learning, where, without fee or reward, the American may avail himself of the advantage of hearing lectures from men of the profoundest erudition, embracing the whole range of medicine, law, and divinity, and especially everything new and old, in the whole circle of the sciences. Besides these lectures he has the benefit accruing from the most extensive libraries, museums, and lyceum halls, in which is congregated everything that can, by possibility, illustrate any department of science or of curious and learned investigation. I can not speak in too high terms of the liberal policy of European governments generally in this regard.

But the most inviting field of all is spread before the American tourist who travels to feast his eyes on the natural scenery, and on the products of genius in the fine arts, and in the magnificent specimens of architecture, so abundant in Europe. To one of cultivated taste, and who has any tolerable degree of information in relation to the objects of interest which are to greet his eyes and engage his attention, I know of nothing which supplies so much material for enjoyment and the increase of knowledge as a European tour. I now speak of the tourist who takes a wider range of survey than the mere student who goes in pursuit of purely scientific information, and who confines himself to a single line of research and investigation. I speak of the man or woman whose intellect has been trained and expanded by previous study — whose reading has been sufficiently varied to have acquired a large share of information in relation to the geography, the governments, the history, the religions, the institutions, the architecture, the fine arts, the national peculiarities and the scenery of Great Britain and of the continent of Europe. To an American thus prepared, there is a succession of delights from the time he plants his feet on the fatherland until the receding shore “fades o’er the waters blue,” as he stands on the deck of the ocean steamer, homeward bound.

To one reared in our broad, free country, where everything is new and in its infancy; where vast, unbroken forests have been spread around him from his childhood; where zigzag fences enclose the newly-cleared fields; where the hills and mountains break away in endless chains, and enclose fertile valleys that might cradle an empire; where majestic rivers, swelled by a thousand tributary streams, stretch from distant moun-

tains to the ocean, skirted by a dozen states, each one of which is larger than England; where towns spring up in a day, and large and flourishing cities in a few years; to one accustomed to a country like ours, the dingy old buildings, the solid, massive masonry, the timeworn pavements, the antiquated residences, and the decaying old castles and palaces of Europe, present a strange and foreign aspect to the eye. The American who has climbed our mountains, voyaged on our ocean-like lakes, traversed our vast prairies, and heard the thunder of Niagara, sees nothing in Great Britain, especially in England, that measures up to his conceptions of the majestic, the grand, and the sublime. And yet he will be charmed and delighted with the magnificent parks, the pretty little lakes set in a beautiful framework of graceful hills, the regular lines of mock-orange, and the sweet-scented hawthorn hedges, the green fields and lazy streams, the picturesque trees bestudding the richly-carpeted lawns, and the rim of blue hills, that meet the eye wherever it is turned.

But Switzerland is the land of grand and sublime natural scenery. The great Alpine ranges stretch from one extremity to the other of this republic, around which, in part, despotic governments have thrown up civil and political barriers, more difficult to overleap than the loftiest summits of the Alps, which cleave the sky, and glitter in the same eternal snows amid all the changes in governments and seasons that transpire around. Oh! it is glorious to stand amid the wild and rugged scenery of the Alps; to watch the aerial tints that flit along the snow-sheathed summits of the giant peaks, as the sun sinks away in the west, and the changeful clouds reflect vermilion and gold from their fleecy

masses upon the distant and solitary heights ; to see the avalanche break away from the sunlight and thunder down the mountain sides, and waken a thousand reverberating echoes in the deep, dark valley below ; to gaze across the frightful chasm that parts at your feet, and fasten the eye upon the snowy cascade that crystallizes in its descent, and hangs in resplendent jewelry upon the jagged rocks ; to look far down into the green valleys that border the flowing streams ; to hear the distant murmur of the waterfall, and take in at one sweep of the eye, all that the imagination can depict as belonging to the most perfect and finished landscape that ever broke on mortal sight.

For soft and picturesque landscapes—landscapes of unrivalled loveliness and beauty—Italy is the favored land. And yet it must be admitted that much of the interest with which an American looks on Italian landscapes is derived from the classic and historical associations which throw an indefinable charm and fascination around them. The fact that the landscapes are the same in all the material natural features, as when they greeted the vision of Horace, Virgil, and Cicero, of Terrence, Juvenal, Tacitus, and Livy, excites a new element of pleasurable interest in the mind. The same blue skies that bent in beauty over Italy, in the days of Rome's greatest glory and noblest triumphs, still meet the eye of the traveller in that sunny land ; the same gorgeous and glorious sunsets that fired the poet's heart, and gave the coloring to the artist's picture ; the same *campagna*, the same mountains, the same lakes and running streams, are there ; nor has the lapse of ages wrought any great change in the minuter details of the face of the country since Cincinnatus ploughed and Virgil sung.

Much has been said and written about the beauty of Italian skies, and the matchless glories of her sunsets. I do not hesitate to say that we have in America, at certain seasons of the year, as beautiful skies and as resplendent sunsets as ever met the eye of the tourist in Italy. I have seen the sun go down from the Pincian hill in Rome with the dome of Saint Peter's blazing under the eye; I have seen it sink away over the blue waters of the Mediterranean from the slopes of Vesuvius, near Naples, with the canvass-whitened bay in full view; I have watched it dip behind the snow-capped Alps from the octagon tower of the cathedral of Milan, when the mountains blushed in roseate hues on receiving the parting kiss of the fading sunbeams; I have seen it pass away from the sight behind the blue hills that bound the westward view from the gardens of the Pitti palace in Florence; and I have watched and watched the pencils of light vanishing from turret, and tower, and dome, and mountain top, and seen the golden blaze deepen into the silvery twilight, and the twilight melt by insensible gradations into the full-orbed moonlight, as the shadows of the mountains trembled on the bosoms of sleeping lakes, and the purple of the coming night lay along the sides of the hills: and yet, I am sure that, when our great forests have put on the russet and orange-tinted robe of the sober autumn-time—when the whir of the quail is heard in the fields and the bark of the squirrel in the wild-woods—when the pearly atmosphere has sparkled with the breath of early frost, and the boundless arch of heaven has spanned the world without a cloud—I have seen as gorgeous, grand, and sublime sunsets from the mountains of Virginia and North Carolina, as ever quickened the pulse or thrilled the heart of the tourist in Italy.

English writers have given celebrity to Italian skies and sunsets. A bright, clear day, when the eye can range round a wide circumference of vision, is a rare thing in England: and when an Englishman gets out of the damp, murky atmosphere of his own country into the south of Europe, where he has a long succession of days, in which the sun may be seen from the time he clears the horizon in the morning until he goes down in the evening, and where the brilliant stars may be seen twinkling in undimmed brightness on the sapphire vault of night, he goes into ecstasies; and yet he would do the same in the United States, if he did not grudge the compliment to anything that is *American*. Indeed, some of the more liberal of English tourists who have deigned to travel in our country—while they have abused our institutions, stigmatized our government, ridiculed our senators, caricatured our ladies, made fun of our orators, lampooned our authors, and shed crocodile tears over our servile population, a thousand times better off than the peasantry of their own country—have nevertheless condescended to bestow a few stinted compliments upon our skies and sunsets. We ought, to be sure, to be thankful for small favors at the hands of John Bull.

But I must turn again to another interesting and pleasing class of objects that engages the attention of the American tourist in Europe. I refer to the wonderful productions of genius in the fine arts.

Italy has contributed more in all periods of her history to the fine arts—especially in sculpture and painting, than any other country in Europe. It would seem that the long-buried and hidden treasure of this land were really inexhaustible. From the rubbish of decayed villas, from the excavated remains of once-

splendid baths, from the uncovered ruins of old palace halls, from the exposed chambers of private mansions, from the gardens of princely millionaires, and from the courts of public buildings, hundreds and even thousands and tens of thousands of pieces of statuary have been recovered in the last few centuries ; and while many of these pieces, now preserved in the public museums and private galleries of the country, are of no particular value, there are among them some of the finest productions of the chisel that have ever come from the hand of man.

In painting we have the productions of Raphael, Domenichino, Guido, Tintoretto, Correggio, Caracci, Paul Veronese, Michael Angelo, and a host of others, all of whom have executed their choicest pieces under Italian skies.

The sculpture galleries of Europe so far transcend anything of which an American has any previous knowledge, from actual observation in his own country, that he feels bewildered and amazed on his first introduction to the vast collections which he finds congregated in the immense public museums, and private galleries of Europe. Many of the old pieces which have attracted most attention and about which the guide-books have most to say — the pieces which have passed the fiery ordeal of criticism, and by common consent have been pronounced *chefs-d'œuvres* in the art, are ascribed to the most celebrated sculptors of a bygone age. But this question of authorship is often a mere guess, and has no confirmation, except on a sort of comparative anatomy principle. This is true in relation to the Venus di Medici, the Apollino, the Apollo Belvidere, the Dying Gladiator, and the Apollo Antinous.

But it has become the fashion of tourists to praise everything that is attributed to the old masters, both in sculpture and painting; while in fact one half of those who write about them, would never have been attracted by an extraordinary line of beauty, or arrested by a solitary remarkable feature, had not their attention first been directed to the subject by the guides. It requires a practised eye, and a taste cultivated by study and observation, to appreciate as a general thing the most exquisite productions of the pencil and the chisel.

Everybody is expected to go into ecstasies over the *Venus di Medici* and the *Apollo Belvidere*, and yet my first impression of the one was, she is a pretty little woman; and of the other, he is a handsome, fine-looking gentleman. But before the *Dying Gladiator*, the group of *Niobe*, the *Laocoon*, the bronze *Mercury in repose*, the group of the *Farnese Bull*, and the *Venus of Milo*, I paused as if arrested by an invisible hand, and stood mute and breathless. In each of these I seemed to see the chest dilate, the nostrils expand, the muscles move, and the marble lips to part. To my eye they are but little short of breathing marble and animated bronze.

Many of the paintings which it has become the fashion of American tourists, in common with others, to praise and admire, are old, marred, and faded, or patched up, so that, in many instances, but little more than a dim outline of the original remains. This is true of *Raphael's Entombment of Christ*, painted on boards, and now in the *Borghese palace* in *Rome*; of *Leonardo da Vinci's Last Supper*, on the walls of the old refectory at *Milan*; of *Rubens celebrated Descent from the Cross*, in the cathedral at *Antwerp*, and also of the

Crucifixion of Saint Peter, by this distinguished artist, found in the church of Saint Peter at Cologne. I have seen *copies*, almost without end, by living artists, of these far-famed pictures, which, to my unpractised eye, are far more attractive and beautiful than the originals. But the frescoes of Raphael, in the halls of the Vatican, of Michael Angelo, in the Sistine chapel, and of Guido's Aurora, in the Rospigliosi palace, can never be copied. They must ever remain in their peerless and inimitable beauty upon the walls where they were first executed by those great, creative, and original geniuses, who have had no successors in the art.

But I must close.

It is night on the ocean. The longest portion of the voyage from Liverpool to New York is behind us. For six or seven days in succession we have encountered head winds and a rough sea. But the skies are again cloudless, and our white sails are pressed by favoring winds, light, and gentle, scarcely curling a ripple upon the bosom of the sea; but they fill out the canvass, and steady the motion of the ship that now makes fifteen knots per hour. What a glorious night! It is almost as bright as day. The mirror-like surface of the unruffled deep stretches from horizon to horizon. Its profound and unfathomable depths reflect back the twinkling light of the diamond stars that

“Wander unwearied through the blue abyss.”

The broad full moon has just cleared the horizon, and spread its silvery mantle upon the dimpled waters that sleep around us, and sparkle and flash in the wake of our noble ship. Sullen and calm the dark sea lies before us, like an ocean of molten lead, while in the

direction of the rising moon, which is nearly in a line with the snowy trail of foam left in our track, the ocean's bosom glows and burns with a path of fire, as bright and luminous as if the chariot of the sun had passed over this highway of the seas and scattered the golden scintillations of the great orb of day beneath the tread of its fiery wheels. A half dozen vessels are in sight, creeping like spectres along upon the utmost verge of vision, or hovering, like great night-birds on outspread wings, upon the confines of a mysterious world, lying beyond the rim where the great arch of heaven stoops and touches the ocean. The night wears away, and still the passengers linger on deck. One leans yonder against the mast; another moves quietly along, with his arms folded on his bosom, absorbed in thought; another leans over the railing and watches the phosphorescent sparks that shoot like meteors in the depths below, and listens to the liquid laugh of the waves as they go joyously along by the ship; and yonder is still another group seated in a circle by the great red chimneys, conversing in merry mood of the loved ones far away; and still another, singing the songs that bring up vividly the home-circle, and the fond recollections of childhood. My mind wanders far over the path I have travelled since I parted from the port to which we are now drawing near and still nearer with each passing hour. My heart is filled with gratitude to the great Author of all good for his kindness in preserving me, and so far restoring me to health, during the period of my wanderings in distant lands. But I look ahead, and in my own quiet parsonage home, I see the dear ones that anxiously wait my return. I hear the fond greetings that are in reserve for me.

Seven bells of the first watch of the night have just been struck, and the cry "All's well!" rings along the vessel's deck, and dies away without an echo upon the sea. I tear myself from the scenes of enchantment around me, and close my "RANDOM SKETCHES AND NOTES OF TRAVEL."

THE END.

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